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A
New Version



OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID:

Fitted to the Tunes used in Churches.

BY

N. BRADY, D. D.

Chaplain in Ordinary,

AND

N. TATE, Esq;

Poet-Laureat

To His MAJESTY.

B O S T O N ; NEW ENGLAND :

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A New Version of the PSALMS, &c.

P S A L M I.

1. **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents
by ill Advice to walk ;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
where Men profanely talk !
2. But makes the perfect Law of God
his Bus'ness and Delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
3. Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
all his Designs attend.
4. Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no lasting Root shall find ;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,
like Chaff before the Wind.
5. Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face :
No formal Hypocrite shall then
among the Saints have Place.
6. For God approves the just Man's Ways ;
to Happiness they tend :
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
shall both in Ruin end.

P S A L M II.

1. **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,
 why do the Heathen storm?
 Why in such rash Attempts engage,
 as they can ne'er perform?
2. The great in Counsel, and in Might,
 their various Forces bring;
 Against the Lord they all unite,
 and his anointed King.
3. "Must we submit to their Commands?
 presumptuously they say:
 "No, let us break their slavish Bands,
 "and cast their Chains away."
4. But God, who sets enthron'd on High,
 and sees how they combine,
 Does their conspiring Strength defy,
 and mocks their vain Design.
5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
 on his rebellious Foes:
 And thus will he in Thunder speak,
 to all that dare oppose:
6. "Though madly you dispute my Will,
 "the King that I ordain,
 "Whose Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
 shall there securely reign."
7. Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd Decree:
 "Thou art my Son; this Day, my Heir,
 "have I begotten thee.
8. Ask, and receive thy full Demands;
 thine shall the Heathen be,
 The utmost Limits of the Lands,
 "shall be possess'd by thee.
9. "Thy

9. "Thy threatning Sceptre thou shalt shake,
 "and crush them ev'ry-where;
 "As massy Bars of Iron break,
 "the Potter's brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes; and give Ear,
 ye Judges of the Earth;
11. Worship the Lord with holy Fear,
 rejoice with awful Mirth.
12. Appease the Son with due Respect,
 your timely Homage pay;
 Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,
 incens'd by your Delay.
13. If but in Part his Anger rise,
 who can endure the Flame?
 Then blest are they whose Hope relies
 on his most Holy Name.

P S A L M III.

1. **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown
 the Troublers of my Peace!
 And as their Numbers hourly rise,
 so does their Rage increase.
2. Insulting, they my Soul upbraid,
 and him whom I adore:
 The God in whom he trusts, say they,
 shall rescue him no more.
3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
 on thee my Hopes rely:
 Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet,
 lift up my Head on high.
4. Since whenso'er in like Distress,
 to God I made my Prayer,
 He heard me from his holy Hill;
 why should I now despair?

5. Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my sweet Repose to take ;
For I through him securely sleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
my Courage shall confound ;
Were they as many Hosts as Men,
that have beset me round.
7. Arise, and save me, O my God,
who oft hast own'd my Cause ;
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
He only can defend ;
His Blessing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **O** LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress :
have Mercy, Lord and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame devise ?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
and spread malicious Lies ?
3. Consider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice ;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4. Then stand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

5. The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteousness supply ;
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6. While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more prosp'rous Times to see ;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7. So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more lasting, and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
successively renew.
8. Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Rest :
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence possess.

P S A L M V.

1. **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint
accept my secret Pray'r ;
2. To Thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3. Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou, the Wrongs that I sustain,
canst never, Lord, approve ;
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place
all Evil dost remove.
5. Not long shall stubborn Fools remain
unpunish'd in thy View :
All such as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance shall pursue.

- 6 The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee shall be destroy'd ;
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundless Grace shall me
to thy lov'd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws ;
for watchful is my Foe :
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit ;
their Heart is set on Wrong ;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave ;
they flatter with their Tongue.
10. By their own Counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with Loads of Sin ;
For they against thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11. But let all those who trust in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy Name.
12. To righteous Men the righteous Lord,
his Blessing will extend ;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

P S A L M VI.

- 1 **T**HY dreadful Anger, Lord restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn :
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.

2. Have

2. Have Mercy, Lord ; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.
3. My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief :
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief ?
4. Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat
and ease my troubled Soul :
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercies sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.
5. For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim ;
No Prisoner of the silent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
no hopes of Ease I see ;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is spent in Tears by me.
7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close ;
Old Age o'ertakes me, while I think
on my insulting Foes.
8. Depart, ye Wicked ; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice ;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10. He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r
and they that wish my Fall,
Shall blush and rage, to see that God
protects me from them all.

P S A L M VII.

1. **O** LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
 my Trust alone in thee,
 From all my Persecutors Rage,
 do thou deliver me.
2. To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
 Lord, interpose thy Pow'r ;
 Left, like a savage Lion, he
 my helpless Soul devour.
- 3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
 against his Peace combine ;
 Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
 who fought unjustly mine ;
5. Let then to persecuting Foes,
 my Soul become a Prey ;
 Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
 in Dust my Honour lay.
6. Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
 in my Defence engage ;
 Exalt thyself above my Foes,
 and their insulting Rage :
 Awake, awake, in my Behalf
 the Judgment to dispense,
 Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
 for injur'd Innocence.
7. So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
 shall still for Justice fly :
 Oh ! therefore for their Sakes, resume,
 thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8. Impartial Judge of all the World,
 I trust my Cause to thee ;
 According to my Righteousness
 so let thy Sentence be.

9. Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'rethrown ;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11. God me protects ; not only me,
but all of upright Heart ;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.
12. If they persist, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent ;
13. Ev'n now, with swift Destruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14. The Plots are fruitless, which thy Foe
unjustly did conceive :
15. The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
16. On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free :
On him the Violence is fall'n
which he design'd for me.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim ;
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,
and celebrate his Name.

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou !
how glorious is thy Name !
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
nor fully reckon'd there ;
2. And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue,
thy boundless Praise declare.

Thro'

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng
that thee and thine oppose.

3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light.

4. What's Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st
to them so wond'rous kind?

5. Him next in Pow'r thou didst create
to thy celestial Train;

6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7. They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beast that prey or graze;

8. The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fish that cuts the Seas.

9. O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,

Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

P S A L M IX.

1 **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare:
To all the list'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.

2. The Thought of them shall to my Soul
exalted Pleasure bring;

Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
triumphant Praise I sing.

3. Thou

3. Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in shameful Flight :
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell ;
they perish'd at thy Sight
4. Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
Thou didst my Cause maintain ;
My Right asserting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Justice reign.
5. The Insolence of Heathen Pride
thou hast reduc'd to Shame ;
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6. Mistaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come :
Our City stands, which you design'd
to make our common Tomb.
- 7, 8. The Lord forever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd
Impartial Justice to dispense,
to punish or reward.
9. God is a constant sure Defence
against oppressing Rage ;
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.
10. All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
will in his Truth confide ;
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
from Zion his Abode ;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World,
confess no other God.

P A R T II.

12. When the Inquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to Mind :
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
Redress from him shall find.
13. Take Pity on my Troubles Lord,
which spiteful Foes create.
Thou that has rescu'd me so oft
from Death's devouring Gate.
14. In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,
to all that love thy Name ;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy saving Pow'r proclaim
15. Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid ;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
insensibly betray'd.
16. Thus, by the just Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known ;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are shamefully o'erthrown.
17. No single Sinner shall escape
by Privacy obscur'd ;
Nor Nation, from his just Revenge,
by Numbers be secur'd.
18. His suffering Saints, when most distress'd
he ne'er forgets to aid ;
Their expectations shall be crown'd,
tho' for a Time delay'd.
19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome ;
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.
20. Strike

20. Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by consenting Fears,
They to each other, and themselves,
but mortal Men appear.

P S A L M X.

THYPrefence why withdraw'st thou Lord?
why hid'st thou now thy Face,
When dismal Times of deep Distress
call for thy wonted Grace?

2. The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey:

O let them fall by those Designs
which they for others lay.

3. For strait they triumph, if Success
their thriving Crimes attend;

And sordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perversly they commend.

4. To own a Pow'r above themselves
their haughty Pride disdains;

And therefore in their stubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.

5. Oppressive Methods they pursue,
and all their Foes they slight;

Because thy Judgments unobserv'd
are far above their Sight.

6. They fondly think their prosp'rous State,
shall unmolested be;

They think their vain Designs shall thrive,
from Disappointments free.

7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curses fill'd, and Lies;

By which the Mischief of their Heart
they study to disguise.

8. Near

8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle, and destroy.

9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
surprise their heedless Prey
With greater Cunning, or express
more savage Rage, than they.
10. Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
and modest Looks they wear ;
That, so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
their sudden Onset fear.

P A R T II.

11. For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds ;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppression heeds.

12. But thou, O Lord, at length arise
stretch forth thy mighty Arm ;
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting, say,
" The Lord regards not what we do,
" he never will repay."

14. But sure, thou seest, and all their Deeds
impartially dost try :
The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor,
on thee for Aid rely.

15. Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft :
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
till no remains are left.

16. Assert

16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
which shall for ever stand :
Thou, who the Heathen did'st expel
from this thy chosen Land.
17. Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair ;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their Pray'r.
18. Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'st
the Fatherless and Poor ;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
may persecute no more.

P S A L M XI.

1. **S**INCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,
a refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to distant Mountains fly ?
2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart ;
Lurking in Ambush to destroy
the Man of upright Heart.
3. When once the firm Assurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly
from such deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above ;
Where he surveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counsels move :
5. If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Tryal, does correct ;
What must the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect ?

6. Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, on their Heads
shall in one Tempest show'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup shall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,
with signal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man disclose
the Brightness of his Face.

P S A L M XII.

- 1 **S**INCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cause defend;
For scarce these wretched Times afford
one just and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can scarce believe
'what th' other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive
and with a double Heart.
3. But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never prosper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaspheming Tongue.
4. In vain those foolish Boasters say,
" Our Tongues are, sure, our own;
" With doubtful Words we'll still betray,
" and be controul'd by none.
5. For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,
and their Oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them Rest,
in spite of all their Foes.
6. The Word of God shall still abide,
and void of Falshood be,
As is the Silver, sev'n times try'd,
from drossy Mixture free.

7. The

7. The Promise of his aiding Grace
shall reach its purpos'd End.
His Servants from his faithless Race
he ever shall defend.
8. Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,
to know which Way to fly ;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
shall be advanc'd on high.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
must I forever mourn ?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return ?
2. How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppress ?
How long my Enemies insult,
and I have no Redress ?
3. O, hear ! and to my longing Eyes
restore thy wonted Light ;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
in everlasting Night.
4. Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'twas their own Strength o'ercame :
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my Shame.
5. Since I have always plac'd my Trust
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy saving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy shall spring ;
6. Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,
to thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy Servant in Distress,
such Bounty didst extend.

(P S A L M

P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **S**URE, wicked Fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a Name:
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
No Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
And all the Sons of Men did view, (Tow'r
To see if any own'd his Pow'r ;
If any Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown and base :
None took Religion for their Guide,
Not one of all the sinful Race.
4. But can these Workers of Deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God's Almighty Pow'r disown ?
5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
When his just Wrath shall them o'ertake !
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
And never will their Cause forsake.
6. Ill Men, in vain with Scorn expose
The Methods which the Good pursue ;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
7. Would he is saving Pow'r employ,
To break his People's servile Band ;
Then Shouts of universal Joy
Shall loudly eccho thro' the Land.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy b'lest Courts repair ;
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there ?

2. 'Tis

2. 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought, and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
the Thing his Heart disproves.
3. Who never did a Slander forge.
his Neighbour's Fame to wound
Nor hearken to a false Report,
by Malice whisper'd round.
4. Who Vice in all it's Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with just Neglect ;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiously respect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
has ever firmly stood ;
And tho' he promise to his Loss,
he makes his Promise good.
5. Whose Soul in Usury disdains
his Treasure to employ ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltless to destroy.
The Man, who by this steady Course
has Happiness ensur'd,
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,
by Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI.

- 1 **P**ROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and shield me, Lord, from Harm ;
Because my Trust I still repose
on thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul all Help but thine does slight,
all Gods but Thee disown ;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodness thou hast shown.

3. But

3. But those that strictly virtuous are,
and love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
shall be my chief Delight.
4. How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore!
Their bloody Off'ings I detest,
their very Names abhor.
5. My Lot is fall'n in the blest Land,
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis He supports, my Throne.
6. In Nature's most delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.
7. Therefore my Soul shall bless that Lord,
whose Precepts give me Light,
And private Counsel still afford,
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
8. I strive each Action to approve
to His all-seeing Eye;
No Danger shall my Hopes remove,
because He still is nigh.
9. Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Flesh shall rest, in Hope to rise,
wak'd by His pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy one in Death
the least Corruption see.

11. Thou shalt the Path of Life display,
 that to thy Presence lead ;
 Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,
 and Joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVII.

1 **T**O my just Plea, and sad Complaint,
 attend, O righteous Lord,
 And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
 a gracious Ear afford.

2. As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
 so let my Sentence be ;
 And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
 my upright Dealings see.

3. For thou hast search'd my Heart by Day
 and visited by Night ;
 And on the strictest Trial found
 its secret Motions right.
 Nor shall thy Justice, Lord alone
 my Heart's Designs acquit ;
 For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
 shall no Offence commit.

4. I know what wicked Men would do,
 their Safety to maintain ;
 But me thy just and mild Commands
 from bloody Paths restrain.

5. That I may still, in spite of Wrongs,
 my Innocence secure,
 O, guide me in thy righteous Ways,
 and make my Footsteps sure.

6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
 to Thee my Pray'r address'd ;
 O ! now, my God, incline thine Ear
 to this my just Request.

7. The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
 in my Defence engage,
 Thou whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints
 from their Oppressors Rage.

P A R T II.

- 8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest Care;
 thy sheltring Wings stretch out,
 To guard me safe from savage Foes,
 that compass me about :
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd
 in their own Fat they lie ;
 And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
 both God and Man defie.
11. Well may they boast ; for they have now
 my Paths encompass'd round ;
 Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd
 and couching on the Ground.
12. In Posture of a Lion set,
 when greedy of his Prey ;
 Or a young Lion, when he lurks
 within a covert Way.
13. Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
 their swelling Rage controul :
 From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
 deliver thou my Soul :
14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,
 whose Portion's here below ;
 Who fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire
 no other Bliss to know.
15. Their Race is num'rous, that partake
 their Substance while they live ;
 Their Heirs survive, to whom they may
 the vast Remainder give.

16. But

16. But I, in Uprightness, thy Face
shall view without Controul;
And, waking, shall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

P S A L M XVIII.

1 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock
2 **N** My firm Affection. Lord, to Thee
For thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortrets and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
My Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3. To Thee I will address my Pray'r,
(To whom all Praise we justly owe;)
So shall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,
With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,
In Death's unwieldy Fetters bound.

6. To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,
To God address'd my humble Moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

P A R T II.

7. When God arose, to take my Part,
The conscious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start,
Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.

8. Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath before Him came;
Devouring Fire around Him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light
 Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head
 Beneath his Feet substantial Night
 Was, like a sable Carpet, spread.

10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
 Which active Troops of Angels drew,
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
 With most amazing Swiftnefs, flew.

11, 12. Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
 With thickest Shades, his Face to veil;
 But at his Brightnefs soon retir'd,
 And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.

13. Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
 God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
 While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,
 And Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. His sharpen'd Arrows round He threw,
 Which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
 Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
 And quickly finish'd their Defeat.

15. The Deep it's secret Stores disclos'd,
 The World's Foundations naked lay;
 By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
 Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

P A R T III.

16. The Lord did on my Side engage;
 From Heav'n, his Throne my Cause upheld;
 And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
 Of threat'ning Waves, that proudly swell'd,

17. God his resistless Pow'r employ'd
 My strongest Foes Attempts to break;
 Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd
 The weak Defence that I could make.

18. Their

18. Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay ;
But still when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth and set me free ;
For some just cause his Goodness found,
That mov'd Him to delight in me.

20. Because in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend :
My Hands are free from bloody Stains
Therefore the Lord is still my Friend.

21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in Sight,
In his just Paths have always trod ;
I never did his Statutes slight,
Nor loosely wander'd from my God.

23, 24. But still my Soul, sincere and pure,
Did e'en from darling Sins refrain :
His Favours therefore yet endure,
Because my Heart and Hands are clean.

P A R T IV.

25, 26. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of human Kind ;
They who for Mercy merit Praise,
With Thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Just shall Justice show ;
The Pure thy Purity shall see ;
Such as perversly choose to go,
Shall meet with due Returns from Thee.

27, 28. That He the humble Soul will save,
And crush the Haughty's boasted Might,
In me the Lord an Instance gave,
Whose Darkness He has turn'd to Light.

29. On his firm Succour I rely'd
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd whilst He wa on my Side,
The best defended Walls to scale.

30. For God's Designs shall still succeed;
His Word will bear the utmost Test:
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure Protection rest.

31. Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God on whom my Hopes depend;
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless Pow'r defend?

P A R T V.

32, 33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my just Designs fulfils;
'Through Him my Feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest Hills.

34. Lessons of War from Him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield:
Strong Bows of Steel with Ease I break,
Forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.

35. The Buckler of His saving Health
Protects me from insulting Foes:
His Hand sustains me still; my Wealth
And Greatness from his Bounty flows.

36. My Goings He enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in slipp'ry Ways I trod,
'The Method of my Steps design'd.

37. Through Him I num'rous Hosts defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Pursuit retreat,
Till I a final Conquest make.

38. Cover'd

38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
 Their vanquish'd Heads again to rear :
 Spite of their boasted Strength, they lie
 Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39. God when fresh Armies take the Field,
 Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms
 He makes my strong Opposers yield,
 Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40. Thro' Him, the Necks of prostrate Foes
 My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press :
 Aided by Him, I root out those,
 Who hate and envy my Success.

41. With loud Complaints all Friends they
 But none was able to defend : [try'd ;
 At length to God for Help they cry'd ;
 But God would no Assistance lend.

42. Like flying Dust, which Winds pursue,
 Their broken Troops I scatter'd round :
 Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
 Like loathsome Dirt, that clogs the Ground.

P A R T VI.

43. Our factious Tribes, at Stife till now,
 By God's Appointment, me obey ;
 The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
 And foreign Nations own my Sway.

44. Remotest Realms their Homage send,
 When my successful Name they hear ;
 Strangers for my Commands attend,
 Charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
 Or soon in Battle are dismay'd ;
 For stronger Holds they quit the Field,
 And still in strongest Holds afraid.

46. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whose Defence I rest !
O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his Salvation bless'd.

47. 'Tis God that still supports my Right ;
His just Revenge my Foes pursues ;
'Tis He, that, with resistless Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.

48. My universal Safeguard He !
From whom my lasting Honours flow ;
He made me great and set me free
From my remorseless bloody Foe.

49. Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise ;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his Praise :

50. "God to his King Deliv'rance sends,
"Shews his Anointed signal Grace :
"His Mercy evermore extends
"To *David*, and his promis'd Race."

P S A L M XIX.

1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars express
their great Creator's Skill.

2. The Dawn of each returning Day,
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings ;
And from the dark Returns of Night
divine Instruction springs.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd ;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
alike by all Mankind.

4. Their

4. Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense
through Earth's Extent display ;
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.
5. No Bridegroom for his Nuptials dress'd
has such a chearful Face :
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6. From East to West, from West to East,
his restless Course he goes ;
And, through his Progress, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth bestows.

P A R T II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from false Desires ;
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word
the Ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,
and bring sincere Delight ;
His pure Commands in search of Truth
assist the feeblest Sight.
9. His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
on sure Foundations laid :
His equal Laws are in the Seales
of Truth and Justice weigh'd :
10. Of more Esteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill ;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb distil.
11. My trusty Counsellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give :
Divine Rewards attend on those,
who by thy Precepts live.

12. But what frail Man observes how oft
he does from Virtue fall !

O ! cleanse me from my secret Faults,
thou God that know'st them all.

13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;

That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
the great Transgression flee.

14. So shall my Pray'r and Praises be,
with thy Acceptance blest ;

And I secure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour rest.

P S A L M XX.

1. **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,
and hear thee in Distress ;

The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,
and grant thy Arms success.

2. To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give ;

3. Remember all thy Off'rings there ;
thy Sacrifice receive.

4. To compass thy own Heart's Desire
thy Counsels still direct ;

Make kindly all Events conspire
to bring them to Effect.

5. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,
we chearfully repair

With Banners in thy Name display'd ;
“ The Lord accept thy Pray'r.

6. Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend ;

From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7. Some

7. Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
on Chariots some rely ;
Against them all, we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God most High.
8. But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown
Behold, them thro' the Plain,
Disorder'd broke, and trampled down,
whilst firm our Troops remain.
9. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
our rightful Cause to bless ;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we address.

P S A L M XXI.

1. **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
shall in thy Strength rejoice :
With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise
to Heav'n his cheerful Voice.
2. For Thou, whate'er his Lips request,
not only dost impart,
But hast with thy Acceptance blest
the Wishes of his Heart.
3. Thy Goodness and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone ;
A Crown of Gold Thou mad'st him wear,
and sett'dst it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life ; and Thou, O Lord,
did'st his short Span extend,
And graciously to him afford
a Life that ne'er shall end.
5. Thy sure Defence through Nations round,
has spread his glorious Name ;
And his successful Actions crown'd
with Majesty and Fame.

6. Eternal Blessing Thou bestow'st,
and mak'st his Joys increase ;
While Thou to him, unclouded, show'st
the Brightness of thy Face.

P A R T II.

7. Because the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies ;
His Mercy still supports his Throne,
and all his Wants supplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes
shall feel thy heavy Hand ;
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
that hate thy mild Command.
9. When Thou against them dost engage,
thy just, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them consume.
10. Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,
or with their Ruin end ;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.
11. For all their Thoughts were set on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent ;
But Thou with watchful Care did'st still
the ill Effects prevent.
12. In vain by shameful Flight they'll try
to 'scape thy dreadful Might ;
While thy swift Darts shall faster fly,
and gall them in their Flight.
13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength dis-
and thus exalt thy Fame ; {close,
Whilst we glad Songs of Praise compose
to thy Almighty Name.

P S A L M XXII.

1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st Thou me
when I with Anguish faint ?
O, why so far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint ?

2. All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain ;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3. Yet Thou art still the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppress'd ;
And therefore *Israel's* Praises are
of Right to Thee address'd.

4. 5. On Thee our Ancestors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found ;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Success were crown'd.

6. But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth :
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies survey ;
They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head
and thus, deriding say :

8. " In God he trusted, boasting oft,
" that he was Heav'n's Delight ;
" Let God come down to save him now,
" and own his Favourite.

P A R T II

9. Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offspring bear ;
When but a Suckling at the Breast,
I was thy early Care.

10. Then

10. Thou, Guardian-like, didst shield from
 my helpless Infant Days; [Wrongs
 And since hast been my God and Guide,
 through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11. Withdraw not then so far from me,
 when Trouble is so nigh :
 O ! send me Help, thy Help, on which
 I only can rely.

12. High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
 from *Babai's* Forest met.
 With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
 have me around beset.

13. They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
 a yawning Grave appears ;
 The desert Lion's savage Roar
 less dreadful is than theirs.

P A R T III.

14. My Blood, like Waters spill'd, my Joints
 are rack'd, and out of Frame ;
 My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
 like Wax before the Flame.

15 My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd ;
 my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws ;
 And to the silent Shades of Death
 my fainting Soul withdraws.

16. Like Blood-hounds, to surround me, they
 in pack'd Assemblies meet ;
 They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
 they pierc'd my harmless Feet.

17. My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
 distinctly may be told :
 Yet such a Spectacle of Woe,
 as Pastime they behold.

18. As

18. As spoil, my Garments they divide,
 Lots for my Vesture cast :
 19. Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength ;
 and to my Succour haste.
 20. From their sharp Sword protect Thou me,
 of all but Life bereft !
 Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
 of cruel Dogs be left.

21. To save me from the Lion's Jaws,
 thy present Succour send ;
 As once, from goring Unicorns,
 Thou didst my Life defend.
 22. Then to my Brethren I'll declare
 the Triumphs of thy Name ;
 In Presence of assembled Saints,
 thy Glory thus proclaim :

23. " Ye Worshippers of *Jacob's* God,
 " all you of *Israel's* Line,
 " O praise the Lord, and to your Praise
 " sincere Obedience join.
 24. " He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress
 " to cast a gracious Eye :
 " Nor turn'd from Poverty His Face,
 " but hears its humble Cry."

P A R T IV.

25. Thus in thy sacred Courts, will I
 my chearful Thanks express ;
 In Presence of thy Saints perform
 the Vows of my Distress.
 26 The meek Companions of my Grief
 shall find my Table spread ;
 And all, that seek the Lord, shall be
 with Joys immortal fed.

27. Thou

27. Then shall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay ;
And scatter'd Nations of the Earth
one sov'reign Lord obey.
28. 'Tis his supreme Prerogative
o'er subject Kings to reign :
'Tis just that he should rule the World,
who does the World sustain.
- 29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed
his Bounty must confess :
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd
their gen'rous Patron bless.
With humble Worship to his Throne
they all for Aid resort :
That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,
can only them support.

30, 31. Then shall a chosen spotless Race,
devoted to his Name.

To their admiring Heirs, his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim,

P S A L M XXIII.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord
vouchsafes to be my Guide ;

The Shepherd, by whose constant Care
my Wants are all supply'd.

2. In tender Grass He makes me feed,
and gently there repose ;

'Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreshing Water flow.

3. He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and, to his endless Praise,

Instruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his most righteous Ways.

4. I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5. In Presence of my spiteful Foes,
he does my Table spread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.

6. Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend.
That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple spend.

P S A L M XXIV.

1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's
the Lord's her Fulness is,
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by sov'reign Right are his.

2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
and his Almighty Hand,

Upon inconstant Floods has made
the stable Fabrick stand.

3. But for Himself this Lord of all
one chosen Seat design'd:

O! who shall to that sacred Hill
desir'd Admittance find;

4. The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honest Poverty prefers,
to gainful Perjury.

5. This, this is he, on whom the Lord
shall show'r his Blessings down;

Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
with Righteousness to crown.

6. Such

6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the sacred Courts are trod ;
And such the Profelytes, that seek
the Face of *Jacob's* God.

7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates ;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory : See ! He comes
with his celestial Train.

8. Who is this King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord for Strength renown'd ;
In Battle mighty ; o'er his Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.

9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates ; unfold,
in State to entertain
The King of Glory : See ! He comes
with all His shining Train.

10. Who is this King of Glory ? who ?
the Lord of Hosts, renown'd ;
Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

1. **T**O God, in whom I trust,
2. I lift my Heart and Voice
O let me not be put to shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.

3. Those, who on Thee rely,
let no Disgrace attend :
Be that the shameful Lot of such
as wilfully offend.

4. 5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way :
For Thou art He that brings me Help ;
on Thee I wait all Day.

6. Thy

6. Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
 O Lord, recall to Mind;
 And graciously continue still
 as Thou wert ever, kind.

7. Let all my youthful Crimes
 be blotted out by Thee;
 And for thy wond'rous Goodness' sake,
 in Mercy think on me.

8. His Mercy, and his Truth,
 the righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
 and teaching them his Ways.

9. He those in Justice guides,
 who his Direction seek;
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead
 the Humble and the Meek.

10. Through all the Ways of God
 both Truth and Mercy shine,
 To such as with religious Hearts
 to his blest Will incline.

P A R T II.

11. Since Mercy is the Grace
 that most exalts thy Fame;
 Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
 and so advance thy Name.

12. Whoe'er with humble Fear
 to God his Duty pays,
 Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
 in all his righteous Ways.

13. His quiet Soul with Peace
 shall be forever blest,
 And by his num'rous Race the Land,
 successively possess'd.

14. For

14. For God to all his Saints
his secret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15. To Him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous Snare,
which for my Feet was laid.
16. O! turn and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Distress.

17. The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sins increase;
O! from this dark and dismal State
my troubled Soul release!
18. Do Thou, with tender Eyes,
my sad Affliction see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely set me free.

19. Consider, Lord my Foes,
how vast their Numbers grow!
What lawless Force and Rage they use,
what boundless Hate they show!
20. Protect, and set my Soul,
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be asham'd who place
my steadfast Trust in Thee.

21. Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection rise;
Because my firm and constant Hope
on Thee alone relies.

22. To

22. To *Israel's* chosen Race
 continue ever kind;
 And in the midst of all their Wants,
 let them thy Succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I the Paths
 of Righteousness have trod:

I cannot fail, who all my Truth
 repose on Thee, my God.

2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence
 will shine, the more 'tis try'd;

For I have kept thy Grace in View,
 and made thy Truth my Guide.

4. I never for Companions took
 the Idle or Prophane;

No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
 could e'er my Friendship gain.

5. I hate the busy, plotting Crew,
 who make distracted Times;

And shun their wicked Company,
 as I avoid their Crimes.

6. I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
 and bring a Heart so pure,

That, when thy Altar I approach,
 my Welcome shall be sure.

7. 8. My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell
 how thy Renown excels:

That Seat affords me most Delight,
 in which thy Honour dwells.

9. Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
 who Murder make their Trade;

10. Who other's Rights, by secret Bribes,
 or open Force, invade.

11. But

11. But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore, and to me -
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12. In spite of all assaulting Foes,
I still maintain my Ground;
And shall Survive amongst thy Saints,
thy Praises to resound.

P S A L M XXVII.

1 **W**HOM should I fear, since God to me
is saving Health and Light;
Since strongly He my Life supports,
what can my Soul affright?

2. With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
were made to strike the Ground.

3. Thro' Him, my Heart undaunted dares
with num'rous Hosts to cope;
Thro' Him in doubtful Streights of War
for good Success I hope.

4. Henceforth within his House to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous Beauty there to view,
and his blest Will inquire.

5. For there may I with Comfort rest,
in Times of deep Distress;
And safe as on a Rock abide
in that secure recess:

6. Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head shall raise;
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and sing glad Songs of Praise.

P A R T II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
when'er to Thee I cry;

In Mercy all my Prayers receive,
nor my Request deny.

8. When us to seek thy glorious Face
Thou kindly dost advise;

“Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,”
my grateful Heart replies.

9. Then hide not Thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject:

My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

10. Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin,
their helpless Charge forsake;

Yet Thou, whose Love excels them all,
with Care and Pity take.

11. Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord;
my Ways directly guide;

Lest envious Men who watch my Steps,
should see me tread aside.

12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes;
defeat their ill desire,

Whose lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
against my Peace conspire.

13. I trusted that my future Life
should with thy Love be crown'd,

Or else my fainting Soul had sunk.
with Sorrow compass'd round.

14. God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and He'll inspire thy Breast

With inward Strength; do thou thy Part,
and leave to Him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

1. **O** LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
in Sighs consume my Breath,
O ! answer ; or I shall become
like those that sleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat.
With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,
before thy Mercy-seat.
3. Let me escape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill ;
And ever speak the Person fair,
whose Blood they mean to spill.
4. According to their Crimes Extent
let Justice have its Course :
Relentless be to them, as they
have sinn'd without Remorse.
5. Since they the Works of God despise,
nor will his Grace adore ;
His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praises will resound,
From whom the Cries of my Distress
a gracious Answer found.
7. My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God my Strength and Shield ?
In Him I trusted and return'd
triumphant from the Field :
As He has made my Joys complete,
'tis just that I should raise
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus resound his Praise :

8. " His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops,
 " that my just Cause maintain :
 " 'Twas He advanc'd me to the Throne,
 " 'tis He secures my Reign."
9. Preserve thy Chosen and proceed
 thine Heritage to bless :
 With Plenty prosper them, in Peace ;
 in Battle, with Success.

P S A L M XXIX

- 1 **Y**E Princes that in Might excell,
 Your grateful Sacrifice prepare ;
 God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
 His wond'rous Power to all declare.
2. To his great Name fresh Altars raise ;
 Devoutly due Respect afford ;
 Him in his holy Temple praise,
 Where He's with solemn State ador'd.
3. 'Tis He that with amazing Noise
 The watry Clouds in sunder breaks :
 The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
 When He from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
- 4, 5. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears !
 With what majestick Terror crown'd !
 Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears,
 And strews their scatter'd Branches round.
6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,
 Are sometimes hurried far away ;
 And leap like Hinds that bounding go,
 Or Unicorns in youthful Play.
- 7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly speaks,
 And scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,
 The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,
 And stubborn *Kadesh* lowly bends.

9. He makes the Hinds to cast their Young
And lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare ;
While those that to his Courts belong,
Securely sing his Praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high :
His boundless Sway shall never cease :
His People He'll with Strength supply,
And blefs his own with constant Peace.

P S A L M XXX.

1 **I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,
who did'st thy Pow'r employ,
To raise my drooping Head, and check
my Foes insulting Joy.

2, 3. In my Distress I cry'd to Thee,
who kindly didst relieve.
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeless Life retrieve.

4. Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praise repair :
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.

5. His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign ;
his Favour no Decay :
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day,

6. But I, in prosp'rous Days, presum'd
no sudden Change I fear'd :
Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.

7. But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Trust ;
For when Thou hid'st thy Face, I saw
my Honour laid in Dust.

8. Then

8. Then as I vainly had presum'd,
 my Error I confess'd,
 And thus with supplicating Voice,
 thy Mercy's Throne address'd :
9. " What Profit is there in my Blood,
 " congeal'd by Death's cold Night ;
 " Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
 " thy wond'rous Truth recite ;
10. " Hear me, O Lord ! in Mercy hear ;
 " thy wonted Aid extend :
 " Do Thou send Help, on whom alone
 " I can for Help depend."
11. 'Tis done ! Thou hast my mournful Scene
 to Songs and Dances turn'd ;
 Invested me in Robes of State,
 who late in Sack-cloth mourn'd.

12. Exalted thus I'll gladly sing
 thy Praise in grateful Verse ;
 And, as thy Favours endless are,
 thy endless Praise rehearse.

P S A L M XXXI.

1. **D**EFEND me Lord, from Shame ;
 for still I trust in Thee :
 As Just and Righteous is thy Name,
 from Danger set me free.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
 and speedy Succour send :
 Do Thou my stedfast Rock appear,
 to shelter and defend.
3. Since Thou, when Foes oppress,
 my Rock and Fortrefs art,
 To guide me forth from this Distress,
 thy wonted Help impart.

4 Release me from the Snare
which they have closely laid ;
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to Thee alone for Aid.

5. To Thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preserv'st me from my Youth,)
I willingly resign.

6. All vain Designs I hate,
of those that trust in Lies :
And still my Soul, in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

P A R T II.

7. Those Mercies Thou hast shown,
I'll chearfully express ;
For Thou hast seen my Streights, and known
my Soul in deep Distress.

8. When *Keilah's* treach'rous Race
did all my Strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space,
to shun my watchful Foes.

9. Thy Mercy, Lord display,
and hear my just Complaint ;
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.

10. Sad Thoughts my Life oppress ;
my Years are spent in Groans ;
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,
and ev'n consum'd my Bones.

11. My Foes my Suftrings mock'd ;
my Neighbours did upbraid ;
My Friends, at Sight of me, were shock'd,
and fled, as Men dismay'd.

12. Forsook

12. Forsook by all am I,
as dead, and out of Mind;
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. Yet stand'rous Words they speak,
and seem my Pow'r to dread;
Whilst they together Counsel take,
my guiltless Blood to shed.

14. But still my steadfast Trust,
I on thy Help repose:
That Thou, my God, art good and just,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

P A R T III.

15. What'er Events betide,
thy Wisdom times them all:
Then Lord, thy Servant safely hide
from those that seek his Fall.

16. The Brightness of thy Face,
to me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy Mercies still increase,
preserve me from my Foes.

17. Me from Dishonour save,
who still have call'd on Thee;
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.

18. Do Thou their Tongues restrain;
whose Breath in Lies is spent;
Who false Reports, with proud Dildain,
against the Righteous vent.

19. How great thy Mercies are
to such as fear thy Name;
Which Thou, for those that trust thy Care,
dost to the World proclaim!

20. Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,
 from proud Oppressors free :
 From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
 they are preserv'd by Thee.

21. With Glory and Renown
 God's Name be ever bless'd ;
 Whose Love in *Keilah's* well-fenc'd Town
 was wond'rously express'd !

22. I said, in hasty Flight,
 " I'm banish'd from thine Eyes :
 Yet still Thou keptst me in thy Sight
 and heardst my earnest Cries.

23. O ! all ye Saints, the Lord
 with eager Love pursue ;
 Who to the Just will Help afford,
 and give the Proud their Due.

24. Ye that on God rely,
 courageously proceed ;
 For He will yet your Hearts supply
 with Strength, in Time of Need.

P S A L M XXXII.

1. **H**E's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,
 No more in Judgment to appear ;
 2. Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
 And whose Repentance is sincere.
 3. While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
 My Bones consum'd without Relief ;
 All Day did I with Anguish roar ;
 But no Complaints asswag'd my Grief ;

4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
 By Day and Night alike distress'd ;
 Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd
 Like Land with Summer's Drought oppress'd
 5. No

5. No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,
The Guilt that torter'd me within,
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6. True Penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee while Thou mayst be found
And, from the common Deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.

7. Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,
My Tow'r of Refuge I must own:
Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,
And me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8. In my Instruction then confide,
You that would Truth's safe Path descry:
Your Progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.

9. Submit yourselves to Wisdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reason have attain'd:
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
Whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd

10. Sorrows, on Sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd Sinner shall confound:
But them who in his Truth confide,
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.

11. His Saints, that have perform'd his Laws
Their Life in Triumphs shall employ:
Let them (as they alone have Cause)
In grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1. **L**ET all the Just to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raise;
For well the Righteous it becomes
to sing glad Songs of Praise.

- 2, 3. Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes,
in joyful Concert meet ;
And new-made Songs of loud Applause
the Harmony complete.
- 4, 5. For faithful is the Word of God :
His Works with Truth abound :
He Justice loves ; and all the Earth
is with His Goodness crown'd.
6. By his Almighty Word, at first,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,
at his Command appear'd.
7. The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,
the watry Treasures by.
- 8, 9. Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling stand :
For, when he spake the Word, 'twas made :
'twas fix'd at his Command.
10. He, when the Heathen closely plot,
their Counsels undermines :
His Wisdom ineffectual makes
the Peoples rash Designs.
11. What'er the mighty Lord decrees,
shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled Purpose of His Heart
to Ages shall endure.

P A R T II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known !
Whom He, from all the World besides,
has chosen for his own.

13, 14, 15. He

13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n, his Throne, survey'd :
He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts ;
by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17. No King is safe by num'rous Hosts ;
their Strength the Strong deceives ;
No manag'd Horse by Force or Speed,
his Warlike Rider saves.

18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
beholds with gracious Eyes :
He frees their Souls from Death ; their Want,
in Time of Dearth, supplies.

20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits ;
our Help and Shield is He !
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice
because we trust in Thee.

22. The Riches of thy Mercy Lord,
do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
on Thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

1 **T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,

The Praises of my God shall still
my Heart and Tongue employ.

2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distrest,

From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Grievs to Rest.

3. O ! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt His Name :

4. When in Distress to Him I call'd,
He to my Rescue came.

5. Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd;
 who look'd to Him for Aid :
 Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face
 a chearful Air display'd :
6. " Behold (say they) behold the man,
 " whom Providence reliev'd ;
 " So dang'rously with Woes beset,
 " So wond'rously retriev'd !"
7. The Hosts of God encamp around
 the Dwellings of the Just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 who on his Succour trust.
- 8 O ! make but Trial of his Love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 who in His Truth confide.
9. Fear him, ye Saints ; and you will then
 have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you His Service your Delight ;
 He'll make your Wants his Care.
10. While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
 the Lord will Food provide
 For such as put their Trust in Him,
 and see their Needs supply'd.
- P A R T II.
11. Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
 and my Instruction hear ;
 I'll teach you the true Discipline
 of His religious Fear.
12. Let him, who Length of Life desires,
 and prosp'rous Days would see,
13. From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue
 his Lips from Falshood free ;

14. The

14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Way pursue;
Establish Peace where 'tis begun;
and where 'tis lost, renew.
15. The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just
with favourable Eyes;
And, when distress'd, His gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:
16. But turns His wrathful Look on those,
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17. Deliv'rance to His Saints He gives,
when His Relief they crave:
18. He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit save.
19. The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the Just conspire;
20. For, under their Affliction's Weight,
He keeps their Bones intire.
21. The Wicked, from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.
22. For God preserves the Souls of those
who on His Truth depend:
To them, and their Posterity,
His Blessings shall descend.

P S A L M. XXXV.

1. **A** GAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my Right:
With such as War unjustly wage,
do Thou my Battles fight.

2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm :
Stand up, my God, in my Defence ;
and keep me safe from Harm.
3. Bring forth thy Spear ; and stop their Course,
that haste my Blood to spill :
Say to my Soul, " I am thy Health,
" and will preserve thee still. "
4. Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Destruction sought :
And such as did my Harm devise,
be to Confusion brought.
5. Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind ;
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath
shall follow close behind.
6. And, when thro' dark and slipp'ry Ways
they strive his Rage to shun,
His vengeful Ministers of Wrath
shall goad them, as they run.
7. Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare ;
And for my harmless Soul a Pit,
did without Cause prepare ;
8. Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet shall fall into the Net,
which they for me have laid ;
9. Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name
for this Deliverance bless ;
And, by His saving Health secur'd,
its grateful Joy express.

10. My very Bones shall say, " O Lord,
 who can compare with Thee ?
 " Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
 " from strong Oppressors free.

P A R T II.

11. False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,
 against my Truth combin'd ;
 And to my Charge such Things they laid,
 as I had ne'er design'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done,
 with Evil they repaid ;
 And did, by Malice undeserv'd,
 my harmless Life invade.
13. But as for me, when they were sick,
 I still in Sackcloth mourn'd ;
 I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r
 to my own Breast return'd.
14. Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
 I could have done no more ;
 Nor with more decent Sings of Grief
 a Mother's Loss deplore.
15. How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
 in Times of my Distress !
 When they, in Clouds together met,
 did savage Joy express.
- The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
 by their Example, came ;
 And ceas'd not, with reviling Words,
 to wound my spotless Fame.
16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
 and earn their Bread with Lyes,
 Did gnash their Teeth, and slanderous Jest
 maliciously devise.

17. But,

17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on;
on my Behalf appear;

And save my guiltless Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beasts, would tear.

P A R T III.

18. So I, before the list'ning World,
shall grateful Thanks express;

And where the great Assembly meets,
thy Name with Praises blest.

19. Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,
who me unjustly hate,

With open Joy, or secret Signs,
to mock my sad Estate.

20. For they, with Hearts averse from Peace,
industriously devise,

Against the Men of quiet Minds,
to forge malicious Lyes.

21. Nor with these private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;

And say, "At last we found him out;
" he did it in our Sight.

22. But Thou, who dost both them and me
with righteous Eyes survey,

Affect my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.

23. Stir up Thyself; in my Behalf
to Judgment, Lord, awake:

Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God,
to thy Decision take.

24. Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Justice find;

Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they design'd.

25. O!

25. O ! let them not, amongst themselves,
in boasting Language, say,
“ At length our Wishes are complete ;
“ at last he’s made our Præy.”

26. Let such as in my Harm rejoic’d,
for Shame their Faces hide ;
And foul Dishonour wait on those,
that proudly me defy’d :

27. Whilst they with chearful Voices shout,
who my just Cause befriend ;
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his Saints attend.

28. So shall my Tongue Thy Judgments sing,
inspir’d with grateful Joy ;
And chearful Hymns, in Praise of Thee,
shall all my Days employ.

P S A L M XXXVI.

1 **M**Y crafty Foe. with flatt’ring Art,
His wicked Purpose would disguise ;
But Reason whispers to my Heart,
No Fear of God’s before his Eyes.

2. He sooths himself, retir’d from Sight ;
Secure he thinks his treach’rous Game ;
Till his dark Plots, expos’d to Light,
Their false Contriver brand with Shame.

3. In Deeds he is my Foe. confess’d,
Whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair ;
True Wisdom’s banish’d from his Breast,
And Vice has sole Dominion there.

4. His wakeful Malice spends the Night
In forging his accurs’d Designs ;
His obstinate, ungen’rous Spite
No execrable Means declines.

5. But

5. But, Lord, Thy Mercy, my sure Hope,
The highest Orb of Heav'n transcends ;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope
Beyond the spreading Skies extends.

6. Thy Justice like the Hills remains ;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;
Thy Providence the World sustains ;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

7. Since of Thy Goodness All partake,
With what Assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection trust !

8. Such Guests shall to Thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repast :
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that shall forever last.

9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain ;
Thy Presence is eternal Day :

10. O ! let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

11. Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,
And wicked Hand my Life surprise ;

12. Their Mischiefs on themselves return ;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

P S A L M XXXVII.

1. **T**H O' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful State
Thy Anger, or thy Envy, raise :

2. For they, cut down, like tender Grass,
Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

3. Depend

3. Depend on God, and Him obey ;
 So thou within the Land shalt stay,
 Secure from Danger, and from Want :
4. Make his Commands thy chief Delight :
 And He, thy Duty to requite,
 Shall all Thy earnest Wishes grant.
5. In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,
 And He will needful Help afford,
 To perfect ev'ry just Design ;
6. He'll make, like Light, serene and clear,
 Thy clouded Innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day Sun to shine.
7. With quiet Mind on God depend,
 And patiently for Him attend ;
 Nor let thy Anger fondly rise,
 Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
 And with Success the Plots are crown'd,
 Which they maliciously devise.
8. From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake ;
 Let no ungovern'd Passion make
 Thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime :
9. For God shall sinful Men destroy ;
 Whilst only they the Land enjoy,
 Who trust on Him, and wait His Time.
10. How soon shall wicked Men decay !
 Their Place shall vanish quite away,
 Nor by the strictest Search be found !
11. Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,
 Rejoicing still with godly Mirth,
 With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.
- P A R T II.
12. While sinful Crouds, with false Design.
 Against the righteous Few combine. And

- And gnash their Teeth, and threat'ning stand ;
 13. God shall their empty Plots deride,
 And laugh at their defeated Pride :
 He sees their Ruin near at hand.
14. They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
 The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
 And Men of upright Lives to slay :
 15. But their strong Bows shall soon be broke,
 Their sharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
 Thro' their own Hearts shall force its Way.
16. A little, with God's Favour blest,
 That's by one righteous Man possess'd,
 The Wealth of many Bad excells :
 17. For God supports the just Man's Cause ;
 But, as for those that break his Laws,
 Their unsuccessful Pow'r He quells.
18. His constant Care the upright guides,
 And over all their Life presides ;
 Their Portion shall for ever last :
 19. They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,
 Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in Bearth
 The happy Fruits of Plenty taste.
20. Not so the wicked Men, and those
 Who proudly dare God's Will oppose :
 Destruction is their hapless Share :
 Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they,
 Shall in an Instant melt away,
 and vanish into Smoke and Air.
- P A R T III.
21. While Sinners, brought to sad Decay,
 Still borrow on and never pay,
 The Just have Will and Pow'r to give ;
 22. For

22. For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the Earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.

23. The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright,
Of him that moves by his Command :
24. Tho' he sometimes may be distrest,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25. From my first Youth, 'till Age prevail'd,
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race.
26. Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Off'spring's Wealth increase.

27. With Caution shun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy Days :
28. For God, who Judgment loves, does still
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,
While soon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31. The Upright shall possess the Land,
His Portion shall for Ages stand ;
His Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves ;
Therefore his Footsteps never slide.

P A R T IV.

32. In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain, the Righteous to surprize,
In vain, his Ruin does decree :

33. God

33. God will not him defenceless leave
 To his Revenge expos'd, but save,
 And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34. Wait still on God ; keep his Command ;
 And thou, exalted in the Land,
 Thy blest Possession ne'er shalt quit :
 The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
 And at his dismal Tragedy
 Thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.

35. The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,
 And, like a Bay-tree fresh and green,
 That spreads its pleasant Branches round ;
 36. But he was gone as swift as Thought :
 And tho' in ev'ry Place I sought,
 No Sign or Track of him I found.

37. Observe the perfect Man with Care,
 And mark all such as upright are ;
 Their roughest Days in Peace shall end :
 38. While on the latter End of those,
 Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,
 A common Ruin shall attend.

39. God to the Just will aid afford :
 Their only Safeguard is the Lord ;
 Their Strength, in time of Need, is He :
 40. Because on Him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely Succour send,
 And from the Wicked set them free.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

THy chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,
 Tho' I deserve it all ;
 Nor let at once on me the Storm
 of thy Displeasure fall.

2. In every wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more sustain.
3. My Flesh is one continu'd Wound,
Thy Wrath so fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repose
4. My Sins, which to a Deluge swell,
my sinking Head o'erflow ;
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vast a Burden grow.
5. Stench and Corruption fill my Wound,
my Folly's just Return :
6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7. A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part ;
8. With Sickness worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguish of my Heart
- P A R T II.
9. But, Lord, before Thy searching Eyes
all my Desires appear ;
And, sure, my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10. My Heart's oppress'd, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :
11. Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen, gaze aloof
on such a dismal Sight.
12. Mean while, the Foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set ;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge some new Deceit.

13. But

13. But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14. Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose
with conscious Guilt is ty'd. (Tongue
15. For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Assur'd that Thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16. "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud Foes
"a spiteful Joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my Foot
"but once to go astray."
17. And, with continual Grief oppress'd,
to sink I now begin.
18. To Thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To Thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilst I languish, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they who hate me without Cause,
are grown a dreadful Host.
20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return,
my Kindness [with Despite;
And are my Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.
21. Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
22. Make haste to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX.

1 **R**ESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in Awe;
I curb'd my hasty Words, when I
the prosp'rous Wicked saw.

2. Like

2. Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Discourse ; but that Restraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3. My Heart did glow, which working Tho'ts
did hot and restless make ;
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I spake :
4. Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how soon my Life will end :
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,
which this frail State attend.
5. My Life, Thou know'st, is but a Span ;
a Cypher sums my Years ;
And ev'ry Man, in best Estate,
but Vanity appears.
6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless Cares oppress'd :
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.
7. Why then should I on worthless Toys,
with anxious Care, attend ?
On Thee alone my steadfast Hope
shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8, 9. Forgive my Sins ; nor let me scorn'd
by foolish Sinners be ;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
because 'twas done by Thee.
10. The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy soon remove ;
Lest my frail Flesh too weak to bear
the heavy Load should prove.

11. For when Thou chaf't'nest Man for Sin,
 Thou mak'st his Beauty fade
 (So vain a Thing is he!) like Cloth
 by fretting Moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
 and listen to my Pray'r,
 Who sojourn like a Stranger here,
 as all my Fathers were.

13. O! spare me yet a little Time;
 my wasted Strength restore,
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 and shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,
 Till He vouchsaf'd a kind Reply;
 Who did his gracious Ear afford,
 And heard from Heav'n: my humble Cry.

2. He took me from the dismal Pit,
 When founder'd deep in miry Clay;
 On solid Ground He plac'd my Feet,
 And suffer'd not my Steps to stray.

3. The Wonders He for me has wrought,
 Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;
 And others, to his Worship brought,
 To Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.

4. For Blessings shall that Man reward,
 Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
 Who treats the Proud with Disregard,
 And hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.

5. Who can the Wond'rous Works recount,
 Which Thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
 The Treasures of thy Love surmount
 The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.

6. I've

6. I've learnt, that Thou hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and Sacrifice alone ;
 Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,
 For Man's Transgression to atone.

7. I therefore come——come to fulfil
 The Oracles thy Books impart :

8. 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will ;
 Thy Law is written in my Heart.

P A R T II.

9. In full Assemblies I have told
 Thy Truth and Righteousness at large :
 Nor did, Thou know'st, my Lips with-hold
 From uttering what thou gav'st in Charge :

10. Nor kept within my Breast confin'd
 Thy Faithfulness, and saving Grace ;
 But preach'd thy Love for all design'd,
 That all might That and Truth embrace.

11. Then let those Mercies I declar'd
 To others, Lord, extend to me :

Thy loving Kindness my Reward,
 Thy Truth my safe Protection be.

12. For I with Troubles am distress'd,
 Too vast and numberless to bear :
 Nor less with loads of Guilt oppress'd,
 That plunge and sink me to Despair.

As soon, alas ! I may recount

The Hairs on this afflicted Head ;

My vanquish'd Courage they surmount,
 And fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

P A R T III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near ;
 For never was more pressing Need :

In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
 And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.

14. Confusion

14. Confusion on their Heads return,
Who to destroy my Soul combine ;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile Design.

15. Their Doom let Desolation be
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made :

16. While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd ;
And all, who prize thy saving Grace,
With me resound, the Lord be prais'd.

17. Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes Care :
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

P S A L M XLI.

1. **H**APPY the Man, whose tender Care
relieves the Poor distress'd !
When he's by Troubles compass'd round,
the Lord shall give him Rest.

2. The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
in Safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the Will of those,
that seek to do him Wrong.

3. If he in languishing Estate,
oppress'd with Sicknefs, lie ;
The Lord will easy make his Bed,
and inward Strength supply.

4. Secure of this, to Thee my God,
I thus my Pray'r address :

“ Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
“ though I have much transgress'd.

5. My

5. My cruel Foes, with fland'rous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame :
“ When shall he die (say they) and Men
“ forget his very Name ? ”
6. Suppose they formal Visits make,
’tis all but empty Show :
They gather Mischief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.
7. 8. With private Whispers, such as these,
to hurt me they devise :
“ A sore Disease afflicts him now :
“ he’s fall’n no more to rise.”
9. My own familiar Bosom friend,
on whom I most rely’d,
Has me, whose daily Guest he was,
with open Scorn defy’d.
10. But thou my sad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard ;
And raise me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their just Reward.
- 11 By this I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call ;
Because Thou suffer’st not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.
12. Thy tender Care secures my Life
from Danger and Disgrace ;
And Thou vouchsaf’st to set me still
before thy glorious Face.
13. Let therefore *Israel’s* Lord and God
from Age to Age be blest ;
And all the People’s glad Applause
with loud Amens express’d.

D

P S A L M

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
 when heated in the Chace;
 So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
 and thy refreshing Grace.
2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
 my thirsty Soul doth pine:
 O! when shall I behold thy Face,
 Thou Majesty Divine?
3. Tears are my constant Flood, while thus
 insulting Foes upbraid:
 "Deluded Wretch! where's now thy God?
 "and where his promis'd Aid?"
4. I sigh whene'er my rising Thoughts
 those happy Days present,
 When I with Troops of pious Friends
 thy Temple did frequent:
- When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
 my solemn Vows to pay;
 And led the joyful sacred Throng,
 that kept the festal Day.
5. Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
 trust God; and He'll employ
 His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs
 to thankful Hymns of Joy.
6. My Soul's cast down, O God; but thinks
 on Thee and Sion, still;
 From *Jordan's* Bank, from *Hermon's* Heights,
 and *Misfar's* humbler Hill.
7. One Trouble calls another on;
 and, bursting o'er my Head,
 Fall spouting down, till round my Soul,
 a roaring Sea is spread.

8. But

8. But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
has once dispell'd this Storm,
To Thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
and all my Vows perform.
9. God of my Strength, how long shall I,
like one forgotten mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
to my Oppressors Scorn?
10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whil'st thus my Foes upbraid;
"Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
11. Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
hope still; and thou shalt sing
The Praise of Him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

P S A L M XLIII.

1. **J**UST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes
Do Thou assert my injur'd Right:
O! set me free my God from those
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2. Since Thou art still my only Stay,
Why leav'st Thou me in deep Distress?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
Whilst me insulting Foes oppress?
3. Let me with Light and Truth be blest;
Be these my Guides, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
And in thy sacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh Altars raise
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise,
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- D 2
5. Why

5. Why then cast down, my Soul ? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious Care ?
 On God, thy God, for Aid rely ;
 Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

-P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **O** LORD, our Fathers oft have told,
 in our attentive Ears,
 Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
 and elder Times than theirs :
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive
 the Heathen from this Land,
 Dispeopled by repeated Strokes
 of thy avenging Hand.
3. For not their Courage, nor their Sword,
 to them Possession gave ;
 Nor Strength, that from unequal Force,
 their fainting Troops could save ;
 But thy Right-hand, and pow'ful Arm,
 whose Succour they implor'd ;
 Thy Presence with the chosen Race
 who thy great Name ador'd.
4. As Thee their God our Fathers own'd ;
 Thou art our Sov'reign King ;
 O ! therefore, as Thou didst to them,
 to us Deliv'rance bring !
5. Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms
 the proudest Foe shall quell ;
 And crush them with repeated Strokes,
 as oft as they rebel.
6. I'll neither trust my Bow nor Sword,
 when I in Fight engage :
7. But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,
 and sham'd their spiteful Rage.

8. To

8. To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,
 from whom the Conquest came :
 In God we will rejoice all Day,
 and ever blefs his Name.

P A R T II.

- 9 But Thou hast cast us of; and now
 most shamefully we yield ;
 For Thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
 our Armies to the Field.
 10. Since when, to ev'ry upstart Foe
 we turn our Backs in Fight ;
 And with our Spoil their Malice feast,
 who bear us ancient Spite.
 11. To slaughter doom'd, we fall, like Sheep
 into their butch'ring Hands ;
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
 dispers'd thro' heathen Lands.
 12. Thy People thou hast sold for Slaves ;
 and set their Price so low,
 That not Thy Treasure, by the Sale,
 but their Disgrace, may grow ;
 13, 14. Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
 the Heathens Bye-word grown ;
 Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech,
 and mocking Gestures, shown.
 15. Confusion strikes me blind ; my Face
 in conscious Shame I hide ;
 16. While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd.
 by their licentious Pride.

P A R T III.

- 17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n ;
 all this we have endur'd ;
 Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
 or Faith to Thee abjur'd :

- 18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care ;
19. Tho' Thou hast broken all our Strength,
and we almost despair.
20. Could we, forgetting Thy great Name,
on other Gods rely.
21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime descry ?
22. Thou feelt what Suff'rings for thy sake
we ev'ry Day sustain ;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep
appointed to be slain.
23. Awake, arise ; let seeming Sleep
no longer thee detain ;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to Thee,
forever sue in vain.
24. O ! wherefore hidest Thou thy Face
from our afflicted State,
25. Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth
with Grief's oppressive Weight ?
26. Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste
to our Deliv'rance make :
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercies Sake.

P S A L M XLV.

1. **W**HILE the King's loud Praise rehearse,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2. How matchless is thy Form, O King !
thy Mouth with Grace o'flows :
Because fresh Blessings God on Thee
eternally bestows.

3. Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince ;
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious O-naments of Pow'r,
majestick Pomp display.
4. Ride on in State, and still protect
the Meek, the Just, the True ;
Whilst thy Right-hand with swift Revenge
does all thy Foes pursue.
5. How sharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppose !
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart
the pointed Arrow goes.
6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure ;
Thy Sceptre's Sway shall always last,
by righteous Laws secure.
7. Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated still the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove ;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladness shed ;
And has, above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8. With Cassis, Aloes, and Myrrh,
thy royal Robes abound :
Which, from the stately Wardrobe brought,
spread grateful Odours round.
9. Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait ;
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in golden Robes of State.

P A R T II.

10 But thou, O royal Bride, give Ear,
and to my Words attend :

Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

11. So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay :

For He is now become thy Lord ;
to Him due Rev'rence pay.

12. The *Tyrian* Matrons, rich and proud,
shall humble Presents make ;

And all the wealthy Nations sue,
thy Favour to partake.

13. The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
all inward Graces fill ;

Her Raiment is of purest Gold,
adorn'd with costly Skill.

14. She in her nuptial Garments dress'd,
with Needles richly wrought,

Attended by her Virgin Train,
shall to the King be brought.

15. With all the State of solemn Joy
the Triumph moves along ;

Till, with wide Gates the royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.

16. Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
must princely Sons expect ;

Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send,
to govern and protect :

17. Whilst this my Song to future Times
transmits thy glorious Name ;

And makes the World with one Consent
thy lasting Praise proclaim. P S A L M

P S A L M XLVI.

1 : **G**OD is our Refuge in Distress ;
 A present Help, when Dangers press
 In Him, undaunted, we'll confide :
 2, 3. Tho' Earth were from her Centre toss'd,
 And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

4. A gentler Stream with Gladness still
 The City of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal Seat of God most high ;
 5. God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs
 Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,
 While his almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
 And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs :
 7. The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
 Our Fathers guardian God, and ours.

8. Come see the Wonders He has wrought,
 On Earth what Desolation brought ;
 9. How He has calm'd the jarring World :
 He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;
 With them their thund'ring Chariots too
 Into devouring Flames were hurl'd.

10. Submit to God's almighty Sway ;
 For Him the Heathen shall obey,
 And Earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
 11. The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
 As to our Fathers in Distress.

P S A L M XLVII.

1 **O** All ye People, clap your Hands,
And with triumphant Voices sing :
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.

3, 4. He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battles fight ;
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,
The Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound.
To Him repeated Praises sing,
And let the chearful Song go round.

7, 8. Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,
For Him, who all the World commands ;
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er heathen Lands.

9. Our Chiefs, and Tribes, that far from hence
T'adore the God of *Abr'am* came ;
Found Him their constant sure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name !

P S A L M XLVIII.

1 **T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
his sacred Throne is rais'd.

2. Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Prospect rise :
On her North-side th' almighty King's
imperial City lies.

3. God in her Palaces is known :
his Presence is her Guard :

4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Success despair'd. 5. The

5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror struck ;
6. Like Women, whom the sudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.
7. No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn
When Fleets from *Tarshish*' wealthy Coasts
by eastern Winds are torn.
8. In *Sion* we have seen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.
9. Not in our Fortresses and Walls
did we, O God, confide ;
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which Thou dost reside.
10. According to thy sov'reign Name,
thy Praise thro' Earth extends ;
Thy pow'ful Arm, as Justice guides,
chastises, or defends.
11. Let *Sion's* Mount with Joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught,
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12. Compass her Walls with solemn Pomp ;
your Eyes quite round her cast ;
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.
13. Her Forts and Palaces survey ;
observe their Order well ;
That, with Assurance, to your Heirs
this Wonder you may tell.

14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
 Whilst we in Him confide ;
 Who, as He has preserv'd us now,
 till Death will be our Guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

1. **L**ET all the list'ning World attend,
 2. and my Instructions hear :
 Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
 with joint Consent give Ear :
 3. My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
 shall good Advice impart ;
 The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
 digested in my Heart.
4. To Parables of weighty Sense
 I will my Ear incline ;
 While to my tuneful Harp I sing,
 dark Words of deep Design.
5. Why should my Courage fail in Times
 of Danger, and of Doubt ;
 When Sinners, that would me supplant,
 have compass'd me about ?
6. Those Men, that all their Hope and Trust
 in Heaps of Treasure place ;
 And boasting, triumph, when they see
 their ill-got Wealth increase ;
 7. Are yet unable from the Grave
 their dearest Friend to free ;
 Nor can, by Force of costly Bribes,
 reverse God's firm Decree.
- 8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they must quit ;
 the Price is held too high :
 No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
 that Man shall never die.

10. Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,
nor Fools their Folly save;
But both must perish, and, in Death,
their Wealth to others leave.

11. For tho' they think their stately Seats
shall ne'er to Ruin fall;

But their Remembrance last in Lands,
which by their Names they call;

12 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot;
how great so'er their State:

With Beasts their Memory, and they,
shall share one common Fate.

P A R T II.

13. How great their Folly is, who thus
absurd Conclusions make!

And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the gross Mistake.

14. They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;

Their Beauty, while the Just rejoice,
within the Grave shall fade.

15. But God will yet redeem my Soul;
and from the greedy Grave

His greater Pow'r shall set me free,
and to Himself receive.

16. Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound;

Nor tho' their prosp'rous House increase,
with State and Honour crown'd.

17. For, when they're summon'd hence by
they leave all this behind; (Death;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:

18 And

18. And yet they tho't their State was blest,
 caught in the Flatt'ner's Snare ;
 Who praises those that slight all else,
 and of themselves take care.

19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread ;
 and when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched Ancestors, and they,
 in endless Darkness lie.

20. For Man, how great foe'er his State ;
 unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual Beast he lives,
 so, like a Beast, he dies.

P S A L M L.

1. **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
 2. Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
 From dawning Light, till Day declines :
 The list'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
 And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
 Where Beauty in Perfection shines.

3. 4. Our God shall come, and keep no more
 Misconstru'd Silence, as before !

But wasting Flames before Him send :
 Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
 While He does Heav'n and Earth engage
 His just-Tribunal to attend.

5. 6. Assemble all my Saints to me
 (Thus runs the great divine Decree,)

That in my lasting Cov'nant live :
 And Off'rings bring with constant Care ;
 (The Heav'ns his Justice shall declare ;
 For God himself shall Sentence give.)

7. Attend,

7. Attend, my People ; *Israel* hear ;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear ;

Thy God, thy only God, am I :

8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple slain,
My sacred Altar did supply.

9. Will this alone Atonement make ?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept ;

10. The Forest Beasts, that range alone,
The Cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thousand Hills are kept.

11. I know the Fowls, that build their Nests
In craggy Rocks ; and savage Beasts,
That loosely haunt the open Fields :

12. If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not seek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13. 'Think'st thou that I have any Need
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood ?

14. The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts with Love and Zeal inspire,
And Vows with strictest Care made good.

15 In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free ;
And thou Returns of Praise shalt make.

16 But to the Wicked thus said God :
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take ?

17. For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Hast Proof against Instruction been, And

And of my Word didst lightly speak
 18. When thou a subtle Thief didst see,
 Thou gladly didst with him agree,
 And with Adult'ers didst partake.

19. Vile Slander is thy chief Delight ;
 Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,
 Deceitful Tales dost hourly spread :
 20. Th' u dost with hateful Scandals wound,
 Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
 The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.

21. These Things didst thou, whom still I strove
 To gain with Silence, and with Love ;
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou :
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye wicked Fools. lest I
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
 While none shall dare your Cause to own :
 23. Who praises me, due Honour gives ;
 And to the Man that justly lives,
 My strong Salvation shall be shown.

P S A L M LI.

1 **H**AVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
 as Thou wert ever kind :
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
 thy wonted Mercy find.
 2, 3. Wash off my foul Offence,
 and cleanse me from my Sin :
 For I confess my Crime and see
 how great my Guilt has been.

4. Against

4. Against Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
must own thy Judgments right.

5. In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this sinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

6. Yet Thou, whose searching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In secret didst with Wisdom's Laws
my tender Soul inspire.

7. With Hyssop purge me Lord;
and so I clean shall be:
I shall with Snow in Whiteness vie,
when purify'd by Thee.

8. Make me to hear with Joy
thy kind forgiving Voice;
That so the Bones which Thou hast broke,
may with fresh Strength rejoice.
9, 10. Blot out my crying Sins;
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

P A R T II.

11. Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor cast me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlasting Flight.

12. The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul sustain.

13. So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart ;
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men
to thy just Laws convert.
14. My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God ;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15. Do Thou unlock my Lips.
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame :
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise
to all the World proclaim.
16. Could Sacrifice atone.
whole Flocks and Herds should die ;
But on such Off'rings Thou disdain'st
to cast a gracious Eye.

17. A broken Spirit is
by God most highly priz'd ;
By Him a broken contrite Heart
shall never be despis'd.
18 Let *Sion* Favour find,
of thy Good-will assur'd ;
And thy own City flourish long,
by lofty Walls secur'd.

19. The Just shall then attend,
and pleasing Tribute pay ;
And Sacrifice of choicest Kind,
upon thy Altar lay.

P S A L M LII.

I **I**N vain, O Man of lawless Might,
thou boast'st thyself in Ill ;
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
vouchsafes his Favour still.

2. Thy wicked Tongue does fland'rous Tales
maliciously devise ;
And, sharper than a Razor set,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3,4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill, than Good,
on Lyes, than Truth, employ'd ;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which
the Guiltless are destroy'd.

5. God shall for ever blast thy Hopes,
and snatch thee soon away :
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World, to stay.

6. The Just, with pious Fears shall see
the Downfal of thy Pride ;
And at thy sudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride :

7. " See there the Man that haughty was,
" who proudly God defy'd,
" Who trusted in his Wealth, and still
" on wicked Arts rely'd."

8. But I am like those Olive-plants,
that shade God's Temple round ;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.

9. So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,
extol thy wond'rous Love ;
And on thy Name with Patience wait
for this thy Saints approve.

P S A L M LIII.

1 **T**HE wicked Fools must sure suppose
that God is but a Name :
This gross Mi take their Practice shows,
since Virtue all disclaim,

2. The

2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
 the Sons of Men to view, (Pow'r,
 To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
 or Truth or Justice knew.

3. But all, He saw, were backward gone,
 degen'rate grown and base;
 None for Religion, car'd, not one
 of all the sinful Race.

4. But are those Workers of Deceit
 so dull and senceless grown,
 That they like Bread my People eat,
 and God's just Pow'r disown?

5. Their causeless Fears shall strangely grow;
 and they, despis'd of God,
 Shall soon be foil'd: His Hand shall throw
 their shatter'd Bones abroad

6. Would He his saving Pow'r employ,
 to break our servile Band,
 Loud-Shouts of universal Joy
 shall eccho thro' the Land.

P S A L M LIV.

1. **L**ORD, save me, for thy glorious Name;

2. **L** and in thy Strength appear,
 To judge my Cause; accept my Pray'r,
 and to my Words give Ear.

3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
 to ruin me design'd:

And cruel Men, that fear no God,
 against my Soul combin'd.

4. 5. But God takes part with all my Friends;
 and He's the surest Guard:

The God of Truth shall give my Foes
 their Falshood's just Reward;

6. While

5. While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and sacrifice with Joy ;
And in his Praise my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7. From dreadful Danger and Distress
the Lord hath set me free :
Thro' Him shall I, of all my Foes,
the just Destruction see.

P S A L M LV.

1 **G**IVE Ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
and listen when I pray ;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.

2. Attend to this my sad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans ;
Whilst I my mournful Case declare
with artless Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark ! how the Foe insults aloud !
how fierce Oppressors rage !
Whose stand'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
against my Fame engage.

5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights distress'd ;
With Fear and Trembling compass'd round,
with Horror quite oppress'd.

How often wish'd I then, that I
the Dove's swift Wings could get ;
that I might take my speedy Flight,
and seek a safe Retreat !

8 Then would I wander far from hence ;
and in wild Desarts stray,
till all this furious Storm were spent,
this Tempest past away.

P A R T

P A R T II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill Designs,
their Counsels soon divide ;

For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine spy'd.

10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their constant Round ;

And, in the midst of all her Strength,
are Grief and Mischief found.

11. Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part shall roam,
will fresh Disorders meet ;

Deceit and Guile their constant Posts
maintain in ev'ry Street.

12. For 'twas not any open Foe,
that false Reflections made ;

For then I could with Ease have borne
the bitter Things he said :

'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd,
that did against me rise ;

For then I had withdrawn myself
from his malicious Eyes.

13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my
whom tend'rest Love did join : [Friend,

Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,
whose Pray'rs are mix'd with mine.

15. Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes
such Traitors must surprise,

And sudden Death requite those Ills
they wickedly devise.

16, 17. But I will call on God, who still
shall in my Aid appear :

At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
And He my Voice shall hear.

P A R T

P A R T III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from those,
that did with me contend ;
And made a num'rous Host of Friends
my righteous Cause defend.
19. For He, who was my Help of old,
shall now his Suppliant hear ;
And punish those, whose prosp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.
20. Whom can I trust, if faithless Men
perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the strongest Ties ?
21. Tho' soft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound :
Their Speeches are more smooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.
22. Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and He shall thee sustain :
He aids the Just, whom to supplant
the Wicked strive in vain.
23. My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
shall all untimely die ;
Whilst I, for Health, and Length of Days,
on Thee my God, rely.

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **D**O Thou, O God, in Mercy help ;
for Man my Life pursues :
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2. Continually my spiteful Foes
to ruin me combine :
Thou seest, who sit'st inthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join. 3. But

3. But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear
(on Danger's first Alarm ;)

Yet still for Succour I depend
on thy almighty Arm.

4. God's faithful Promise I shall praise,
on which I now rely :

In God I trust, and, trusting him,
the Arm of Flesh defy.

5. They wrest my Words, and make 'em speak
a Sense they never meant :

Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,
on my Destruction bent.

6. In close Assemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay :

They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.

7. Shall such Injustice still escape ?
O righteous God, arise ;

Let thy just Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chastise.

8. Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring Steps,
since first compel'd to flee :

My very Tears are treasur'd up,
and register'd by Thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foe shall be o'erthrown ;

For I am well assur'd, that God
my righteous Cause will own.

10, 11. I'll trust God's Word, and so despise
the Force that Man can raise :

12. To Thee, O God, my Vows are due :
to Thee I'll render Praise.

13. Thou

13. Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death,
 and thou wilt still secure
 The Life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
 and make my Footsteps sure :
 That thus, protected by thy Pow'r,
 I may this Light enjoy :
 And in the Service of my God
 my lengthen'd Days employ.

P S A L M LVII.

1 **T**HY Mercy, Lord to me extend :
 On thy Protection I depend ;
 And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,
 Till this outrageous Storm is past.
 2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sov'reign Judge, and God most High,
 Who Wonders hast for me begun,
 And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
 3. From Heav'n protect me by thy Arm,
 And shame all those who seek my Harm :
 To my Relief thy Mercy send,
 And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
 4. For I with savage Men converse,
 Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
 With Men whose Teeth are Spears, their Words
 Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
 5. Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
 So let it be on Earth display'd ;
 Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.
 6. To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
 And had almost my Soul ensnar'd ;
 But fell themselves, by just Decree,
 Into the Pit they made for me.

7. O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 It's thankful Tribute to present ;
 And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
 To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
 8. Awake, my Glory, Harp and Lute,
 No longer let your Strings be mute :
 And I, my tuneful Part to take,
 Will with the early Dawn awake.

9. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning Nations round :
 10. Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends ;
 Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
 11. Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
 So let it be on Earth display'd ;
 Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

P S A L M LVIII.

1. **S**PEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
 if just your Sentence be ;
 Or must not Innocence appeal
 to Heav'n, from your Decree ?
 2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
 alike by Malice sway'd ;
 Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,
 to Violence betray'd.
 3. To Virtue, Strangers from the Womb,
 their Infant Steps went wrong :
 They prattled Slander, and in Lyes
 employ'd their lisping Tongue.
 4. No Serpent of parch'd *Afric's* Breed
 does ranker Poison bear ;
 The drowsy Adder will as soon
 unlock his sullen Ear.
 5. Unmov'd

5. Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain ;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention-gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r :
Disarm these growing Lions Jaws,
e're practis'd to devour.
7. Let now their Insolence at Height,
like ebbing Tides be spent ;
Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their bow have bent :
8. Like Snails, let them dissolve to Slime ;
like hasty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.
9. E're Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
tempestuous Wrath shall come
from God, and snatch them hence alive
to their eternal Doom.
10. The Righteous shall rejoice to see
their Crimes such Vengeance meet ;
and Saints in Persecutors Blood
shall dip their harmless Feet.

11. Transgressors then with Grief shall see
just Men Rewards obtain ;
and own a God whose Justice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

P S A L M LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my spiteful Foes :
my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
to theirs, who me oppose.

2. Preserve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill ;
Protect me from remorseless Men
who seek my Blood to spill.
3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
against my Life combine,
Implacable ; yet, Lord, Thou know'st,
for no Offence of mine.
4. In Halls they run about, and watch
my guiltless Life to take :
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
and to my Help awake.
5. Thou Lord of Hosts, and *Israel's* God,
their heathen Rage suppress ;
Relentless Vengeance take on those,
who stubbornly transgress.
6. At Evening to beset my House,
like growling Dogs they meet ;
While others through the City range,
and ransack ev'ry Street.
7. Their Throats invenom'd Slander breathe
their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords :
“ Who hears (say they) ; or, hearing dare
“ reprove our lawless Words ?”
8. But from thy Throne Thou shalt, O Lord
their baffled Plots deride ;
And soon to Scorn and Shame expose
their boasted heathen Pride.
9. On Thee I wait ; 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend :
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canst defend.

10. Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
my haughty Foes to me.
11. Destroy them not, O Lord, at once
restrain thy vengeful Blow ;
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their Overthrow.
Disperse them through the Nations round,
by thy avenging Pow'r :
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
12. Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chastise ;
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Restraint,
and Curses join'd with Lyes.
13. Nor shalt Thou, whilst their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, suppress ;
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,
may Israel's God confess.
14. At Ev'ning let them still persist.
like growling Dogs, to meet ;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverse ev'ry Street.
- 15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them stray ;
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey :
16. Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess :
For Thou hast been my sure Defence,
my Refuge in Distress.

17. To Thee, with never-ceasing Praise,
 O God, my Strength, I'll sing :
 Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
 my Health and Safety spring.

P S A L M LX.

1. **O** GOD, who hast our Troops dispers'd,
 Fortaking those who left Thee first ;
 As we thy just Displeasure mourn,
 To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,
 Is rent by thy avenging Hand :
 O ! heal the Breaches Thou hast made :
 We shake, we fall, without thy Aid !

3. Our Folly's sad Effects we feel ;
 For, drunk with Discord's Cup, we rell.

4. But now, for them who Thee rever'd,
 Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.

5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect :
 Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct.

6. The Holy God has spoke ; and I,
 O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
 Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride :
 To Sichem Succoth next I'll join,
 And measure out her Vale by Line.

7. Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
 To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe :
 Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
 And Judah by religious Laws.

8. Moab my Slave and Drudge shall be,
 Nor Edom from my Yoke get free ;
 Proud Palestine's imperious State
 Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.

9. But

9. But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to *Edom's* Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conquest lead?
10 Ev'n Thou, O God who hast dispers'd
Our Troops (for we forsook Thee first),
Those, whom Thou didst in Wrath forsake,
Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.

11. Do Thou our fainting Cause sustain;
For human Succours are but vain.

12 Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows:
'Tis He treads down our proudest Foes.

P S A L M LXI.

1. **L**ORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r
which I, oppress'd with Grief.

2. From Earth's remotest Parts address
to Thee for kind Relief.

O! lodge me safe beyond the Reach
of persecuting Pow'r,

3. Thou, who so oft from spiteful Foes
hast been my shelt'ring Tow'r.

4. So shall I in thy sacred Courts
secure from Danger lie;

Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.

5. In Sign my Vows are heard, once more,
I o'er thy Chosen reign:

6. O! bless with long and prosp'rous Life
the King Thou didst ordain.

7. Confirm his Throne and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight;

And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.

8. So shall I ever sing thy Praise,
thy Name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Distress.

P S A L M LXII.

1. **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies;
2. **M** From Him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

How long will ye contrive my Fall,
Which will but hasten on your own!
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.

4. To make my env'y'd Honours less,
They strive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouth they bless,
In private curse with inward Spite.

5. 6. But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On Him alone thy Trust repose:
My Rock and Health with Strength supply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7. God does his saving Health dispense,
And flowing Blessings daily send:
He is my Fortrefs and Defence;
On Him my Soul shall still depend.

8. In Him, ye People, always trust;
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God, the Merciful and Just,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9. The Vulgar fickle are and frail;
The Great dissemble and betray;
And, laid in Truth's impartial Seale
The lightest Things will both outweigh

10 Then trust not in oppressive Ways ;
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your Gain.

11. For God has oft His Will express'd,
And I this Truth have fully known ;
To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,
Belongs, of Right, to God alone.

12 Though Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which He chiefly takes Delight ;
Yet will He all the human Race
According to their Works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to Thee,
my Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant ;
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreshing Waters want.

2. O ! to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic House displays :

3. Because to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life itself does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

4. My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name :

5. My Soul's Content shall be as great
As theirs, who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with joy his Praise proclaim.

6. When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,
Thou Lord, art present to my Mind ;

And when I wake in Dead of Night.
 7. Because Thou still dost Succour bring,
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
 I rest with Safety and Delight.

8. My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
 Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r
 In her Support is daily shown :
 9. But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
 That my Destruction wish ; and they,
 that seek my Life, shall lose their own.

10, 11. They by untimely Ends shall die,
 Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie ;
 But God shall fill the King with Joy :
 Who swears by Thee shall still rejoice ;
 Whilst the false Tongue, and lying Voice,
 Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

P S A L M LXIV.

1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint ;
 to my Request give Ear ;
 Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
 and free my Soul from Fear.
 2. O ! hide me with thy tender Care
 in some secure Retreat,
 From Sinners that against me rise ;
 and all their Plots defeat.

3. See how, intent to work my Harm,
 they whet their Tongues like Swords ;
 And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,
 sharp Lyes and bitter Words.
 4. Lurking in private, at the Just
 they take their secret Aim ;
 And suddenly at him they shoot,
 quite void of Fear and Shame.

5. To carry on their ill Designs
they mutually agree ;
They speak of laying private Snares,
and think that none shall see.
6. With utmost Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay ;
The deep Designs of all their Hearts
are only to betray.
7. But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful Bow shall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's Point
shall swift Destruction send.
8. Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themselves shall fall ;
Their Crimes disclos'd shall make them be
despis'd and shunn'd by all.
9. The World shall then God's Pow'r confess ;
and Nations trembling stand ;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand :
10. Whilst righteous Men, by God secur'd,
in Him shall gladly trust ;
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear
loud Triumphs of the Just.

P S A L M LXV.

1. **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen Seat ;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous Vows complete.
2. O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To Thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3. Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain
 'To stop thy flowing Mercy try;
 Whilst, Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
 And wastest out the crimson Dye.

4. Blest is the Man, who near Thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred Dwelling lives!
 Whilst we, at humbler Distance, taste
 The vast Delights thy Temple gives.

5. By wond'rous Acts, O God most Just,
 Have we thy gracious Answer found:
 In Thee remotest Nations trust,
 And those whom stormy Waves surround.

6. 7. God, by His Strength, sets fast the Hills,
 And does His matchless Pow'r engage;
 With which the Sea's loud Waves He stills,
 And angry Crouds tumultuous Rage.

P A R T II.

8. Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,
 When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
 With Joy they see the Night and Day
 Each others Track by Turns, pursue.

9 From out thy unexhausted Store
 Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground:
 Makes Lands, that barren were before,
 With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

10. On rising Ridges down it pours,
 And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills:
 Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,
 In which a blest Increase distills.

11. Thy Goodness does the circling Year
 With flesh Returns of Plenty crown;
 And where thy glorious Paths appear,
 Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

12. They

12. They drop on barren Forrests, chang'd
 By them to Pastures fresh and green :
 The Hills about, in Order rang'd,
 In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
 13. Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
 The chearful Downs ; the Vallies bring
 A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
 And seem, for Joy, to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

1. **L**ET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
 2. **L** to God their Voices raise ;
 Sing Psalms in Honour to his Name,
 and spread His glorious Praise.
 3. And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
 in all thy Works art Thou !
 To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
 shall all be forc'd to bow.
 4. Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
 shall Thee their God confess ;
 And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
 of thy great Name express.
 3. O ! come, behold the Works of God ;
 and then with me you'll own,
 That He to all the Sons of Men
 has wond'rous Judgments shown.
 6. He made the Sea become dry Land,
 through which our Fathers walk'd ;
 Whilst to each other of his Might
 with Joy his People talk'd.
 7. He by his Pow'r for-ever rules ;
 His Eyes the World survey :
 Let no presumptuous Man rebel
 against his sov'reign Sway.

P A R T II.

- 8, 9. O! all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10. For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore:
11. Thou brought'ſt us into Streights, where we
oppreſſing Burdens bore.
12. Inſulting Foes did us their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet, at laſt Thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13. Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay:
14. Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.
15. Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16. O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
attend with heedful Care,
Whiſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.
- 17, 18. As I, before, His Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe His Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.
19. But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt,
with conſtant Love, attend,

20. Then

20. Then blest'd for ever be my God,
who never when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away !

P S A L M LXVII.

1 **T**O bless thy chosen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
on all thy Saints to shine ;
2. That so thy wond'rous Way
may through the World be known,
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame ;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.
4. O let them shout and sing,
dissolv'd in pious Mirth ;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
shalt govern all the Earth.

5. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame ;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.
6. Then shall the teeming Ground
a large Increase disclose ;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7. Then God upon our Land
shall constant Blessings show'r ;
And all the World in Awe shall stand
of His resistless Pow'r.

P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of Battle, rise,
And scatter His presumptuous Foes :
Let shameful Rout their Host surprise,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2. As Smoke in Tempests Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast ;
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before his wrathful Presence waste.
3. But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy ;
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And cheartul Songs their Tongues employ.
4. To Him your Voice in Anthems raise :
JEHOVAH's awful Name he bears :
In him rejoice ; extol his Praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.
5. Him from his Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compassion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6. 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil
Restores poor Exiles to their Home ;
Makes Captives free ; and fruitless Toil,
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.
7. 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth ;
Strange Terroirs thro' the Desert spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8. The breaking Clouds did Rain distill,
And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fears
How then should Sinai's humble Hill
Of *Israel's* God the Presence bear !
9. Thy

9. Thy Hand, at famish'd Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores ;
And, when thy Heritage was faint,
Assvag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
10. Where Savages had rang'd before,
At Ease Thou mad'st our Tribes reside ;
And in the Desert for the Poor,
Thy generous Bounty did provide.

P A R T II.

11. Thou gav'st the Word ; we sallied forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame ;
Whilst Virgin-troops with Songs of Mirth,
In State our Conquest did proclaim.
12. Vast Armies, by such Gen'als led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.
13. Through *Egypt's* Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright,
As Doves in golden Sunshine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
14. 'Twas so, when God's almighty Hand
O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won ;
Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan's* Strand,
High *Salmon's* glitt'ring Snow outshone.
15. From thence to *Jordan's* farther Coast,
And *Bashan's* Hill, we did advance :
No more her Height shall *Bashan* boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountain, swell your Pride ?
For *Sion* is his chosen Seat,
Where He forever will reside.

17. His

17. His Chariots numberless ; his Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hosts, that wait his Will :
His Presence now fills *Sion's* Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd *Sinai's* Hill.

18. Ascending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity hast captive led ;
And on thy People didst bestow
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
And humble Profelytes repair
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there.

19. For Benefits each Day bestow'd,
Be daily His great Name ador'd ;

20. Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of Life and Death the sov'reign Lord.

21. But Justice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of those,
Who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.

22. The Lord has thus in Thunder spoke :
“ As I subdu'd proud *Bashan's* King,
“ Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
“ And from the Deep my Servants bring :

23. “ Their Feet shall with a crimson Flood
“ Of slaughter'd Foes he cover'd o'er ;
“ Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,
“ But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.”

P A R T III.

24. When, marching to thy blest Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude survey'd
The pompous State of Thee, our God,
In Robes of Majesty array'd ;

25. Sweet-

25 Sweet-singing *Levites* led the Van ;
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear ;
Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

26. This was the Burden of their Song :
“ In full Assemblies bless the Lord :
“ All who to *Israel's* Tribes belong,
“ The God of *Israel's* Praise record.”

27. Not little *Benjamin* alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah's* nearer Throne
Her Counsellors in State did send ;
But *Zebulon's* remoter Seat,
And *Naphtali's* more distant Coast,
(The grand Procession to complete)
Sent up their Tribes a princely Host.

28. Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour :
This Work, which Thou, O God, hast wrought
Confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

29. To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend,
And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne ;
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
And Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.

30. Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who
Like pamper'd Herds of savage Might : [threat
Their silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive War delight.

31 *Egypt* shall then to God stretch forth
Her Hands, and *Afric* Homage bring :

32. The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praises sing ;

33. Who,

33. Who, mounted on the loftiest Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n sublimely rides ;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear.
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34. Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most High :
Of humble *Israel* He takes care ;
Whose Strength, from out the dusky Sky,
Darts shining Terrors through the Air.

35. How dreadful are the sacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne !
His Strength His feeble Saints supports !
To God give Praise, to him alone.

P S A L M LXIX

1 **S**AVE me, O God from Waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my Soul.

2. With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.

3. With restless Cries my Spirits faint ;
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint ;
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4. My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue
With groundless Hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawless Spite ;
They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.

5. Thou, Lord, my Foolishness dost see,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.

6. Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,
Lest, for my sake, thy Saints despair :

7. Since I have suffer'd for thy Name
Reproach and hide my Face in Shame ;

8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9. For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name
Consumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders cast on me.

10 My very Tears and Abstinence
They construe in a spiteful Sense.

11. When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12. Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jest,
Those Wrongs they ought to have redress'd.
How should I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?

13. But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store:
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.

14. From threatening Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging Deep.

15 Controul the Deluge, e're it spread,
And roll its Waves above my Head;
Nor deep Destruction's yawning Pit
To close her Jaws on me permit.

16. Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy transcending Goodness' sake;
Relieve thy Suppliant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

17. Nor

17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face :
Make haste ; for desp'rate is my Case :

18. Thy timely Succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless Foes.

19. Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have borne ;
Nor can their close-dissembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots, eſcape thy Sight.

20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart :
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain ;
But look'd, alas ! for both in vain ;

21. With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call :
Inſtead of Food, they give me Gall :
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.

22. Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth

23. Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes ;
And ſudden Blaiſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.

24. On them thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
'Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour ;

25. And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.

26. For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him, who had thy Stripes endur'd ;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed aſreſh with ſharper Scorn.

27. Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.

28. From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names inroll.

29. But

29. But me, howe'er distressed and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore :
30. Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
31. Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice :
32. Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,
And hope for like Redress with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint ;
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint.
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,
And all the World resound his Praise.

35. For God will *Sion's* Walls erect ;
Fair *Judah's* Cities He'll protect ;
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd Possession there.
36. This Blessing they shall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath ;
And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as His blest Name adore.

P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **O** LORD, to my Relief draw near ;
For never was more pressing Need :
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2. Confusion on their Heads return,
Who to destroy my Soul combine :
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
3. Their Doom let Desolation be ;
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made :

4. While

4. While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
 To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd ;
 And all, who prize thy saving Grace,
 With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
 Thus wretched though I am, and poor,
 The mighty Lord of me takes care :
 Thou, God, who only canst restore,
 To my Relief with Speed repair.

P S A L M LXXI.

1. **I**N Thee I put my stedfast Trust ;
 2. **I** defend me, Lord, from Shame :
 Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul ;
 for righteous is thy Name.
 3. Be Thou my strong Abiding-place,
 to which I may resort :
 'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my Rock and Fort.
4. 5. From cruel and ungodly Men
 protect and set me free ;
 For from my earliest Youth till now,
 my Hope has been in Thee.
 6. Thy constant Care did safely guard
 my tender infant Days ;
 Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
 to sing thy constant Praise.
7. 8. While some on me with Wonder gaze,
 thy Hand supports me still :
 Thy Honour therefore, and thy Praise,
 my Mouth shall always fill.
 9. Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
 when I with Age decay :
 Forsake me not, when worn with Years,
 my Vigour fades away.

10. My Foes, against my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice speak;
Against my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counsel take.
11. "His God, say they, forsakes him now
"on whom he did rely:
"Pursue and take him whilst no Hope
"of timely Aid is nigh."
12. But Thou, my God, withdraw not far:
for speedy Help I call;
13. To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that seek to work my Fall.
14. But as for me, my steadfast Hope
shall on thy Pow'r depend;
And I in grateful Songs of Praise
my Time to come will spend.

P A R T II.

15. Thy righteous Acts, and saving Health
my Mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' summ'd with utmost Care.
16. While God vouchsafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteousness disclaim,
and mention his alone.
17. Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth,
to praise thy glorious Name:
And ever since thy wondrous Works
have been my constant Theme.
18. Then now forsake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to these, and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.
- F

19. How

19. How high thy Justice soars, O God !
 how great and wond'rous are
 The mighty Works which Thou hast done !
 who may with Thee compare !
20. Me, whom thy Hand has sorely press'd,
 thy Grace shall yet relieve :
 And from the lowest Depth of Woe
 with tender Care retrieve.
21. Through Thee, my Time to come shall be
 with Pow'r and Greatness crown'd ;
 And me, who dismal Years have pass'd,
 thy Comforts shall surround :
22. Therefore with Psaltery and Harp,
 thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
 To Thee, the God of *Jacob's* Race,
 my Voice in Anthems raise.
23. Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Songs
 employ my chearful Voice ;
 My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
 shall in thy Strength rejoice.
24. My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts
 shall all the Day proclaim ;
 Because Thou didst confound my Foes,
 and brought'st them all to Shame.

P S A L M LXXII.

1. **L**ORD, let thy just Decrees the King
 in all his Ways direct ;
 And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
 thy righteous Laws respect.
2. So shall he still thy People judge
 with pure and upright Mind
 Whilst all the helpless Poor shall him
 their just Protector find.

3. Then

3. Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace ;
Which all the Land shall own to be
the Work of Righteousness ;
4. Whilst he the poor and needy Race
shall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks shall take
oppressive Yokes away.
5. In ev'ry Heart, thy awful Fear
shall then be rooted fast,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itself shall last.
6. He shall descend like Rain, that cheers
the Meadows second Birth ;
Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle Drops
refresh the thirsty Earth.
7. In his blest Days the Just and Good
shall be with Favour crown'd ;
The happy Land shall ev'ry-where
with endless Peace abound.
8. His uncontroll'd Dominion shall
from Sea to Sea extend ;
Begin at proud *Euphrates*' Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.
9. To him the savage Nations round
shall bow their servile Heads :
His vanquish'd Foes shall lick the Dust,
where he his Conquest spreads.
- 10 The Kings of *Tarshish*, and the Isles,
shall costly Presents bring ;
From spicy *Sheba* Gifts shall come,
and wealthy *Saba*'s King.

11. To him shall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay ;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12. For he shall set the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry ;
Shall save the Helpless, and the Poor,
and all their Wants supply.

P A R T II.

13. His Providence, for needy Souls,
shall due Supplies prepare ;
And over their defenceless Lives
shall watch with tender Care.
14. He shall preserve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free ;
And in his Sight their guiltless Blood
of mighty Price shall be.
15. Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend ;
Whilst eastern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made
thro' all his prosp'rous Days :
His just Dominion shall afford
a lasting Theme of Praise.
16. Of useful Grain, through all the Land,
great Plenty shall appear :
A Handful sown on Mountain-tops
a mighty Crop shall bear :
Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
a rattling Noite shall yield :
The City too shall thrive, and vie,
for Plenty, with the Field.

17. The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endless Years shall run ;

His spotless Fame shall shine as bright
and lasting as the Sun.

In him the Nations of the World

shall be completely bless'd,

And his unbounded Happiness.

by ev'ry Tongue confess'd.

18. Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Israel* fears ;

Who only wond'rous in his Works,

beyond Compare, appears.

19. Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd ;

for ever bless his Name ;

Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World

their glad Assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

1. **A**T length by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his Saints be kind ;

That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,

Shall his protecting Favour find.

2, 3. Till this sustaining Truth I knew,

My stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd :

I griev'd, the Sinner's Wealth to view,

And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5. They to the Grave in Peace descend,

And, whilst they live, are hale and strong ;

No Plague or Troubles them offend,

Which oft to other Men belong.

6, 7. With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,

And Rapine seems their Robe of State ;

Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd ;

They grow, beyond their Wishes, great.

8, 9. With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppressive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
Their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.

10. And yet admiring Crouds are found,
Who servile Visits duely make;
Because with Plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11. Their fond Opinion these pursue,
'Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our Actions view?
"Can He perceive, who dwells so high?
12. Behold the Wicked! these are they
Who openly their Sins profess;
And yet their Wealth's encreas'd each Day,
And all their Actions meet Success.

13, 14. "Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I),
"And wash'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain;
"If all the Day oppress'd I lie,
"And ev'ry Morning suffer Pain."

15. Thus did I once to speak intend:
But if such Things I rashly say,
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their Cause betray.

P A R T II.

16, 17. To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent;
But found the Case too hard for me;
Till to the House of God I went:
Then I their End did plainly see.

18. How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
On slipp'ry Places loosely stand:
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20. How

19 20. How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
 Despis'd by Thee, when they're destroy'd;
 As waking Men with Scorn do treat
 The Fancies that their Dreams employ'd;
 21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,
 My Reins were rack'd with restless Pains;
 So stupid was I, like a Beast,
 Who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24. Yet still thy Presence me supply'd,
 And thy Right-hand Assistance gave;
 Thou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,
 And then to Glory me receive
 25. Whom then in Heav'n but Thee alone
 Have I, whose Favour I require?
 Throughout the spacious Earth there's none,
 That I besides Thee can desire.

26. My trembling Flesh, and aching Heart,
 May often fail to succour me;
 But God shall inward Strength impart,
 And my eternal Portion be
 27. For they that far from Thee remove,
 Shall into sudden Ruin fall:
 If after other Gods they rove,
 Thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
 That I should still to God repair;
 In Him I always put my Trust,
 And will his wondrous Works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

1 **W**HY hast Thou cast us off, O God?
 wilt Thou no more return?
 Oh! why against thy chosen Flock
 does thy fierce Anger burn?

2. Think on thy ancient Purchase, Lord,
the Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd ; and *Sion's* Mount,
where once thy Glory shone.
3. Oh, come and view our ruin'd State !
how long our Troubles last !
See how the Foe with-wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waste !
4. Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name ; where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd,
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have display'd.
5. 6. Those curious Carvings, which did once
advance the Artists Fame
With Ax and Hammer they destroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7. Thy holy Temple they have burnt ;
and what escap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' sacred to thy Name.
8. Thy Worship wholly to destroy
maliciously they aim'd ;
And all the sacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praise proclaim'd.
9. Yet of thy Presence Thou vouchsaf'st
no tender Signs to send :
We have no Prophet now, that knows
when this sad State shall end.
- P A R T II.
- 10 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit
th' insulting Foe to boast ?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be lost ?

11. Why hold'st Thou back thy strong Right-
and on thy patient Breast, [hand,
When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
so calmly lett'st it rest ?
12. Thou heretofore, with kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence hast fought ;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
hast great Salvation wrought.
13. 'Twas Thou, O God, that didst the Sea,
by thy own Strength, divide :
Thou brak'st the wat'ry Monsters Head,
the Waves ov'erwhelm'd their Pride.
14. The greatest, fiercest of them all
that seem'd the Deep to sway,
Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made
to savage Beasts a Prey.
15. Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and mad'st
the Waters largely flow :
Again, Thou mad'st, thro' parting Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.
16. Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night ;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feeble Light.
17. By Thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order stand :
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

P A R T III.

18. Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame ;
And how the foolish People have
blasphem'd thy holy Name.

19. O, free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by sinful Crouds beset ;
Nor the Assembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.

20. Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promise good ;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.

21. O let not the Oppress'd return,
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame ;
But let the Helpless and the Poor
for ever praise thy Name.

22. Arise, O God, in our Behalf ;
thy Cause and ours maintain :
Remember how insulting Fools
each Day thy Name profane !

23. Make Thou the Boastings of thy Foes
for ever, Lord, to cease ;
Whose Insolence, if unchastiz'd,
will more and more increase.

P S A L M LXXV.

1 **T**O Thee, O God, we render Praise,
to Thee with Thanks repair ;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.

2. In *Israel* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me shall Justice reign.

3. The Land with Discord shakes ; but I
the sinking Frame sustain.

4. Deluded Wretches I advis'd
their Errors to redress ;

And warn'd bold Sinners, that they should
their swelling Pride suppress.

5. Bear not yourselves so high, as if
no Pow'r could yours restrain :
Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn
to speak with less Disdain.
6. For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition strives,
From neither East, nor West, nor yet
from southern Climes arrives.
7. For God the great Disposer is,
and sov'reign Judge alone,
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.
8. His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup ;
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd ;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste ;
but wicked Men shall squeeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.
9. His Prophet I, to all the World
this Message will relate :
The Justice then of *Jacob's* God
my Song shall celebrate.
10. The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty disarm ;
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1 **I**N *Judah* the Almighty's known
(Almighty, there, by Wonders shown :)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel :

2. His

2. His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands :
The Majesty that Heaven commands
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.

3. He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword, and Spear;
There slain the mighty Army lay :

4. Whence *Sion's* Fame thro' Earth is spread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5. Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil :

Securely down to Sleep they lay !
But wak'd no more ; their stoutest Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand
'gainst his that did their Legions slay.

6. When *Jacob's* God began to frown,
Both Horse and Charioteers o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night.

7. When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
Dost once with wrathful Look appear,
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight ?

8. Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard it's
[Doom ;
Grew hush'd with Fear when Thoudid'st come,

9. The Meek with Justice to restore.

10. The Wrath of Man shall yield Thee Praise :
Its last Attempts but serve to raise
The Triumphs of almighty Pow'r.

11. Vow to the Lord ; ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Presents to th' eternal King :

Thus to his Name due Rev'ence pay.

12. Who

12. Who proudest Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
Than, to their trembling Subjects, they.

P S A L M LXXVII.

1. **T**O God I cry'd who to my Help
did graciously repair ;
2. In Trouble's dismal Day I sought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my fest'ring Wound did run ;
no Med'cine gave Relief ;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
3. I thought on God, and Favours pass'd ;
but that increas'd my Pain :
I found my Spirit more oppress'd,
the more I did complain.
4. Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'st my Eyes awake ;
My Grief is swell'd to that Excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.
5. I call'd to mind the Days of old,
with signal Mercy crown'd ;
Those famous Years of antient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6. By Night I recollect my Songs,
on former Triumphs made ;
Then search, consult, and ask my Heart,
where's now that wond'rous Aid ?
7. Has God for ever cast us off ?
withdrawn his Favour quite ?
8. Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endless Night ?

9. Can his long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has He in Wrath shut up and seal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?
10. I said, My Weakness hints these Fears;
but I'll my Fears disband;
I'll yet remember the most High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11. I'll call to mind his Works of old
the Wonders of his Might;
12. On them my Heart shall meditate,
my Tongue shall them recite.
13. Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Councils are!
Who is so great a God as ours?
who can with Him compare?
14. Long since a God of Wonders Thee
thy rescu'd People found:
15. Long since hast Thou thy chosen Seed
with strong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16. When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,
the frightened Billows shrunk;
The troubled Depths themselves for Fear
beneath their Channels sunk.
17. The Clouds pour'd down, while rending
did with their Noise conspire; [Skies
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.
18. Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilst all the lower World
With Lightning blaz'd, Earth shook and seem'd
from her Foundations hurl'd.
19. Thro'

19. Thro' rolling Streams Thou find'st thy
thy Paths in Waters lie; [Way,
Thy wond'rous Passage, where no Sight
thy Footsteps can descry.

20. Thou led'st thy People like a Flock;
safe through the desert Land,
By *Moses*, their meek skilful Guide,
and *Aaron's* sacred Hand.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

1 **H**EAR, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend;
Let the Instruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts descend.

2. My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,
shall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but understood,
and own'd for Truths of old.

3. Which we from sacred Registers
of ancient Times have known,
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.

4. We will not hide them from our Sons:
our Offspring shall be taught
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.

5. For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Isr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.

6. That Generations yet to come
should to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
and they again to theirs.

7. To

7. To teach them that in God alone
 their Hope securely stands ;
 That they should ne'er his Works forget,
 but keep his just Commands.
8. Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove
 a stiff rebellious Race,
 False-hearted, fickle to their God,
 unstedfast in his Grace.
9. Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons,
 who, tho' to Warfare bred,
 And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
 from Field ignobly fled.
- 10, 11. They falsify'd their League with God,
 his Orders disobey'd,
 Forgot his Works and Miracles
 before their Eyes display'd.
12. Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
 did they in Mind retain ;
 Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
 and *Zoan's* fertile Plain.
13. He cut the Seas to let them pass,
 restrain'd the pressing Flood ;
 While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
 the solid Water stood.
14. A wondrous Pillar led them on,
 compos'd of Shade and Light ;
 A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
 a leading Fire by Night.
15. When Drought oppress'd them where no
 the Wilderness suppl'd [Stream
 He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
 dissolv'd into a Tide.
16. Streams

16. Streams from the solid Rock He brought
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'ling with their Campeach Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17. Yet there they sinn'd against Him more,
provoking the most High ;
In that same Defart where He did
their fainting Souls supply.
18. They first incens'd Him in their Hearts,
that did his Power distrust,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Lust.
19. Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts,
“ can God say they, prepare
“ A Table in the Wilderness,
“ set out with various Fare ?
20. “ He smote the flinty Rock ('tis true)
“ and gushing Streams ensu'd :
“ But can He Corn and Flesh provide
“ for such a Multitude ?”
21. The Lord with Indignation heard :
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, consuming Wrath
on thankless *Ijr'el* came.
22. Because their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor trust his Care, who had from Heav'n
their Wants so oft supply'd.
23. Tho' He had made his Clouds discharge
Provisions down in Show'rs ;
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from his celestial Stores.
24. Tho'

24. Tho' tasteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve ;

Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
sustaining Corn receive.

25. Thus Man with Angel's sacred Food,
ingrateful Man, was fed ;

Not sparingly, for still they found
a plenteous Table spread.

26. From Heav'n He made an east Wind blow,
then did the South command

27. To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls
like Sea's unnumber'd Sard.

28. Within their Trenches He let fall
the luscious easy Prey,

And all around their spreading Camp
the feather'd Booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, He gave them Leave
their Appetites to feast ;

30, 31. Yet still their wanton Lust crav'd on
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.

But whilst, in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,

The Wrath of God smote down their Chiefs,
and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.

P A R T II.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief ;

33. Therefore thro' fruitless Travels He
consum'd their Lives in Grief.

34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early Cry ;

35. Own'd Him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God most High.

36. But

36. But this was feign'd Submission all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd ;
37. Their Heart was still perverse, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38. Yet, full of Mercy, He forgave,
nor did with Death chastise ;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,
or would not let it rise.
39. For He remember'd they were Flesh,
that could not long remain ;
A murmuring Wind that's quickly past,
and ne'er returns again.
40. How oft did they provoke Him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that same Desert where He did
their fainting Souls relieve.
41. They tempted Him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd ;
When *Itr'el's* God refus'd to be
by their Desires confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought ?
43. His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
in *Zaan's* Valley wrought.
44. He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beast forbore ;
And rather chose to die of Thirst,
than drink the putrid Gore.
45. He sent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil,
46. Locusts and Caterpillar's reap'd
the Harvest of their Toil.

47. Their

47. Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Frost the Fig-tree dies ;
48. Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one general Sacrifice.
49. He turn'd his Anger loose, and set
no Time for it to cease ;
And with their Plauges bad Angels sent
their Torments to incrase.
50. He clear'd a Passage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroll'd ;
The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51. The deadly Pest from Beast to Man,
from Field to City came ;
It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,
through all the Tents of *Ham*.
52. But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Distress ;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderness.
53. He led them on, and in their Way
no Cause of Fear they found ;
But march'd securely through those Deeps,
in which their Foes were drown'd.
54. Nor ceas'd his Care till them He brought
safe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55. To them the out-cast Heathen's Land
He did by Lot divide ;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made *Isr'el's* Tribes reside.

P A R T III.

56. Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
the Wrath of God most High ;
Nor would to practise his Commands
their stubborn Hearts apply :
57. But in their faithless Father's Steps
perversely chose to go :
They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot
from some deceitful Bow.
58. For Him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars set on high ;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealousy.
59. When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell ;
60. He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents
where once he chose to dwell.
61. To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to disdain,
62. His People to the Sword He gave,
nor would his Wrath restrain.
63. Destructive War their ablest Youth
untimely did confound ;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with nuptial Garlands crown'd.
64. In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Priest a Victim bled ;
And Widows who their Death should mourn,
themselves of Grief were dead
65. Then as a Giant rous'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had thoroughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud ; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66. He smote their Host, that from the Field
 a scatter'd Remnant came,
 With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
 of everlasting Shame.
67. While Conquests crown'd, He *Joseph's* Tents,
 and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook ;
68. But *Judah* chose, and *Sion's* Mount
 for his lov'd Dwelling took.
69. His Temple He erected there,
 with Spires exalted high :
 While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
 the strong Foundations lie.
70. His faithful Servant *David* too,
 He for his Choice did own,
 And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
 to sit on *Judah's* Throne.
71. From tending on the teeming Ewes,
 He brought him forth to feed
 His own Inheritance, the Tribes
 of *Ijr'el's* chosen Seed.
72. Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
 a faithful Shepherd still ;
 He led them with an upright Heart,
 and guided them with Skill.

P S A L M LXXIX.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O God, how heathen Hosts
 have thy Possession seiz'd !
 Thy sacred House they have defil'd,
 thy holy City raz'd !
2. The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
 abroad unburied lay ;
 Their Flesh expos'd to savage Beasts,
 and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3. Quite

3. Quite thro' *Jerusalem* was their Blood
like common Water shed ;
And none were left alive to pay
last Duties to the Dead.
4. The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains
with loud Reproaches wound ;
And we a laughing Stock are made
to all the Nations round.
5. How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
must we forever mourn ?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire forever burn ?
6. On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
thy heavy Vengeance show'r ;
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush,
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
7. For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob's* chosen Race ;
And to a barren Desert turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
O think not on our former Sins,
but speedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almost with Sorrow spent.
8. Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from Blame ;
O shall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
9. Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
“ where is the God they boast ? ”
Vengeance for thy slaughter'd Saints,
perceive Thee to their Cost.

11. Lord, hear the sighing Pris'ner Moans,
thy saving Pow'r extend ;

Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.

12. On them, who us oppress, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid ;

Make their Confusion seven times more
than what on us they laid.

13. So we thy People and thy Flock,
shall ever praise thy Name ;

And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

P S A L M LXXX.

1 **O** *Isr'el's* Shepherd, *Joseph's* Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;

Thou that do'st on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn State appear.

2. Behold how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manassih* join'd,

In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy resistless Strength to find.

3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The Lustre of thy Face display ;

And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

4. O Thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn ?

How long thy Suff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return ?

5. When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe ;

When dry, our raging Thirst we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.

6. F

For us the heathen Nations round,
 s for a common Prey, contest :
 ur Foes with spiteful Joy abound,
 nd at our lost Condition jest.

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
 he Lustre of thy Face display,
 nd all the Ills we suffer now,
 like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

P A R T II.

Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* Land ;
 nd casting out the heathen Race,
 idst plant it with thine own right Hand,
 nd firmly fix'd it in their Place.

Before it Thou prepar'dst the Way,
 nd mad'st it take a lasting Root,
 hich, bless'd with thy indulgent Ray,
 er all the Land did widely shoot.

2. 11. The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
 s goodly Boughs did Cedars seem :
 s Branches to the Sea were spread,
 nd reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.

3. Why then hast Thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
 hich Thou hast made so firm and strong ?
 hilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,
 re pluck'd by those that pass along.

4. See how the bristling forest Boar
 ith dreadful Fury lays it waste :
 ark ! how the savage Monsters roar,
 nd to their helpless Prey make haste.

P A R T III.

To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray
 hy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew ;

G

From

From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine survey
And her sad State with Pity view.

15. Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy right Hand did guard so long
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16. To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its spreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful Frown.

17. Crown Thou the King with good Success
By thy right Hand secur'd from Wrong:
The Son of Man in Mercy blest
Whom for thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

18. So shall we still continue free,
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by Thee,
Will always praise thy holy Name.

19. Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The Lustre of thy Face display,
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

P S A L M LXXXI.

1 **T**O God, our never-failing Strength
with loud Applauses sing:
And jointly make a chearful Noise
to Jacob's awful King.

2. Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy;
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.

3. Let Trumpets at the great new Moon
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the solemn Day of Praise.
4. For this a Statute was of old,
which *Jacob's* God decreed,
To be with pious Care observ'd
by *Isr'el's* chosen Seed.
5. This He for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from *Egypt's* Land;
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but could not understand.
6. Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus seem'd our God to say)
Your servile Hands by Me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.
7. Your Ancestors, with Wrongs oppress'd,
to Me for Aid did call:
With Pity I their Suff'rings saw,
and set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the Cloud
in Thunder I reply'd:
At *Meribah's* contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd,

P A R T II.

8. While I my solemn Will declare,
my chosen People, hear:
If thou, O *Isr'el*, to my Words
wilt lend thy list'ning Ear;
9. Then shall no God besides myself
within thy Coasts be found:
Nor shalt thou worship any God
of all the Nations round.

10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from *Egypt's* Land :

'Tis I, that all thy just Desires
supply with lib'ral Hand.

11. But they, my chosen Race refus'd
to hearken to my Voice ;

Nor would rebellious *Isr'el's* Sons
make me their happy Choice.

12. So I provok'd, resign'd them up,
to ev'ry Lust a Prey ;

And in their own perverse Designs
permitted them to stray.

13 O that my People wisely would
my just Commandments heed !

And *Isr'el* in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed !

14. Then should my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppose ;

And my avenging Hand be turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.

15. Their Enemies and mine should all
before my Footstool bend :

But as for them, their happy State
should never know an End.

16. All Parts with Plenty should abound ;
with finest Wheat their Field :

The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
should richest Honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the great Assembly stands,
where his impartial Eye

In State surveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3. Ho

- 2, 3. How dare ye then unjustly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor:
let such your Justice find.
4. Protect the humble helpless Man,
reduc'd to deep Distress,
And let not him become a Prey
to such as would oppress.
5. They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and stray:
Justice and Truth, the World's Support,
thro' all the Land decay.
6. Well then might God in Anger say,
"I've call'd you by my Name:
"I've said y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
of my immortal Fame;
"But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds
"to strict Account I'll call:
"You all shall die like common Men,
"like other Tyrants fall."
7. Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth display;
And all the Nations of the World
shall own thy righteous Sway.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God;
no longer silent be;
For with consenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly see!
For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are spread;
and they, which hate thy Saints and Thee,
lift up their threatening Head.

3. Against thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine:
And to destroy thy chosen Saints
have laid their close Design.
4. "Come let us cut them off, say they,
"their Nation quite deface;
"That no Remembrance may remain
"of *Isr'el's* hated Race."

5. Thus they against thy People's Peace
consult with one Consent:
And differing Nations jointly leagu'd
their common Malice vent.
6. The *Isbm'elites* that dwell in Tents,
with warlike *Edom* join'd;
And *Moab's* Sons our Ruin vow,
with *Hagar's* Race combin'd.

7. Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebai* too
with *Amalek* conspire:
The Lords of *Palestine*, and all
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*.
8. All these the strong *Affyrian* King
their firm Ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' incessuous Race of *Lot*.

P A R T II.

9. But let such Vengeance come to them,
as once to *Midian* came;
To *Jabin* and proud *Sisera*,
at *Kishon's* fatal Stream.
10. When thy right Hand their num'rous Hosts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their Carcases for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

1. Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of Zeb and Oreb share :
2. Zeba and Zalmunkah, so
let all their Princes fare.
3. Who, with the same Design inspir'd,
thus vainly boasting spake,
In firm Possession for ourselves
" let us God's Houses take."

4. To Ruin let them haste, like Wheels
which downward swiftly move :
like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their scatter'd Forces prove.
5. As Flames consume dry Wood or Heath,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
6. let thy fierce pursuing Wrath
with Terror strike thy Foes.

7. Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,
that they may own thy Name :
8. Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means disclaim.
9. So small the wond'ring World confess
that thou, who claim'it alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
hast rais'd thy lofty Throne.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

1. O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
the Brightness of thy Face !
2. My longing Soul faints with Desire,
to view thy blest Abode :
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
for Thee the living God.

3. The Birds, more happy far than I,
 around thy Temple throng;
 Securely there they build, and there
 securely hatch their Young.
4. O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
 how highly blest are they,
 Who in thy Temple always dwell,
 and there thy Praise display !
5. Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thine
 their sure Protection made
 Who long to tread the sacred Ways
 that to thy Dwelling lead !
6. Who pass thro' *Bacah's* thirsty Vale,
 yet no Refreshment want :
 Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
 at their Request dost grant.
7. Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
 and still approach more near ;
 'Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount
 before their God appear.
8. O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
 my just Requests regard !
 Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
 be still with Favour heard ;
9. Behold, O God, for Thou alone
 canst timely Aid dispence :
 On thy anointed Servant look,
 be Thou his strong Defence.
10. For in thy Courts one single Day
 'tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any Place besides
 a thousand Days to spend.

Much

Much rather in God's House will I
the meanest Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.

11. For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give ;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that justly live.

12. Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
how highly blest is he,
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,
is still repos'd on Thee !

P S A L M LXXXV.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd,
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race
most graciously restor'd.

2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast absolv'd,
and all their Guilt defac'd :

Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger last.

4. O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn ;

That, kindled by our former Sins,
thy Wrath no more may burn.

5, 6. For why should'st thou be angry still,
and Wrath so long retain ?

Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7. Thy gracious Favour Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd ;

And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,
thy wonted Aid afford.

8. God's Answer patiently I'll wait ;
 for he with glad Success,
 (If they no more to Folly turn)
 his mourning Saints will bless.
- 9 To all that fear his holy Name,
 his sure Salvation's near ;
 And in its former happy State
 our Nation shall appear.
10. For Mercy now with Truth is join'd ;
 and Righteousness with Peace,
 Like kind Companions absent long,
 with friendly Arms embrace.
- 11, 12. Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst
 shall Streams of Justice pour ; [Heav'n
 And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
 shall endless Plenty show'r.
13. Before Him Righteousness shall march,
 and his just Paths prepare ;
 Whilst we his holy Steps pursue
 with constant Zeal and Care.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,
 thy gracious Ear incline ;
 Hear me, distressed, and destitute
 of all Relief but thine ;
2. Do Thou, O God, preserve my Soul,
 that does thy Name adore :
 Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust
 relies on Thee, restore.
3. To me, who daily Thee invoke,
 thy Mercy, Lord, extend ;
4. Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes
 on Thee alone depend.
5. Thou

5. Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too:
Of plenteous Mercy to all those,
who for thy Mercy sue.

6. To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be:

7. When troubled, I on Thee will call,
for Thou wilt answer me.

8. Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!

To Thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9. Therefore their great Creator, Thee,
the Nations shall adore;

Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise
to thy blest Name restore.

10. All shall confess Thee great, and great
the Wonders Thou hast done;

Confess Thee God, Thee God supreme,
confess Thee God alone.

P A R T II.

11. Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I,
from Truth shall ne'er depart;

In Rev'rence to thy sacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.

12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise Thee with Heart sincere:

And to thy everlasting Name
eternal Trophies rear.

13. Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,
transcends my Pow'r to tell,

For Thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
from lowest Depths of Hell.

14. O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Destruction fought,
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought :
15. But Thou thy constant Goodness didst
to my Assistance bring ;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlasting Spring !
16. O bounteous Lord thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant show ;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son bestow.
17. Some Signal give, which my proud Foea
may see with Shame and Rage,
When Thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort dost engage.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

1. **G**OD's Temple crowns the holy Mount ;
The Lord there condescends to dwell :
2. His *Sion's* Gates in his Account,
Our *Is'rl's* fairest Tents excel.
3. Fame glorious Things of Thee shall sing,
O City of th' almighty King !
4. I'll mention *Rahab* with due Praise,
In *Babylon's* Applauses join,
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raise,
With that of *Tyre* and *Palestine* ;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.
5. But still of *Sion* I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed ;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6. His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
That

That such a Person there was born,
And such did such an Age adorn.

7. He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high Renown ;
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,
And (her transcending Fame to crown)
Of such she shall Successions bring
Like Waters from a living Spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour, I,
By Day and Night address my Cry :
2. Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Distress incline thine Ear :
3. For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4. Like one whose Strength and Hope are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

5. Like those, who shrouded in the Grave,
From Thee no more Remembrance have ;
6. Cast off from thy sustaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Despair
7. Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless Pain :
Me all thy mountain Waves have prest,
Too weak, alas ! to bear the least.

8. Remov'd from Friends I sigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Visit will vouchsafe to me.
Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.

9. My Eyes from weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my Grievs increase ;
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd Hands, invoc'd thy Aid.

10. Wilt

10. Wilt Thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom Thou forsook'st alive ?
From Death restore thy Praise to sing,
Whom Thou from Prison would'st not bring ?
11. Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess ?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness ?
12. Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darknefs and Oblivion reign ?
13. To Thee, O Lord. I cry, forsorn ;
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14. Why hast Thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look ?
15. Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown ;
Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
16. Thy Wrath hast burst upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread ;
17. Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18. My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call ;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell :
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
2. I have affirm'd and still maintain,
Thy Mercy shall for ever last ;
Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3. Thus

3. Thus spak'st Thou by thy Prophet's Voice ;
“ With *David* I a League have made ;
“ To him, my Servant, and my Choice,
“ By solemn Oath this Grant convey'd ;
4. “ While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
“ Thy Seed shall in my Sight remain ;
“ To them thy Tongue I will ensure,
“ They shall to endless Ages reign.”

5. For such stupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,
By Choirs of Angels sung above,
And by assembled Saints below.

6. What Seraph of celestial Birth
To vie with *Isr'el's* God shall dare ?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
With our almighty Lord compare ?

7. With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints should to his Temple press ;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.

8. Lord God of Armies, who can boast
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
As that which does thy Throne surround ?

9. Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,
And change the Prospect of the Deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.

10. Thou brak'st in pieces *Rahab's* Pride,
And did'st oppressing Pow'r disarm :
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy resistless Arm.

11. In Thee the sov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
12. The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice?
Tabor and *Hermion* East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou dost with Justice reign;
14 Possess of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15. Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
16. Thy Saints shall always be o'rejoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17. For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
18. The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Isr'el's* God our *Isr'el's* King.
- 19 Thus spak'st Thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will send.
" From *Judah's* Tribe have I made Choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.
- 20 " My Servant *David* I have found,
" With holy Oil, anointed him;
21. " Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,
" And guard that gave the Diadem.
22. " No

22. " No Prince from him shall Tribute force,
 " No Son of Strife shall him annoy;
 23. " His spiteful Foes I will disperse,
 " And them before his Face destroy.
 24. " My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;
 " His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
 25. " Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
 " To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.

26. " Me for his Father he shall take,
 " His God and Rock of Safety call;
 27. " Him I my first-born Son will make,
 " And earthly Kings his Subjects all.
 28. " To him my Mercy I'll secure,
 " My Cov'nant make for ever fast.
 29. " His Seed for ever shall endure,
 " His Throne, till Heav'n dissolve, shall last.

P A R T II.

30. " But if his Heirs my Law forsake,
 " And from my sacred Precepts stray;
 31. " If they my righteous Statutes break,
 " Nor strictly my Commands obey;
 32. " Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,
 " And for their Folly make them smart;
 33. " Yet will not cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my Truth, like them depart.
 34. " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 " But in Remembrance fast retain;
 " The Thing, that once my Lips have spoke,
 " Shall in eternal Force remain.
 35. " Once have I sworn, but once for all,
 " And made my Holiness the Tie,
 " That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
 " Nor to my Servant *David* lie.

36. " Whose

36. " Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun
" Shall, like his Course, establish'd see :

37. " Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,
" In Heav'n my faithful Witness be "

38. Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,
But Thou hast now our Tribes forsook,
Thy own Anointed hast abhor'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39. Thou seemest to have render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,
And in the Dust his Honour laid.

40. Of strong Holds Thou hast him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to decay ;

41. His frontier Coasts defenceless left,
A public Scorn, and common Prey.

42. His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might ;

43. Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.

44. His Glory is to Darkness fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground :

45. His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.

46. How long shall we thy Absence mourn ?
Wilt Thou for ever, Lord, retire ?

Shall thy consuming Anger burn
'Till that and we at once expire ?

47. Consider, Lord, how short a Space
'Thou dost for mortal Life ordain ;

No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain.

48. What

48. What Man is he that can controul
 Death's strict unalterable Doom?
 Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,
 The Grave that must Mankind entomb?
49. Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless
 The Oath to which thy Truth did seal, [Grace,
 Consign'd to *David* and his Race,
 The Grant which Time shou'd ne'er repeal?
50. See how thy Servants treated are
 With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
 Which in my silent Breast I bear;
 From Nations of licentious Might.
51. How they, reproaching thy great Name,
 Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jest:
52. Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
 And ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*

Amen, Amen.

P S A L M XG.

1. **O** LORD, the Saviour and Defence
 of us thy chosen Race,
 From Age to Age Thou still hast been
 our sure abiding Place.
2. Before Thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
 or th' Earth and World didst frame,
 Thou always wert the mighty God,
 and ever art the same:
3. Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
 of which he first was made;
 And when Thou speak'st the Word, *Return,*
 'tis instantly obey'd.
4. For in thy Sight a thousand Years
 are like a Day that's past,
 Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
 whose Hours unminded waste.

5. Thou

5. Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,
we vanish hence like Dreams;

At first we grow like Grass that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams:

6. But howsoever fresh and fair,
Its Morning Beauty shows;

'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Evening close.

7, 8. We by thine Anger are consum'd,
and by thy Wrath dismay'd;

Our publick Crimes and secret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.

9. Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects
our drooping Days we spend;

Our unregarded Years break off
like Tales that quickly end.

10. Our Term of Time is seventy Years,
an Age that few survive:

But if, with more than common Strength,
to eighty we arrive:

Yet then our boasted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain:

So soon the slender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

P A R T II.

11. But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought revere?

And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,
as more or less we fear.

12. So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
of our short Days to mind,

That to true Wisdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.

13. O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and speedily relent!

As we for our Misdeeds, do Thou
of our just Doom repent.

14. To satisfy and cheer our Souls,
thy early Mercy send;

That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort spend.

15. Let happy Times with large Amends
dry up our former Tears,
Or equal at the least the Term
of our afflicted Years.

16. To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn.
thy glorious Pow'r be shown.

17. Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,
give Thou our Work Success;
The glorious Work we have in Hand
do Thou vouchsafe to bless.

P. S. A. L. M. XCI.

1. **H**E that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.

2. 'Thus to my Soul, of him I'll say,
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

3. His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noisome Pestilence:

4. He over thee his Wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.

5. No

5. No Terrors that surprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6. Nor Plague, of unknown Rife, that kills
In Darkrefs, nor infectious Ills
That in the hottest Season flay.
7. A Thousand at thy Side shall die,
At thy right Hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains :
8. Thou only shalt look on and see
The Wicked's sad Catastrophe,
And count the Sinners mournful Gains.
9. Because (with well-plac'd Confidence)
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the Highest do'st rely ;
10. Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling, shall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.
11. For He throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee safe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels strict Commands ;
12. And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their Hands.
13. Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie.
14. Because he lov'd and honour'd Me,
Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.
15. He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when Ill befalls ; Increase

Increase his Honour and his Wealth :
 16. And when, with undisturb'd Content,
 His long and happy Life is spent,
 His End I'll crown with saving Health.

P S A L M XCII.

1. **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 to thank the Lord most high ;
 And with repeated Hymns of Praise,
 his Name to magnify.
2. With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
 his Goodness to relate ;
 And of his constant Truth, each Night
 the glad Effects repeat.
3. To ten string'd Instruments we'll sing,
 with tuneful Psalt'ries join'd,
 And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds
 for sacred Use design'd.
4. For thro' thy wondrous Works, O Lord,
 Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice ;
 The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 and shout with chearful Voice.
- 5, 6. How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord !
 how deep are thy Decrees !
 Whose winding Tracks, in secret laid,
 no stupid Sinner sees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked Men,
 like Grass, look fresh and gay ;
 How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must
 for ever pass away.
- 8, 9. But Thou, my God, art still most High ;
 and all thy lofty Foes,
 Who thought they might securely sin,
 shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10. Whilst

10. Whilst Thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st
my consecrated Head.

11. I soon shall see my stubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the dismal End of these,
who have against me fought.

12. But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*
in stately Order grow.

13, 14. These, planted in the House of God,
within his Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both
shall in old Age revive.

15. Thus will the Lord his Justice shew;
and God, my strong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

1. **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations strongly laid,
And the vast Fabrick still sustains.

2. How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!
Which shall no Change or Period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone
Art God from all Eternity.

3, 4. The Floods, O Lord, list up their Voice,
And toss the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise,
And make the angry Sea comply.

5. Thy

5. Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they, that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure,
Must still in Holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

1. **O** GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
2. thy Vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and crush thy haughty Foes.
3, 4. How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast,
and insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,
but unprovok'd, they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpless Orphans kill.
7. "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they speak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds
"the God of *Jacob* take."

8. At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to discern:
In Folly will you still proceed,
and Wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can He be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those,
who his known Will defy?

11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to Him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye surveys them all, and sees
how vain their Counsels are.

P A R T II.

12. Blest is the Man whom Thou, O Lord,
in Kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred Rules to walk
do'st lovingly advise.

13. This Man shall Rest and Safety find
in Seasons of Distress :
Whilst God prepares a Pit for those,
that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take :
His own Possession and his Lot,
he will not quite forsake.

15. The World shall then confess Thee just
in all that Thou hast done ;
And those that chuse thy upright Ways,
shall in those Paths go on.

16. Who will appear in my Behalf,
(when wicked Men invade)
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
my righteous Cause shall plead ?

17, 18, 19. Long since had I in Silence slept
but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slept ; when sad,
my troubled Heart to cheer.

20 Wilt Thou, who art a God most just,
their sinful Throne sustain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain ?

21. Against the Lives of righteous Men
they form their close Design ;
And Blood of Innocents to spill,
in solemn League combine.

12. But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord most high :
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23. The Lord shall cause their ill Designs
on their own Heads to fall :
He in their Sins shall cut them off,
our God shall slay them all.

P S A L M XCV.

1. **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our almighty King :
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Sa'venation's Rock we praise.
2. Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for his Favours past ;
To Him address in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.
3. For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
is, with unrival'd Glory, great :
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his Title God we call.
4. The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her secret Wealth at his Command ;
The Strength of Hills, that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.
5. The rolling Ocean's vast Abyfs
By the same sov'reign Right is his :
Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.
6. O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there :
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7. - For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
His Flock and Pasture Sheep a e we.
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
'To-day if you his Voice will hear.

8. Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In desert Plains of *Meribab*.

9. When thro' the Wilderness they mov'd,
And Me with fresh Temptations prov'd:
'They still, through Unbelief. rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.

10, 11. They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd.

Then——'Tis a faithless Race, I said,
Whose Heart from Me has always stray'd;

They ne'er will tread my righteous Path :
Therefore to them, in settled Wrath,
Since they despis'd my Rest, I swear,
That they should never enter there.

P S A L M XCVI

1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.

2. Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.

3. To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.

4. He's great and greatly to be prais'd ;
In Majesty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities.

5. For Pageantry and Idols all

Are

Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :
He only rules who made the Skies.

6. With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround ;

7. Be therefore both to Him restor'd
By you, who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name ;

8. Peace-Off'ings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which He, and He alone can claim.

9. To worship at his sacred Court,
Let all the trembling World resort.

10. Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore.

11. Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar ;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12. For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring :
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,

13. The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World He's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

1. **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice ;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

2. Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazzling Glory shroud in State ;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

3. Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance struck ;
4. His Lightnings set the World on blaze ;
Earth saw it and with Terror shook.
5. The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt
In Presence of th' almighty Lord

6. The Heav'ns his Righteousness to show,
With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd,
And all the trembling World below,
Have his descending Glory view'd.

7. Confounded be their impious Host,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray ;
All who of Pageant Idols boast ;
To Him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

8. Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judab's* Daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have pagan Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.

9. For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd :
Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

10. You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's Ill, and Truth esteem :
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

11. For

11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,
A future Harvest for the Just ;
And Gladness for the Heart upright,
To recompense its pious Trust.

12: Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his Holiness,
Deep in your faithful Breasts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wondrous Things has done :
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conquest he has won.
2. The Lord has through th' astonish'd World
display'd his saving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.
3. Of *Israel's* House his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been ;
Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Pow'r
of *Israel's* God have seen.
4. Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their cheerful Voices raise,
And all with universal Joy
resound their Maker's Praise.
5. With Harps and Hymns soft Melody
into the Consort bring,
6. The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound
before th' almighty King.
7. Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain ;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Consort with the Main.

- 3 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,
to spreading Torrents they ;
And ecchoing Va'es, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey ;
9. To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Justice come,
And with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake ;
On Cherubs Wings He sits enthron'd ;
let Earth's Foundations shake.
2. On *Sion's* Hill He keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tower's ;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
supreme o'er earthly Pow'r's.
3. Let therefore all with Praise address
his great and dreadful Name,
And with his irresistible Might
his Holiness proclaim.
4. For Truth and Justice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place :
His Judgments are with Righteousness
dispens'd to *Jacob's* Race.
5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footstool fall ;
And with his irresistible Might,
his Holiness extol.
6. *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old,
amongst his Priests ador'd ;
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus,
his sacred Name implor'd :
- Distress'd,

- Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
 who ne'er their Suit deny'd ;
 But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
 He graciously reply'd.
7. For with their Camp, to guide their March,
 the cloudy Pillar mov'd :
 They kept his Laws, and to his Will
 obedient Servants prov'd.
8. He answer'd them, forgiving oft
 his People for their Sake ;
 And those, who rashly them oppos'd
 did sad Examples make.
9. With Worship at his sacred Courts
 exalt our God and Lord ;
 For He, who only holy is,
 alone should be ador'd.

P S A L M C.

1. **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth
 2. To God their chearful Voices raise ;
 Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
 And sing before him Songs of Praise.
3. Convinc'd that He is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom He chuses for his own,
 The Flock which He vouchsafes to feed.
4. O enter, then his Temple Gate,
 Thence to his Courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
 And still his Name with Praises bless.
5. For He's the Lord supremely good,
 His Mercy is for ever sure ;
 His Truth, which all times firmly stood,
 To endless Ages shall endure.

P S A L M CI.

1 **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,
 And steadfast Judgment I will sing;
 And since they both to Thee belong,
 To Thee, O Lord, address my Song.
 2. When, Lord, Thou shalt with me reside,
 Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;
 With blameless Life myself I'll make
 A Pattern for my Court to take.

3. No Ill Design will I pursue,
 Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.

4. Who to Reproof has no Regard,
 Him will I totally discard.

5. The private Slanderer shall be
 In publick Justice doom'd by me:
 From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,
 And mortify the Heart of Pride.

6. But Honesty, call'd from her Cell;
 In Splendor at my Court shall dwell:
 Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
 Shall have the first Preferments there.

7. No Politicks shall recommend
 His Countries Foe to be my Friend:
 None e're shall to my Favour rise
 By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.

8. All those who wicked Courses take,
 An early Sacrifice I'll make;
 Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain
 God's holy City to prophane.

P S A L M CII.

1 **W**HEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r
 do, Thou, O Lord, attend;
 To thy eternal Throne of Grace
 let my sad Cry ascend.

2. O

2. O hide not. Thou thy glorious Face
in Times of deep Distress:

Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows soon redress.

3. Each cloudy Portion of my Life
like scatter'd Smoke expires;

My shrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,
that's parch'd with constant Fires.

4. My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast
of some infectious Wind,

Does languish so with Grief, that scarce
my needful Food I mind.

5. By reason of my sad Estate

I spend my Breath in Groans;

My Flesh is worn away, my Skin
scarce hides my starting Bones.

6. I'm like a Pelican become,

that does in Desarts mourn:

Or like an Owl that sits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.

7. In Watchings or in restless Dreams,
the Night by me is spent,

As by those solitary Birds,
that lonesome Roofs frequent.

8. All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;

Who all possess'd with furious Rage,
have my Destruction sworn.

9. When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppress'd with Grief and Fears,

My Bread is strew'd with Ashes o'er,

My Drink is mix'd with Tears.

10. Because

10. Because on me with double Weight-
thy heavy Wrath doth lie :
For Thou, to make my Fall more great,
didst lift me up on high.

11. My Days just hast'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade :
My Beauty does like wither'd Grass,
with waning Lustre fade.

12. But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no Length of Time shall waste :
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age shall last.

13. Thou shalt arise, and *Sion* view
with an unclouded Face :
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.

14. Her scatter'd Ruins by thy Saints
with Pity are survey'd :
They grieve to see her lofty Spires
in Dust and Rubbish laid.

15, 16. The Name and Glory of the Lord
all heathen Kings shall fear ;
When He shall *Sion* build again,
and in full State appear.

17, 18. When He regards the Poor's Request,
nor slight their earnest Pray'r ;
Our Sins for this recorded Grace,
shall his just Praise declare.

19 For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams display'd ;
The Lord, from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
hath all the Earth survey'd.

20. He

20. He listen'd to the Captives Moans,
He heard their mournful Cry,
And freed, by his resistless Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they in *Sion*, where He dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City sing
loud Praises to his Name.

22. When all the Tribes assembling there,
their solemn Vows address,
And neighb'ring Lands with glad Consent,
the Lord their God confess,

23. But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
cut short my hopeful Days.

24. Lord, end not Thou my Life, said I,
when half is scarcely past:
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endless Ages last.

25. The strong Foundations of the Earth,
of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made:

26, 27. Whilst Thou for ever shalt endure,
they soon shall pass away;
And like a Garment often worn,
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when Thou ordain'st their Changes
to thy Command they bend;
But Thou continu'st still the same,
nor have thy Years an End.

28. Thou.

28. Thou to the Children of thy Saints,
 shalt lasting Quiet give;
 Whose happy Race securely fix'd,
 shall in thy Presence live.

P S A L M CIII.

1, **M**Y Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
 2. God's holy Name for ever bless:
 Of all his Favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful Thanks express,
 3, 4. 'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
 And after Sickness makes thee sound;
 From Danger He thy Life retrieves,
 By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6. He with good Things my Mouth supplies,
 My Vigor, Eagle-like, renews:
 He, when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,
 His Foe with just Revenge pursues.

7. God made of old his righteous Ways
 To *Moses* and our Fathers known;
 His Works to his eternal Praise,
 Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.

8. The Lord abounds with tender Love,
 And unexampled Acts of Grace:
 His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,
 His willing Mercy flows apace.

9, 10. God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his Anger quickly part;
 And loves his Punishments to guide,
 More by his Love than our Desert.

11. As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
 Above this little Spot of Clay:
 So much his boundless Love transcends
 The small Respects that we can pay.

12, 13. As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far has He our Sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear'd Him always lov'd.

14, 15. For God, who all our Frame surveys,
Considers that we are but Clay :
How fresh so'er we seem, our Days
Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away :
16, 17. Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
Nor can we find their former Place ;
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear Him, and their Race.

18. This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed Way ;
And who not only know his Will,
But to it just Obedience pay.
19, 20. The Lord, the universal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne :
To Him, ye Angels, Praises sing,
In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just Commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred Will :
21. Ye Hosts of his this Tribute pay,
Who still what He ordains fulfil.
22. Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord : And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
And in this Comfort bear thy Part.

P S A L M CIV.

1 **B**LESS God, my Soul ; Thou Lord, alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds,
With Honour Thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.

2. With

2. With Light Thou dost thyself enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take ;
Heavens Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. God builds on liquid Air and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

4. As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd :
All proud, to serve their Sovereign's Will.

5, 6. Earth on her Centre fix'd He set,
Her Face with Waters overspread ;
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.

7. But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd ; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.

8. Thence up by secret Tracks they creep,
And gushing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.

9. There haste thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatening Surges to repel ;
That they no more o'erpass their Mounds,
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

P A R T II.

10. Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her lost Hills ;
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.

11. The

11. The Fields tame Beasts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought ;
And Asses on wild Mountains bred,
Have Sense to find these Currents out.

12. There shady Trees from scorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng ;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.

13. His Rains from Heav'n parch'd Hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid Store ;
'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Grass, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field ;
Herbs, for Man's Use, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phisick yield.

15. With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppress'd with Care,
Gives Oil that makes his Face to shine ;
And Corn, that wasted Strength repairs.

P A R T III.

16. The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed ;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As those in royal Gardens bred.

17. Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wand'ers of the Air may rest ;
The hospitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortress make,
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feeble Creatures Refuge take.

19. The

19. The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows
Th' appointed Seasons of the Year ;
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21. Darknes He makes the Earth to shroud,
When Forest Beasts securely stray ;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that sends them Prey.

22. They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'Till summon'd by the rising Morn,
To skulk in Dens, with one Consent,
The conscious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repose.

24. How various, Lord, thy Works are found ;
For which thy Wisdom we adore !
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
'Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

P A R T IV.

25. But still, the vast unfathom'd Main,
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies,
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.

26. Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmolested Way ;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has Compass there to play.

27. These various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Sense of common Want agree :
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.

28. They

28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,
Without their Trouble to provide :
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
The craving World is all supply'd.

29. Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn ;
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother-Earth return.

30 Again Thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
T'inspire the Mass with vital Seed ;
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.

31. Thus through successive Ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.

32. One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills ;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.

33. In praising God, while He prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;

34. And join Devotion to my Songs
Sincere, as in Him is my Joy :

35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul. praise thou his holy Name,
'Till with my Song, the list'ning World
Join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

P S A L M CV.

1 **O** Render Thanks and bless the Lord ;
invoke his sacred Name ;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchless Deeds proclaim.

2. Sing

2. Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns
his wondrous Works rehearse ;
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
and Subject of your Verse.
3. Rejoice in his almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd ;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly seek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength,
devoutly still implore ;
And where He's ever present, seek
his Face for evermore.
5. The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind ;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us assign'd.
6. Know ye his Servant, *Abr'am's* Seed,
and *Jacob's* chosen Race,
7. He's still our God, his Judgments still
throughout the Earth take Place.
8. His Cov'nant He hath kept in Mind,
for num'rous Ages past,
Which yet for thousand Ages more,
in equal Force shall last.
9. First sign'd to *Ab'ram*, next by Oath
to *Isaac* made secure ;
10. To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law,
for ever to endure :
11. That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,
when yet but few they were :
12. But few in Number, and those few
all friendless Strangers there.

13. In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
securely they remov'd ;
14. Whilst proudest Monarchs for their sakes,
severely He reprov'd :
15. " These mine anointed are, said He,
" let none my Servants wrong,
" Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill
" that does to Me belong."
16. A Dearth at last, by his Command,
did through the Land prevail :
'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
sustaining Corn did fail.
17. But his indulgent Providence
had pious *Joseph* sent,
Sold into *Egypt* but their Death
who sold him to prevent
18. His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,
with Calumny his Fame .
19. 'Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.
20. The King his sov'reign Order sent,
and rescu'd him with Speed ;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21. His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all
subjected to his Will ;
22. His greatest Princes to controul,
and teach his Statesmen Skill.
- P A R II.
- 23 To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,
half-famish'd *Isr'el* came ;
And *Jacob* held, by royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.

24. Th' Almighty there with such Increase
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppressors they
in Strength and Number vy'd ;
25. Their vast Increase th' *Egyptian* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
'Till they his Servants to destroy
by treach'rous Arts conspir'd.
26. His Servant *Moses* then He sent,
his chosen *Aaron* too :
27. Impower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Mission true.
28. He call'd for Darknefs, Darknefs-came,
Nature his Summons knew ;
29. Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,
the wand'ring Fishes flew.
30. In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Pest of Frogs was bred :
From noisome Fens sent up to croak
at *Pharaoh's* Board and Bed.
31. He gave the Sign; and Swarms of Flies-
came down in cloudy Hosts ;
Whilst Earth's enliven'd Dust below
bred Lice through all their Coasts.
32. He sent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew.
33. He smote their Vines, and forest Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.
34. He spake the Word, and Locusts came,
and Caterpillars join'd ;
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35. From

35. From Trees to Herbage they descend,
no verdant Thing they spare ;
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all the Pastures bare.
36. From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commission'd Vengeance flew ;
One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes
and Strength of *Egypt* flew.
37. He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt's* borrow'd Wealth ;
And, what transcends all Treasures else,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd ;
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills,
by those already prov'd.
39. Their shrouding Canopy by Day
a journeying Cloud was spread ;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their desert Marches led.
40. They long'd for Flesh ; with Ev'ning
He furnish'd ev'ry Tent : (Quails
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels sent.
41. He smote the Rock ; whose flinty Breast
pour'd forth a gushing Tide,
Whose flowing Stream, where'er they march'd,
the Desert's Drought supply'd.
42. For still He did on *Abr'am's* Faith
and ancient League reflect :
43. He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his elect.

44. Quite

44. Quite rooting out their heathen Foes
 from *Canaan's* fertile Soil,
 To them in cheap Possession gave
 the Fruit of others Toil :

45. That they his Statutes might observe,
 his sacred Laws obey.
 For Benefits so vast, let us
 our Songs of Praise repay.

- P S A L M- CVI.

1 **O** Render Thanks to God above,
 The Fountain of eternal Love ;
 Whole Mercy firm through Ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2. Who can his mighty Deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ;
 What mortal Eloquence can raise,
 His Tribute of immortal Praise ?

3. Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy Judgments never stray ;
 Who know what's right ; nor only so,
 But always practice what they know.

4. Extend to me that Favour Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
 When Thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy Salvation visit me.

5. O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy Saints in full Prosperity ;
 That I the joyful Choir may join,
 And count thy People's Triumph mine.

6. But ah ! can we expect such Grace,
 Of Parents vile, the viler Race :
 Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,
 And with new Crimes increas'd the Score ?

7. Ingrateful

7. Ingrateful ! they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought ;
The red Sea they no sooner view'd,
But they their base Distrust renew'd.

8. Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign Pow'r be known,
That He is God, and He alone.

9 To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand ;
Where firm and dry the Passage lay,
As through some parch'd and desert Way.

10. Thus rescu'd from their Foes they were,
Who closely press'd upon their Rear,

11. Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves,
That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.

12. The watry Mountains sudden Fall
O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all.
This Proof did stupid *Isr'el* move
To own God's Truth, and praise his Love,

P A R T II.

13. But soon these Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counsel waited not ;

14. But lusting in the Wilderness,
Did Him with fresh Temptations press.

15. Strong Food at their Request He sent,
But made their Sin their Punishment.

16. Yet still his Saints they did oppose,
The Priest and Prophet whom He chose.

17. But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,
Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.

18. The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.

19. Near *Horeb's* Mount a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd ;

20. Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.

21. Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought ;

22. His Signs in *Ham's* astonish'd Coast,
And where proud *Pharaoh's* Troops were lost.

23. Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand He rear'd,
But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd ;

'The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.

24, 25. Yet they 'his pleasant Land despis'd,
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd,

Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey ;
But when God said, *Go up*, would stay.

26, 27. This seal'd their Doom, without Redress
To perish in the Wilderness ;

Or else to be by heathen Hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

P A R T III.

28. Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn Race
Baal Peor's Worship did embrace ;
Became his impious Guests, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.

29. Thus they persisted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke,
'Tis come :—the deadly Pest is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

30. But *Phinehas* fir'd with holy Rage,
 (Th' Almighty's Vengeance to assuage)
 Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
 Th' Atonement make that ransom'd All.
 31. As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
 So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd ;
 To him confirming, and his Race,
 The Priesthood he so well did grace.

32. At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
 Who *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd ;

33. Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
 'Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.

34. Nor when possess'd of *Canaan's* Land,
 Did they perform their Lord's Command,
 Nor his commission'd Sword employ
 The guilty Nations to destroy.

35. Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
 But mingling learnt their Vices too ;

36. And Worship to those Idols paid,
 Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.

37. 38 To Devils they did sacrifice
 Their Children with relentless Eyes ;
 Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
 Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities ;
 No Blood her Idols reconcile,
 But that which did the Land defile.

P A R T IV.

39. Nor did these savage Cruelties
 The harden'd Reprobates suffice ;
 For after their Hearts Lusts they went,
 And daily did new Crimes invent.

40. But Sins of such infernal Hue
 God's Wrath against his People drew,
 'Till He, their once indulgent Lord,
 His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41. He them defenceless did expose
 To their insulting heathen Foes;
 And made them on the Triumphs wait,
 Of those, who bore them greatest Hate.

42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
 Their List of Tyrants He increas'd,
 'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
 Were made the Vassals of Mankind.

43. Yet, when distress'd, they did repent,
 His Anger did as oft relent:

But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
 Renew'd their Sins, and He their Yoke.

44. Nor yet implacable He prov'd,
 Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;

45. But did to mind his Promise bring,
 And Mercy's unexhausted Spring.

46. Compassion too He did impart,
 Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,
 And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
 In those who them to Bondage led.

47. Still save us, Lord, and *Isr'el's* Bands
 Together bring from heathen Lands;
 So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,
 And ever triumph in thy Praise.

48. Let *Isr'el's* God be ever blest'd,
 His Name eternally confess'd:

Let all his Saints with full Accord
 Sing loud *Amens—Praise ye the Lord.*

P S A L M CVII.

1 **T**O God your grateful Voices raise,
 Who does your daily Patron prove:
 And let your never-ceasing Praise
 Attend on his eternal Love.

2, 3 Let those give Thanks, whom He from
 Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd; [Bands,
 And brought them back from distant Lands,
 From North and South, and West and East.

4, 5. Through lonely desert Ways they went,
 Nor cou'd a peopled City find:

'Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,
 Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
 Did they their mournful Cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear.
 And freed them from their deep Distress.

7. From crooked Paths He led them forth,
 And in the certain Way did guide,
 To wealthy Towns of great Resort,
 Where all their Wants were well supply'd.

8 O then that all the Earth, with me,
 Would God for this his Goodness praise!
 And for the mighty Works which He
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays!

9. For He from Heav'n the sad Estate
 Of longing Souls with Pity views;
 To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
 His Goodness daily Food renews.

P. A R T. II.

10 Some lie, with Darkness compass'd round,
 In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
 And with unwieldy Fetters bound,
 By pressing Cares more heavy made.

11, 12. Because God's Counsel they defy'd
And lightly priz'd his h-ly Word,
With these Afflictions they were try'd :
They fell, and none could Help afford.

13. Then soon to 'God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear.
And freed them from their deep Distress.

14. From dismal Dungeons, dark as Night,
And Shade as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty bestow'd.

15. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would 'God for this his Goodness praise !
And for the mighty Work, which He
Throughout the wond'ring World displays ;

16. For He with his almighty Hand,
The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke ;
Nor cou'd the massy Bars withstand,
Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

P A R T III.

17. Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,
With bold Transgressions God defy ;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppress'd with sore Diseases lie :

18. Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats ;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhospitable Gates.

19. Then strait to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.

20. He

20. He all their sad Distempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives ;
And when a' human Succour fails,
From near Destruction them retrieves.

21. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise !
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World displays ;
22. With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bless !

P A R T IV.

23. 24. They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue,
Do God's amazing Works behold ;
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25. No sooner his Command is past.
But forth the dreadful Tempest flies,
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,
And makes the stormy Billows rise.

26. Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mountain Waves appear ;
Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with Fear.
27. They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd ;
Nor do the skilful Seamen know
Which Way to steer, what Course is best.

28. Then straight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear
And frees them from their deep Distress,

29. 30. He does the raging Storm appease,
And makes the Billows calm and still;
With Joy they see their Fury cease,
And their intended Course fulfil.

31. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!

32. Let them, where all the Tribes resort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders sov'reign Court
With one Consent his Praise proclaim!

P A R T V.

33. 34. A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground
To punish those that dwell therein.

35. 36. The parch'd and desert Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and springing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in strong Cities safely dwells.

37. 38. He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

39. But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Substance fade away;
He feels th' Oppressor's galling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40. The Prince that slights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne;
And over wild and desert Lands,
Where no Path offers, stray alone.

41. Whilst

41. Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
With his increas'ing Flocks to vie.

42, 43. Then Sinners shall have nought to say,
The Just a decent Joy shall show;
The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

P S A L M CVIII.

1. **O** God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise
shall celebrate thy Fame.
2. Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy
prevent the dawning Day.
3. To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise
that round about us dwell;
4. Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
the highest Heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.
5. Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the starry Frame:
And let the World, with one Consent,
confess thy glorious Name.
6. That all thy chosen People Thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right Hand protect me still,
and answer Thou my Pray'r.

7. Since God himself has said the Word,
 whose Promise cannot fail,
 With Joy I *Sichem* will divide,
 and measure *Succoth's* Vale;
 8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too,
 and *Ephraim* owns my Cause:
 Their Strength my regal Pow'r supports,
 and *Judah* gives my Laws.

9. *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,
 on vanquish'd *Edom* tread;
 And through the proud *Philistine* Lands,
 my conqu'ring Banners spread.
 10. By whose Support and Aid shall I
 their well-fenc'd City gain?
 Who will my Troops securely lead
 thro' *Edom's* guarded Plain?

11. Lord, wilt not Thou assist our Arms,
 which late Thou didst forsake?
 And wilt not Thou, of these our Hosts,
 once more the Guidance take?
 12. O to thy Servants in Distress
 thy speedy Succour send;
 For vain it is on human Aid
 for Safety to depend.

13. Then valiant Acts shall we perform,
 if Thou thy Pow'r disclose;
 For God it is, and God alone,
 that treads down all our Foes.

P S A L M CIX.

1. O GOD. whose former Mercies make
 my constant Praise thy Due,
 Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State
 with wonted Favour view.

2. For

2. For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their study'd Slanders seek,
to wound my spotless Fame.
3. Their restless Hatred prompts them Till
malicious Lies to spread ;
And all against my Life combine,
by causeless Fury led.
4. Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
my chief Opposers are ;
Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,
resort to Thee by Pray'r.
5. Since Mischief for the Good I did,
their strange Reward does prove ;
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undissembled Love :
6. Their guilty Leader shall be made
to some ill Men a Slave :
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuser have.
7. His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
shall meet a dreadful Fate,
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8. He, snatch'd by some untimely Fate,
shan't live out half his Days :
Another, by divine Decree,
shall on his Office seize.
- 9, 10. His Seed shall Orphans be his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief :
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11. His.

11. His ill got Riches shall be made
to Usurers a Prey ;
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be
by Strangers born away.

12. None shall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless Orphan Seed
the least Assistance lend.

13. A swift Destruction soon shall seize
on his unhappy Race ;
And the next Age his hated Name
shall utterly deface.

14. The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
upon his Head shall fall ;
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,
and punish him for all.

15. All these in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord shall stand,
'Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

P A R T II.

16. Because he never Mercy shew'd,
but still the Poor oppress'd ;
And sought to slay the helpless Man,
with heavy Woes distress'd.

17. Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,
shall his own Portion prove ;
And Blessing, which he still abhor'd,
shall far from him remove.

18. Since he in cursing took such Pride,
like Water it shall spread
Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oil
with which his Bones are fed.

- 19 This, like a poison'd Robe, shall still
his constant Cov'ring be ;
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never shall be free.
20. Thus shall the Lord reward all those,
that Ill to me design ;
That with malicious false Reports
against my Life combine.
21. But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me ;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake,
preserve and set me free :
22. For I, to utmost Straits reduc'd.
am void of all Relief ;
My Heart is wounded with Distress
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23. I. like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vanishes apace :
Like Locusts up and down I'm tofs'd,
and have no certain Place.
- 24, 25. My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean ;
All that behold me shake their Heads,
and treat me with Disdain.
- 26 27. But for thy Mercies sake, O Lord,
do Thou my Foes withstand ;
That all may see 'tis thy own Act,
the Work of thy right Hand.
28. Then let them curse, so Thou but bless ;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Destruction seek,
while I rejoice in Thee.

29. My Foe shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,
and spite of all his Pride,
His own Confusion like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch shall hide.

30. But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raise ;
And where the great Assembly meets,
set forth his noble Praise.

31. For Him the Poor shall always find
their sure and constant Friend ;
And He shall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltless Souls defend.

P S A L M CX.

1. **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
“ Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,
“ Sit thou in State, at my right Hand :

2. “ Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,
“ And all thy proud Oppressors see
“ Subjected to thy just Command.

3. “ Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
“ The willing Nations shall obey ;
“ And when thy rising Beams they view,
“ Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
“ Appear as numberless and bright
“ As crystal Drops of Morning Dew.”

4. The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain
That like *Melchisedech's*, thy Reign
And Priesthood shall no Period know :

5. No proud Competitor to sit
At thy right Hand will He permit ;
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6. The sentenc'd Heathen He shall slay,
And fill with Carcasses his Way,

’Till

'Till He hath struck Earth's Tyrants dead ;
 7. But in the High-way Brooks shall sit,
 Like a poor Pilgrim, slake his Thirst,
 And then in Triumph raise his Head.

P S A L M CXI.

1 **P**Raise ye the Lord ; our God to praise
 My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,
 With private Friends, and in the Throng
 Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
 2. His Works for Greatness tho' renown'd,
 His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious Search delight.

3. His Works are all of matchless Fame,
 And universal Glory claim ;
 His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past,
 Shall to eternal Ages last.

4 By Precept He has us enjoin'd,
 To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind ;
 And to Posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

5. His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
 Has all his Servant's Wants supply'd ;
 And He will ever keep in Mind,
 His Cov'nant with our Father sign'd.

6. At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd.
 They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd ;
 Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
 And we their Heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the Dealings of his Hands,
 Immutable are his Commands,

8. By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
 And for eternal Rules ordain'd.

9. He

9. He set his Saints from Bondage free,
And then establish'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the same ;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name...

10. Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
Must with the Fear of God begin ;
Immortal Praise and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

P S A L M CXII.

H A L L E L U J A H:

1 **T**HAT Man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law :

2. His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd.

3. His House, the Seat of Wealth shall be
An inexhausted Treasury ;

His Justice, free from all Decay,
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

4. The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all Mankind.

5. His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

6. Beset with threatning Dangers round :
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.

7. Ill Tidings never can surprize
His Heart, that fix'd on God relies :

8. On Safety's Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

9. His

9. His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.

10. The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony ;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

P S A L M CXIII.

1. YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record ;

2. His sacred Name for ever bless,

3. Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

4. God thro' the World extends his Sway
The Regions of eternal Day,

But Shadows of his Glory are,

5. To Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

6. Though 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,

Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care :

He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7. When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessings of an Heir,

To rescue their expiring Name :
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.

O then extol his matchless Fame ?

P S A L M CXIV.

1 **W**HEN *Iſr'el* by th' Almighty led,
 (Enrich'd, with their Oppreſſor's Spoil)
 From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob's* Seed
 From Bondage in a foreign Soil;

2. *Jehovah*, for his Reſidence,
 Choſe out imperial *Judah's* Tent,
 His Manſion Royal, and from thence
 Thro' *Iſr'el's* Camp his Orders ſent.

3. The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw,
 And from th' Almighty's Preſence fled;
 Old *Jordan's* Streams ſurpriz'd with Awe,
 Retreated to their Fountain's Head.

4. The taller Mountains ſkipp'd, like Rams
 When Danger near the Fold they hear;
 The Hills ſkipp'd after them, like Lambs
 Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5. O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
 And naked leave your cozy Bed?

Why *Jordan* againſt Nature's Law,
 Recoild'ſt thou to thy Fountain's Head?

6. Why Mountains did ye ſkip like Rams,
 When Danger does approach the Fold?

Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
 When they their Leader's Flight behold?

7. Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
 Thy Lord and Maker's Face to ſee:

When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,
 'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.

8. To flee from God, who Nature's Law
 Confirms and cancels at his Will?

Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
 And thirty Vales with Water fill.

P S A L M CXV.

1. **L**ORD, not to us we claim no Share,
but to thy sacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2. Why should the Heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore ?
3. Convince them that in Heav'n Thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
4. Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands ;
5. With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes,
the molten Idol stands.
6. The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,
but neither hears nor smells ;
7. Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move ;
no Life within it dwells.
8. Such senseless Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find ;
But those who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods design'd.
9. O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
who is your Help, and Shield ;
10. Priests, Levites, trust in Him alone,
who only Help can yield.
11. Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on Him they fear rely ;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants supply.
- 12, 13. Of us He oft has mindful been,
and *Isr'el*'s House will bless ;
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confess.

14. On

14. On you, and on your Heirs He will
increase of Blessings bring :

15. Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this almighty King.

16. Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, He
his Empire's Seat design'd ;

And gave his lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.

17. They who in Death and Silence sleep
to Him no Praise afford :

18. But we will blest for evermore,
our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

1 **M**Y Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love
intirely is possest,

Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Request.

2. Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair ;

But still in all the Straits of Life
to Him address my Pray'r.

3. With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppress'd ;

When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguish rack'd my Breast :

4. On God's almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd :

“ Lord I beseech Thee, save my Soul
“ with Sorrows quite dismay'd ;

5, 6. How just and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord !

Who saves the Harmless, and to me
does timely Help afford.

7. Then

7. Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul
 resume thy wonted Rest;
 For God has wond'rously to thee
 his bounteous Love exprest.
8. When Death alarm'd me, He remov'd
 my Dangers and my Fears:
 My Feet from falling He secur'd,
 and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9. Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
 which God to me shall lend,
 Will I in Praises to his Name,
 and in his Service spend.
- 10, 11. In God I trusted, and of Him
 in greatest Straits did boast;
 (For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
 from faithless Men were lost:)
- 12, 13. Then what Return to Him shall I
 for all his Goodness make?
 I'll Praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
 the Cup of Blessing take.
- 14, 15. I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,
 whose Blood (howe'er despis'd
 By wicked Men) in God's Account
 is always highly priz'd:
16. By various Ties, O Lord, must I
 to thy Dominion bow;
 Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
 thy ransom'd Captive now!
- 17, 18. To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;
 and whilst I bless thy Name,
 The just Performance of my Vows
 to all thy Saints proclaim
19. They

19. They in *Jerusalem* shall meet,
and in thy House shall join,
To bless thy Name with one Consent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

1. **W**ITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raise :
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
sing solemn Hymns of Praise.

2. God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

1. **O** Praise the Lord, for He is good,
2. his Mercy ne'er decay :
That his kind Favours ever last,
let thankful *Iſr'el* say.

3. 4. Their Sense of his eternal Love,
let *Aaron's* House express ;
And that it never fail's, let all
that fear the Lord, confess.

5. To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppress'd ;
And He releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Request.

6. Since therefore God does on my Side
so graciously appear,
Why should the vain Attempts of Men
possess my Soul with Fear ?

7. Since God with those that aid my Cause
vouchsafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a just Return to make.

8, 9. For

- 8, 9. For better 'tis to trust in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.
- 10 11. Tho' many Nations closely leagu'd,
did oft beset me round:
Yet by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12. They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage,
was but a short-liv'd Blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with Ease,
13. When all united press'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part,
and sav'd me from them all.
14. The Honour of my strange Escape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
He only claims my Songs.
15. Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,
whom God has sav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass
by his almighty Arm.
16. He, by his own resistless Pow'r,
has endless Honour won;
The saving Strength of his right Hand,
amazing Works has done.
17. God will not suffer me to fall,
but still prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works
I may advance his Praise.

18. When

18. When God had sorely me chastiz'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.
19. Then open wide the Temple Gates
to which the Just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
my great Deliv'rer there.
- 20, 21. Within those Gates of God's Abode
to which the Righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
thy holy Name I'll bless.
- 22, 23. That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner Stone.
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
- 24, 25. This Day is God's ; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice :
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
and make us still rejoice.
26. Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Assembly bless ;
“ We that belong to God's own House
“ have wish'd you good Success.”
27. God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find ;
Fast to the Altar's Horns with Cords
the chosen Victim bind.
28. Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name ;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

29 Q then with me give Thanks to God,
 who still does gracious prove;
 And let the Tribute of our Praise
 be endless as his Love.

P S A L M CXIX A L E P H

1 **H**OW blest'd are they who always keep
 the pure and perfect Way!

Who never from the sacred Paths
 of God's Commandments stray!

2. Thrice blest'd! who to his righteous Laws
 have still obedient been!

And have with fervent humble Zeal
 his Favour sought to win!

3. Such Men their utmost Caution use
 to shun each wicked Deed;

But in the Path which He directs
 with constant Care proceed.

4. Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 to learn thy sacred Will;

And all our Diligence employ
 thy Statutes to fulfil.

5. O then that thy most holy Will
 might o'er my Ways preside!

And I the Course of all my Life
 by thy Direction guide!

6. Then with Assurance should I walk,
 from all Confusion free;

Convinc'd with Joy that all my Ways
 with thy Commands agree.

7. My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth
 with chearful Praises fill;

When, by thy righteous Judgments taught,
 I shall have learnt thy Will.

8. So to thy sacred Law shall I
all due Observance pay :
O then forsake me not, my God,
nor cast me quite away.

B E T H.

9. How shall the Young preserve their Way
from all Pollution free ?

By making still their Course of Life
with thy Commands agree.

10. With hearty Zeal for Thee I seek,
to Thee for Succour pray ;

O suffer not my careless Steps
from thy right Paths to stray.

11. Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
thy Word, my Treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely Aid,
when sinful Thoughts arise.

12. Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
shall ever bless thy Name :

O teach me then by thy just Laws
my future Life to frame.

13. My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd ;

How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deserve our best Regard.

14. Whilst in the Way of thy Commands
more solid Joy I found,

Than had I been with vast Increase
of envy'd Riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy just and upright Laws
shall always fill my Mind

And those sound Rules which thou prescrib
all due Respect shall find.

16. To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
shall be my constant Joy ;
The strict Remembrance of thy Word
shall all my Thoughts employ.

G I M E L.

17. Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do Thou my Life defend,
That I according to thy Word
my Time to come may spend.

18. Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that so I may discern
The wondrous Things which they behold,
who thy just Precepts learn.

19. Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I stray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,
remove not Thou away.

20. My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,
with earnest Longing spent ;
Whilst always on the eager Search
of thy just Will intent.

21. Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,
whom still thy Curse pursues ;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
presumptuously refuse.

22. But far from me do Thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove ;
For I thy sacred Laws affect
with undissembled Love.

23. Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,
against thy Servant spake ;
Yet I thy Statutes to observe,
my constant Bus'ness make.

24. For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps a right.

D A L E T H

25. My Soul oppress'd with deadly Care,
close to the Dust does cleave;

Revive me, Lord, and let me now-
thy promis'd Aid receive.

26. To Thee I still declar'd my Ways,
and thou inclin'd'st thine Ear;

O teach me then my future Life
by thy just Laws to steer.

27. If Thou wilt make me know thy Laws
and by thy Guidance walk,

The wond'rous Works which Thou hast done
shall be my constant Talk.

28. But see, my Soul within me sinks,
press'd down with weighty Care;

Do Thou, according to thy Word,
my wasted Strength repair.

29. Far, far from me be all false Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!

But kindly grant I still may keep
the Path by Thee approv'd.

30. Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth
my happy Choice I've made;

Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.

31. My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree;

O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.

32. So in the Way of thy Commands
shall I with Pleasure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
successfully go on.

H E.

33. Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths display;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go astray.

34. If Thou true Wisdom from above
wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35. Direct me in the sacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Because my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.

36. Do Thou to thy most just Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth
from Thee my Thoughts divert.

37. From those vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this false World displays;
But give me lively Power and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.

38. Confirm the Promise which Thou mad'st,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39. The foul Disgrace I justly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments Thou ordain'st
are full of Grace and Love.

K 3

40. Thou

40. Thou know'st how, after thy Commands,
 my longing Heart does pant;
 O then make haste to raise me up,
 and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

41. Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow
 to cheer my drooping Heart;
 To me, according to thy Word,
 thy saving Health impart.

42. So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,
 this ready Answer make;

"In God I trust, who never will
 "his faithful Promise break."

43. Then let not quite the Word of Truth
 be from my Mouth remov'd;
 Since still my Ground of stedfast Hope
 thy just Decrees have prov'd.

44. So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
 will all my Study bend;
 From Age to Age, my Time to come
 in thir Observance spend.

45. E'er long I trust to walk at large,
 from all Incumbrance free;
 Since I resolve to make my life
 with thy Commands agree.

46. Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk;
 and Princes shall attend,
 While I the Justice of thy Ways
 with Confidence defend.

47. My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul
 shall both o'erflow with Joy,
 When in thy lov'd Commandments I
 my happy Hours employ.

48. Then

48. Then will I to thy just Decrees
 lift up my willing Hands :
 My Care and Bus'ness then shall be
 to study thy Commands.

Z A I N.

49. According to thy promis'd Grace,
 thy Favour, Lord, extend ;
 Make good to me the Word, on which
 thy Servant's Hopes depend.
 50. That only Comfort in Distress
 did all my Grievs controul ;
 Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
 reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51. Insulting Foes did proudly mock,
 and all my Hopes deride ;
 Yet, from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
 could make me turn aside.
 52. Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
 I quickly call'd to mind,
 'Till ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul
 did speedy Comfort find.

53. Sometimes I stand amaz'd like one
 with deadly Horror struck,
 To think how all my sinful Foes
 have thy just Laws forsook.
 54. But I thy Statutes and Decrees
 my chearful Anthems made ;
 Whilst thro' strange Lands and Desarts wild
 I like a Pilgrim stray'd.

55. Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
 has fill'd my Thoughts by Night ;
 I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,
 to guide my Steps aright.

55. That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Distress sustain'd,
By strict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H

57. O Lord, my God my Portion Thou
and sure Possession art ;
Thy Words I steadfastly resolve
to treasure in my Heart

58. With all the Strength of warm Desires
I did thy Grace implore ;
Disclose, according to thy Word,
thy Mercies boundless Store.

59. With due Reflection and strict Care
on all my Ways I thought ;
And so reclaim'd to thy just Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.

60. I lost no Time, but made great Haste,
resolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments stray.

61. Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men
to rob me have combin'd ;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in mind.

62. In dead of Night I will arise
to sing thy solemn Praise ;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63. To such as fear thy holy Name,
myself I closely join ;
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands resign.

64. O'er

64. O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn
thy sacred Paths to tread.

T E T H.

65. With me, thy Servant, Thou hast dealt
most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits bestow'd,
according to thy Word.

66. Teach me the sacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have stedfastly remain'd.

67. Before Affliction stopp'd my Course,
my Footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.

68. Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
and all Thou dost is so ;
On me, thy Statutes to discern,
thy saving Skill bestow.

69. The proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my spotless Fame to stain ;
But my fix'd Heart, without Reserve,
thy Precepts shall retain.

70. While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,
in sensual Pleasures live,
My Soul can relish no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.

71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.

72. The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds,
of more I deem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.
- Y O D.
73. To me, who am the Workmanship
of thy almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Understanding give
to learn thy just Commands.
74. My Preservation to thy Saints
strong Comfort will afford,
To see Success attend my Hopes,
who trusted in thy Word.
75. That right thy Judgments are, I now
by sure Experience see ;
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76. O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid :
According to thy Promise, Lord,
to me thy Servant made.
77. To me thy saving Grace restore,
that I again may live ;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
78. Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred Laws
employ my harmless Thought.
79. Let those that fear thy Name espouse
my Cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious Search
thy sacred Precepts known.

80. In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
continue always found,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81. My Soul with long Expectance faints
to see thy saving Grace :

Yet still on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.

82. My very Eyes consume and fail
with waiting for thy Word ;

O ! when wilt Thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford ?

83. My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,
that long in Smoak is set ;

Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.

84. How many Days must I endure
of Sorrow and Distress ?

When wilt Thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppress ?

85. The proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
who have no other foes,

But such as are averse to thee,
and thy just Laws oppose.

86. With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree ;

Men persecute me without Cause,
'Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87. With close Designs against my Life
they had almost prevail'd ;

But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd :

88. Thy

88. Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore;
 my drooping Heart to cheer;
 That by thy righteous Statutes, I
 my Life's whole Course may steer.

L A M E D.

89. For ever, and for ever, Lord,
 unchang'd thou dost remain;
 Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,
 does a' their Orbs sustain.
 90. Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
 immoveable shall stand,
 As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st
 by thy almighty Hand.

91. All Things the Course by Thee ordain'd;
 ev'n to this Day fulfill;
 They are thy faithful Subjects all,
 and Servants of thy Will.
 92. Unless thy sacred Law had been
 my Comfort and Delight,
 I must have fainted, and expir'd
 in dark Affliction's Night.

93. Thy Precepts therefore from my Tho'ts
 shall never, Lord, depart;
 For Thou by them hast to new Life
 restor'd my dying Heart.
 94. As I am thine, entirely thine,
 protect me Lord, from Harm;
 Who have thy Precepts sought to know,
 and carefully perform.

95. The Wicked have their Ambush laid
 my guiltless Life to take;
 But in the midst of Danger I
 thy Word my Study make.

96 I've seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below :

But thy Commandments, like Thyself,
no Change or Period know.

M E M.

97. The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can display ;

They with fresh Wonders entertain
my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.

98. Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow
than all my subtle Foes ;

For thy sure Word doth me direct,
and all my Ways dispose.

99. From me, my former Teachers now
may abler Counsel take ;

Because thy sacred Precepts I
my constant Study make.

100. In Understanding I excel
the Sages of our Days ;

Because by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

101. My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry sinful Way,

That to thy sacred Word I might
entire Obedience pay.

102. I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
by vain Desires misled ;

For, Lord, Thou hast instructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.

103. How sweet are all thy Words to me ;
O, what divine Repast !

How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taste !

104. Taught

104. Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I
 with heav'nly Skill am blest,
 Thro' which, the treach'rous Ways of Sin
 I utterly detest.

N U N.

105. Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
 the Way of Truth to show ;
 A Watch-light to point out the Path,
 in which I ought to go.

106. I swear (and from my solemn Oath
 I'll never start aside)
 That in thy righteous Judgments I
 will stedfastly abide.

107. Since I with Griefs am so oppress'd,
 that I can bear no more ;
 According to thy Word, do Thou
 my fainting Soul restore.

108. Let still my Sacrifice of Praise
 with Thee Acceptance find ;
 And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
 instruct my willing Mind.

109. Tho' ghastly Dangers me surround,
 my Soul they cannot awe,
 Nor with continual Terrors keep
 from thinking on thy Law.

110. My wicked and invet'rate Foes
 for me their Snares have laid ;
 Yet I have kept the upright Path,
 nor from thy Precepts stray'd.

111. Thy Testimonies I have made
 my Heritage and Choice ;
 For they, when other Comforts fail,
 my drooping Heart rejoice.

112. My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey ;
And 'till my Course of Life is done
shall keep thy upright Way.

S A M E C H.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly detest ;

But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be express'd.

114. My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tower,
and Shield art Thou, O Lord ;

I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.

115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
approach not my Abode ;

For firmly I resolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.

116. According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger set me free ;

Nor make me of those Hopes ashamed,
that I repose on Thee.

117. Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
and rescu'd from Distress ;

To thy Decrees continually
my just Respect address.

118. The Wicked Thou hast trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes stray'd ;

Their vile Deceit the just Reward
of their own Falshood made.

119. The Wicked from thy holy Land
Thou dost like Dross remove ;

'Therefore, with such Justice charm'd,
thy Testimonies love.

120. Yet

120. Yet with that Love they make me dread,
 lest I should so offend,
 When on Transgressors I behold
 thy Judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121. Judgment and Justice I have lov'd ;
 O therefore, Lord, engage
 In my Defence, nor give me up
 to my Oppressor's Rage.

122. Do Thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
 and so shall this Distress
 Prove good for me ; nor shall the proud
 my guiltless Soul oppress.

123. My Eyes, alas ! begin to fail,
 in long Expectance held ;
 'Till thy Salvation they behold,
 and righteous Word fulfill'd.

124. To me, thy Servant in Distress,
 thy wonted Grace display,
 And discipline my willing Heart
 thy Statutes to obey.

125. On me devoted to thy Fear,
 thy sacred Skill bestow,
 That of thy Testimonies I
 the full Extent may know.

126. 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
 thy Vengeance to employ,
 When Men with open Violence
 thy sacred Law destroy.

127. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
 but makes their Value rise
 In my Esteem, who purest Gold
 compar'd with them despise.

128. Thy

128. Thy Precepts therefore I account,
in all Respects, divine :
They teach me to discern the right,
and all false Ways decline.

P E.

129. The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can represent ;
Therefore to learn and practise them,
my zealous Heart is bent.

130. The very Entrance to thy Word
coelestial Light displays,
And Knowledge of true Happiness
to simplest Minds conveys.

131. With eager Hopes I waiting stood,
and fainted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
the sacred Skill acquire.

132. With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore ;
As Thou art wont to visit those
that thy blest Name adore.

133. Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footsteps be ;
Nor Wickedness of any kind
dominion have o'er me.

134. Release, entirely set me free
from persecuting Hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise thy Commands.

135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to shine :
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136 My

136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To see Mankind against thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

T S A D D I.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may trust;
And, like Thyself, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Respects are just.

138. Most just and true those Statutes were,
which Thou didst first decree;
And all with Faithfulness perform'd,
succeeding Times shall see.

139. With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,
my Soul with Anguish frets,
To see my Foes condemn at once
thy Promises and Threats.

140. Yet each neglected Word of thine
(howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy sake, to low Estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.

142. Thy Righteousness shall then endure,
when Time itself is past;
Thy Law is Truth itself, that Truth
which shall forever last.

143. Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubts and
to compass me unite, [Dread
Beset with Danger, still I make
thy Precepts my Delight.

144. Eternal

144. Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Testimonies give:

Teach me the Wisdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

K O P H.

145. With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest Cry ;

And I, thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.

146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may

Thy Testimonies throughly know,
and stedfastly obey.

147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd

To Him on whose engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.

148. With Zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight Watch was set,

That I of thy mysterious Word
might perfect Knowledge get.

149. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour shew ;

O quicken me, and so approve
thy Judgments ever true.

150. My persecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw ;

What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law ?

151. Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is
Thou Lord, art yet more near ;

Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,
thy Promises sincere.

152. Con.

152. Concerning thy divine Decrees,
 my Soul has known of old
 That they were true, and shall their Truth
 to endless Ages hold.

R E S C H.

153. Consider my Affliction, Lord,
 and me from Bondage draw;
 Think on thy Servant in Distress,
 who ne'er forgets thy Law.

154. Plead Thou my Cause; to that and me
 thy timely Aid afford;
 With Beams of Mercy quicken me,
 according to thy Word.

155. From harden'd Sinners Thou remov'st
 Salvation far away
 'Tis just Thou should'st withdraw from them,
 who from thy Statutes stray.

156. Since great thy tender Mercies are
 to all who Thee adore;
 According to thy Judgments, Lord,
 my fainting Hopes restore.

157. A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes
 against my Life combine;
 But all too few to force my Soul
 thy Statutes to decline.

158. Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
 and was with Grief oppress'd,
 To see with what audacious Pride
 thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.

159. Yet while they flight, consider, Lord,
 how I thy Precepts love;
 O therefore quicken me with Beams
 of Mercy from above.

160. As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages past,
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endless Ages last.

S C H I N.

161. Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
conspire my Blood to shed,
Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.

162. And yet that Word my joyful Breast
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
No Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,
have such transporting Charms.

163. Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly detest ;

But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vast to be express'd.

164. Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praises I resound,

Because I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

165. Secure, substantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law ;

No smiling Mischief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.

166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and though so long delay'd,

With chearful Zeal and strictest Care
all thy Commands obey.

167. Thy Testimonies I have kept,
and constantly obey'd ;

Because the Love I bore to them,
thy Service easy made.

168. From

168. From strict Observance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinc'd that my most secret Ways
are open to thy View.

T A U.

169. To my Request and earnest Cry
attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.

170. Let my repeated Pray'r at last
before thy Throne appear ;
According to thy plighted Word
for my Relief draw near.

171. Then shall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praise,
When Thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,
and taught me thy just Ways.

172. My Tongue the Praises of thy Word
shall thankfully resound,
Because thy Promises are all
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

173. Let thy almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid ;
For I the Laws Thou hast ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.

174. My Soul has waited long to see
thy saving Grace restor'd ;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175. Prolong my Life, that I may sing
my great Restorer's Praise,
Whose Justice from the Depths of Woes
my fainting Soul shall raise.

176. Like

176. Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, 'till I
despair my Way to find :

Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

P S A L M CXX.

1 **I**N deep Distress I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs :

2. Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,

And from the Rage of stand'ring Tongues.

3. What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to thee ?

4. Thy Sting upon thyself shall turn ;
Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.

5. But O ! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren *Mesech's* desert Soil !

With *Kedar's* wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawless Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

6. My hapless Dwelling is with those
Who Peace and Amity oppose,
And Pleasure take in others Harms :

7. Sweet Peace is all I court and seek ;
But when to them of Peace I speak,

They straight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

P S A L M CXXI.

1 **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid ;

2. From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made, 3. Then

3. Then thou, my Soul, in Safety rest;
thy Guardian will not sleep;
4. His watchful Care that *I/r'el* guards,
will *I/r'el's* Monarch keep.
5. Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou shalt securely rest,
6. Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee
by Day or Night molest.
7. From common Accidents of Life
his Care shall guard thee still;
From Evils undesign'd, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.

8. At Home, Abroad, in Peace in War,
thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
safe to thy Journey's end.

P S A L M CXXII.

1. **O** 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly say,
Up *I/r'el*, to the Temple haste,
and keep your Festal Day.
2. At *Salem's* Courts we must appear,
with our assembled Pow'rs;
3. In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs;
4. 'Tis thither by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praise and Pray'r,
5. Tribunals stand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There stand the Courts and Palaces
of royal *David's* Race,

6. O pray we then for *Salem's* Peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God !)
who bear true Love to thee.
7. May Peace within thy sacred Walls
a constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8. For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,
no less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray—May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs
a constant Guest appear.
9. But most of all, I'll seek thy Good,
and ever wish thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

P S A L M CXXIII.

1. **O**N Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies.
2. **O** For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Masters Hands,
And Maids their Mistresses Commands.
3. 4. **O** then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford :
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our Distress,

P S A L M CXXIV.

- H**AD not the Lord (may *I/r'el* say)
been pleas'd to interpose ;
Had He not then espous'd our Cause,
when Men against us rose
3. 4. 5. Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul ;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
 who rescu'd us that Day,
 Nor to their savage Jaws gave up
 our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
 7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
 from out the Fowler's Net;
 The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd
 and we at Freedom set.

8. Secure in his almighty Name,
 our Confidence remains,
 Who, as He made both Heav'n and Earth
 of both sole Monarch reigns.

P S A L M CXXV.

1. **W**HO place on *Sion's* God their Trust
 like *Sion's* Rock shall stand;
 Like her immoveably be fixt
 by his almighty Hand.

2. Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jerusalem inclose,
 So stands the Lord around his Saints,
 to guard them from their Foes.

3. The Wicked may afflict the Just,
 but ne'er too long oppress,
 Nor force him by Despair to seek
 base Means for his Redress.

4. Be good, O righteous God, to those,
 who righteous Deeds affect:
 The Heart that Innocence retains,
 let Innocence protect.

5. All those who walk in crooked Paths,
 the Lord shall soon destroy;
 Cut off th' Unjust but crown the Saints
 with lasting Peace and Joy.

P S A L

P S A L M CXXVI.

1. **W**HEN *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd
 from long Captivity,
 It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
 of what we wish'd to see :
 2. But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth,
 we did our Voice employ,
 And sung our great Creator's Praise
 in thankful Hymns of Joy.

- Our heathen Foes repining stood,
 yet were compell'd to own,
 That great and wond'rous was the Work
 our God for us had done.
 3. 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous
 much more should we confess ; (great,
 The Lord has done great Things, whereof
 we reap the glad Success.
 4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
 of *Isr'el's* captive Bands,
 More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
 to parch'd and thirsty Lands.
 5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
 may see our Labours thrive,
 'Till finish'd with Success, to make
 our drooping Hearts revive.
 6. Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
 yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
 the joyful Harvest home.

P S A L M CXXVII.

1. **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless
 the Lord the Pile sustain ;
 Unless the Lord the City keep,
 the Watchman wakes in vain :

2. In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair ;
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
He on his Saints bestows ;

He crowns their Labour with Success,
their Nights with sound Repose.

3. Children, those Comforts of our Life,
are Presents from the Lord ;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.

5. Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing Arms ;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms

P S A L M CXXVIII.

1. **T**HE Man is blest, who fears the Lord,
nor only Worship pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
to his appointed Ways.

2. He shall upon the sweet Returns
of his own Labour feed ;
Without Dependance live, and see
his Wishes all succeed.

3. His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit shall bring ;
His Children, like young olive Plants,
about his Table spring.

4, 5. Wh

4. 5. Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus ;
him *Sion's* God shall bless ;
And grant him all his Days to see
Jerusalem's Success.

6. He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him
descend with vast Increase :
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,
and more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

1. FROM my Youth up may *Isr'el* say,
they oft have me assail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long :
4. But our just God has broke their Chains,
and rescu'd us from Wrong.

Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout.
be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion's* God oppose.
Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blasted in the Blade :

Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves ;
or Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.
No Traveller that passes by,
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,
to give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe,
to God I sent my Cry ;
2. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and graciously reply.
3. Should'st thou severely judge,
who can the Trial bear ?
4. But Thou forgiv'st, least we despond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5. My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee the living Lord ;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
thy never-failing Word.
6. My longing Eyes look out
for the enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch.
to spy the dawning Day.

7. Let *Isr'el* trust in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows ;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.

8. Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey ;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
and wash our Guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 **O** Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor cast a scornful Eye ;
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2. With infant Innocence, thou know'st
I have my self demean'd ;
Compos'd to quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breast is wean'd.

3. Lik

3. Like me, let *Isr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore ;
Both now and ever trust in Him,
who lives for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXII.

1. **L**ET *David*, Lord, a constant Place
in thy Remembrance find ;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.

2. Remember what a solemn Oath
to Thee, his Lord, he swore ;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob's* Sons adore :

3. 4. I will not go into my House,
nor to my Bed ascend ;
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend ;

5. 'Till for the Lord's design'd Abode
I mark the destin'd Ground ;
'Till I a decent Place of Rest
for *Jacob's* God have found.

6. Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields
our glad Applause resound.

7. O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair ;
And, prostrate at his Footstool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
thy constant Place of Rest ;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Presence blest.

9 10. Cloath Thou thy Priests with Righteousness,
make Thou thy Saints rejoice ;
And for thy Servant *David's* Sake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11. God sware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor shall his Oath be vain)

One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne shall reign :

12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws submit :

Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore shall sit.

13, 14. For *Sion* does in God's Esteem
all other Seats excel ;

His Place of everlasting Rest,
where He desires to dwell.

15 16. Her Store, says He, I will increase,
her Poor with Plenty bless ;

Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests
my saving Health confess.

17. There *David's* Pow'r, shall long remain
in his successive Line,

And my anointed Servant there
shall with fresh Lustre shine.

18. The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes
Confusion shall o'erspread ;

Whilst with confirm'd Success, his Crown
shall flourish on his Head.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

HOW vast must their Advantage be !
how great their Pleasure prove !

Who live like Brethren, and consent
in Offices of Love !

2. True Love is like that precious Oil
which, pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,
Ran down his Beard; and o'er his Robes
its costly Moisture shed.

3. 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does
on *Hermon's* Top distill ;
Or like the early Drops, that fall
on *Sion's* fruitful Hill.

4. For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days
with constant Blessings crown'd.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

1. **B**LESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his solemn State,
That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rance wait :

2. 3. Within his House lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name ;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

1. **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name ;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.

2. Praise Him all ye that in his House,
attend with constant Care ;
With those that to his outmost Courts
with humble Zeal repair.

3. For this our truest Int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing ;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.

4. For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of *Jacob* makes ;
And *Israel's* Offspring for his own
most valu'd Treasure takes.
5. That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found ;
And seen how He with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6. For He with unresisted Strength
performs his sov'reign Will ;
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7. He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which poiz'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare :
8. He from his Store-house brings the Winds,
and He with vengeful Hand,
The first-born slew of Man and Beast,
thro' *Egypt's* mourning Land.
9. He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn *Egypt's* Coasts,
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
- 10, 11. 'Twas He that various Nations smote,
and mighty Kings suppress'd ;
Sidon and *Og*, and all besides,
who *Canaan's* Land possess'd.
- 12, 13 Their Land upon his chosen Race
He firmly did entail ;
For which his Fame shall always last,
his Praise shall never fail.

14. For God shall soon his People's Cause
with pitying Eyes survey ;
Repent Him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.
15. Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
- 16, 17. They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor see with polish'd Eyes ;
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth supplies.
18. As senseless as themselves are they,
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times
on them for Aid rely.
19. Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Isr'el* pay :
Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race
to bless the Lord delay.
20. Their Sense of his unbounded Love
let *Levi's* House express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bless.
21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in *Sion's* Courts proclaim ;
Let them in *Salem*, where He dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1 **T**O God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat :
To him due Praise afford,
As good as He is great.

For

For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

2, 3. To Him, whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay :
For God, &c.

4, 5. By his almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought ;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6. He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land ;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9. Thro' Heav'n He did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light ;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night,
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12. He struck the First born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn Land ;
And thence his People led
With his resillless Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14. By Him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle Way,
Through which his People went.
For God &c.

15. Where

15. Where soon He overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Host,
Who daring to pursue,
Were in the Billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18. Thro' Desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed,
For God, &c.

19, 20. *Sihon*, whose potent Hand
Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd;
And *Og*, whose stern Command
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22. And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom He destroy'd.
He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24. He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought,
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought,
For God, &c.

25, 26. He does the Food supply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praises give.

For God will prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXVII

1. **W**HEN we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,
Were won't their tuneful Parts to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.
3. Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs."
4. How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands?
5. O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The speaking String with Art to move!
6. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence seize my Tongue;
Or if I sing one chearful Air,
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song!
7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately Walls deface,
"And with the Ground quite level lay."
8. Proud *Babel's* Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey.
Bless'd is the Man, who shall to thee
The Wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay.
9. Thrice

9. Thrice blest'd, who with just Rage posselt,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,
And dash their Heads against the Stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1. **W**ITH my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
and blest thy holy Name.

2. I'll worship at thy sacred Seat;
and with thy Love inspir'd,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3. Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,
when I to Thee did cry;
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
didst inward Strength supply.

4. Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.

5. They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs shall blest;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confess.

6. For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off, his scornful Eye
beholds with just Neglect.

7. Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my Foes disarm,
Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,
and keep me safe from Harm.

8. Thee

8. The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,
shall fix my happy State ;

And mindful of his Favours past,
shall his own Work compleat.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1. **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest Search hast
2. My rising up and lying down ; [known
My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways ;
4. Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

5. Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.

6. O Skill, for human Reach too high !
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye !

7. O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun ?
Or whither from thy Presence run ?

8. If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light ;
Or sink to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.

9. If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,

10. Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

11. Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night ;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

12. The

12. The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes :
Thro' Midnight Shades Thou find'st thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13. Thou know'st the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part ;
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.

14 I'll praise Thee from whose Hands I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame ;
The Wonders Thou in me hast shown,
My Soul with grateful Joy must own.

15 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,
While yet a lifeless Mass it lay,
In secret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Inclosure brought.

16 Thou didst the shapeless Embrio see,
Its Parts were regist'ed by Thee :
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17. Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

18. Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore :
Each Morn revising what I've done,
I find the Account but new begun.

19. The Wicked Thou shalt slay, O God :
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,

20. Whose Tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.

21. Lord,

21. Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
 Who Thee with Enmity pursue ?
 And does not Grief my Heart oppress,
 When Reprobates thy Law transgress ?

22. Who practise Enmity to Thee,
 Shall utmost Hatred have from me :
 Such Men I utterly detest,
 As if they were my Foes profest.

23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and
 If Mischief lurks in any Part ; [Heart,
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect Way.

P S A L M CXL.

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, from crafty Foes
 of treacherous Intent ;

2. And from the Sons of Violence,
 on open Mischief-bent.

3. Their sland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting
 in sharpness does exceed :

Between their Lips the Gall of Asps.
 and Adders Venom breed.

4. Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands
 nor leave my Soul forlorn,

A Prey to Sons of Violence,
 who have my Ruin sworn.

5. The proud for me have laid their Snare
 and spread their wily Net ;

With Traps and Gins where'er I move,
 I find my Steps beset.

6. But thus environ'd with Distress,
 Thou art my God I said ;

Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
 that calls to Thee for Aid.

7. O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day;

8. Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire;

Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.

9. Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects
of their Injustice mourn;

The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themselves return.

10. Let them who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;

The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.

11. Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,
it quickly will decay;

Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.

12. God will assert the poor Man's Cause,
and speedy Succour give;

The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
and in his Presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

1. **T**O Thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief;

And with accustom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.

2. Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incense rise;

My lifted Hands supply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3. From

3. From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a constant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Mens Designs and Deeds,
my Heart and Hands restrain;
Nor let me in the Booty share
of their unrighteous Gain,
5. Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I shall think them kind;
Like Balm that heels a wounded Head,
I their Reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent Pray'r,
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to sore Distress.
6. When skulking in *Engedy's* Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I spoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they persecute to Death,
our scatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Axe
the sever'd Splinters fly.
8. But, Lord, to Thee I still direct,
my supplicating Eyes,
O leave not destitute my Soul,
whose Trust on Thee relies.
9. Do Thou preserve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Escape is made.

P S A L M CXLII.

1 **T**O God with mournful Voice,
 in deep Distress I pray'd;
 2. Made him the Empire of my Cause,
 my Wrongs before Him laid.
 3. Thou didst my Steps direct,
 when my griev'd Soul despar'd;
 For where I thought to walk secure,
 they had their Traps prepar'd.

4. I look'd, but found no Friend
 to own me in Distress;
 All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
 his Pity or Redress.
 5. To God at last I pray'd,
 Thou, Lord, my Refuge art.
 My Portion in the Land of Life,
 'till Life itself depart.

6. Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
 to Thee I make my Moan;
 O save me from oppressive Foes,
 for me too pow'rful grown.
 7 That I may praise thy Name,
 my Soul from Prison bring;
 Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,
 assembled Saints shall sing

P S A L M CXLIII.

1 **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
 Thy wonted Audience lend;
 In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
 a gracious Answer send.
 2. Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
 thy Servant to be try'd;
 For in thy Sight no living Man
 can e'er be justify'd.

3. The

3. The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
whose Comforts all are fled ;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Mansions of the Dead.
4. My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my Breast ;
My mournful Heart grows desolate,
with heavy Woes oppress'd.
5. I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders Thou hast wrought :
My former Dangers and Escapes
employ my musing Thought.
6. To Thee my Hands in humble Prayer
I fervently stretch out ;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
like Land oppress'd with Drought.
7. Hear me with Speed ; my Spirit fails ;
thy Face no longer hide.
Lest I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reside.
8. Thy Kindness early let me hear,
whose Trust on Thee depends ;
Teach me the Way where I should go :
my Soul to Thee ascends.
9. Do Thou, O Lord, from all my Foes
preserve, and set me free ;
A safe Retreat against their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
instruct me to obey ;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11. O for the sake of thy great Name
 revive my drooping Heart :
 For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,
 thy promis'd Aid impart.
12. In Pity to my Sufferings, Lord,
 reduce my Foes to Shame ;
 Slay them that persecute a Soul
 devoted to thy Name.

P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever blest be God the Lord,
 Who does his needful Aid impart,
 At once both Strength and Skill afford
 To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2. His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,
 My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield ;
 In Him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r
 Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3. Lord, what's in Man, that thou should'st love
 Such tender Care of him to take ?
 What in his Off-spring could Thee move
 Such great Account of him to make ?
- 4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
 His Thoughts but empty are and vain ;
 His Days are like a flying Shade,
 Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
- 5 In solemn State, O God descend,
 Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines ;
 The smoking Hills asunder rend,
 Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
- 6 Discharge thy dreadful Lightning round,
 And make thy scatter'd Foes retreat ;
 Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
 And their Destruction soon compleat.

7, 8. Do Thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches false and vain;
Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,
Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9. So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice shall raise,
And Instruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy Praise.

10. "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his sure Salvation sends;
"'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
"His Servant David still defends."

11. Fight thou against my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches false and vain;
Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,
Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

12. Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful Place;
Our Daughters shall like Pillars show,
Design'd some Royal Court to grace.

13. Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.

14. Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their constant Labour faint;
Whilst we no War nor Slavery know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15. Thrice

15. Thrice happy is that People's Case,
 Whose various Blessings thus abound :
 Who God's true Worship still embrace,
 And are with his Protection crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

1. **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 2. thy endless Praise proclaim;
 This Tribute daily I will bring,
 and ever bless thy Name.

3. Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
 and highly to be prais'd ;
 Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
 above our Knowledge rais'd.

4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
 to future Times extends ;
 From Age to Age thy glorious Name
 successively descends.

5, 6. Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
 and wond'rous Works express,
 The World with me thy Might shall own
 and thy great Pow'r confess.

7. The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
 they shall with Joy proclaim ;
 Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
 shall be the constant Theme.

8. The Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace
 his Pity still supplies ;
 His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
 his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10. Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
 to all thy Works express ;
 These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
 is by thy Servants blest.

11. They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
 shall of thy Kingdom speak ;
 And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
 their lofty Subject make.

12. God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
 shall thus to all be known ;
 And thus his Kingdom's royal State,
 with publick Splendor shown

13. His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
 shall stand for ever fast ;
 His boundless Sway no End shall see,
 but Time itself out-last.

P A R T II.

14, 15. The Lord does them support that fall,
 and makes the prostrate rise ;
 For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
 who timely Food supplies.

16. Whate'er their various Wants require,
 with open Hand he gives ;
 And so fulfils the just Desire
 of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18. How holy is the Lord ! how just !
 how righteous all his Ways !
 How nigh to him, who with firm Trust
 for his Assistance prays !

19. He grants the full Desires of those
 who Him with Fear adore ;
 And will their Troubles soon compose,
 when they his Aid implore.

20. The Lord preserves all those with Care
 whom grateful Love employs :
 But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
 with furious Rage destroys.

21. My

21. My Time to come, in Praises spent,
shall still advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Consent
for ever bless his Name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

1. **O** Praise the Lord and thou my Soul,
2. for ever bless his Name :

His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
my constant Praise shall claim.

3. On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely :

They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4. Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
and there neglected lie,

And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
together with them die.

5. Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God
for his Protector takes ;

Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his constant Refuge makes.

6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,

Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
nor make his Promise vain.

7. The poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree ;

He gives the hungry needful Food,
and sets the Pris'ners free.

8. By Him the blind receive their Sight,
the weak and fall'n He rears :

With kind Regard and tender Love
He for the righteous cares.

9. The Strangers He preserves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.

10. The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal King :
From Age to 'Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

1 **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame !

For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
to praise his holy Name.

2. His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground :
Bring back his People, tho' dispers'd
thro' all the Nations round.

3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does close ;
He tells the Numbers of the Stars,
their several Names He knows.

5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wisdom has no Bound ;
The meek He raises, and throws down
the wicked to the Ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
with grateful Voices sing ;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and strike each warbling String.

8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreshing Rain bestows :
Thro' Him, on mountain-tops, the Grass
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9. He,

9. He, savage Beasts that loosely range,
with timely Food supplies ;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and stops their hungry Cries.
10. He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength disdain ;
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,
no Prize from Him can gain.
11. But He, to Him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends ;
To Him that on his boundless Grace
with steadfast Hope depends.
- 12, 13. Let *Sion* and *Jerusalem*
to God their Praise address ;
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,
and does their Children bless.
- 14, 15. Thro' all their Borders He gives Peace
with finest Wheat they're fed ;
He speaks the Word, and what He wills
is done as soon as said.
16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
descend at his Command ;
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
is scatter'd o'er the Land.
17. When join'd to these, He does his Hail
in little Morsels break,
Who can against his piercing Cold
secure Defences make ?
18. He sends his Word, which melts the Ice :
He makes his Wind to blow,
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19. By Him his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob's* Sons were shown ;

And still to *I/r'el's* chosen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.

20. No other Nation this can boast,
nor did He e'er afford

To heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.

Hallelujah.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

1, 2. **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame :

His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame :

Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his Praise.

3, 4. Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day,

Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To Him your Homage pay :

His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,

By whose almighty Word
They all from Nothing came :

And all shall last,
From Changes free :
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8. Let

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay ;
Praise Him ye dreadful Whales,
And Fish that through the Sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales :
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And misty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10. By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Confort join'd)
By Cedars stately tall,
And Trees for Fruit design'd :
By ev'ry Beast,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing
His Name be blest.

11, 12. Let all of royal Birth,
With those of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchless Praise proclaim.
In this Design
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13. United Zeal be shown,
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey :
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

14. His

14. His chosen Saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours *Iſr'el's* Race,
Who still to Him are nigh.

O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

P S A L M CXLIX.

1, 2. **O** Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
let *Iſr'el* rejoice.
And Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.

3, 4. Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express,
Who always takes Pleasure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the humble to bless.

5, 6. With Glory adorn'd,
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of Him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
their right Hand shall wield,

7, 8. Just

7, 8. Just Vengeance to take
 for Injuries past ;
 To punish those Lands
 for Ruin design'd ;
 With Chains, as their Captives,
 to tie their Kings fast,
 With Fetters of Iron
 their Nobles to bind.

9. Thus shall they make good,
 when them they destroy,
 The dreadful Decree
 which God does proclaim :
 Such Honour and Triumph
 his Saints shall enjoy,
 O therefore forever
 exalt his great Name !

P S A L M CL.

1. **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
 From whence his Goodness largely flows:
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

2. Praise Him for all the mighty Acts,
 Which He on our Behalf has done ;
 His Kindness this Return exacts,
 With which our Praise should equal run.

3. Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
 Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound ;
 Praise Him with Harp's melodious Noise,
 And gentle Psalt'ry's silver Sound.

4. Let Virgin Troops soft Timbrels bring,
 And some with graceful Motion dance ;
 Let Instruments of various Strings,
 With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.

5. Let

5. Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;
Cymbals of common Use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.

6. Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath He does to them afford,
In just Returns of Praise employ:
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

T H E E N D.

GLORIA PATRI, &c,

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

TO God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
to all Eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory as it was of Old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

*As Psalm 37, and last Part of the 113 Psalm
Tune.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,

Be

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Be Glory as in Ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When Time itself must be no more.

As Psalm 148.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

BY Angels in Heav'n
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
all Praise be address'd
To God in three Persons,
one God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
and always shall be.

To be sung to any double Tune in the common Measure.

TO God, our Benefactor, bring
'The Tribute of your Praise;
'Too small for an almighty King,
But all that we can raise.

Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
'The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When Time shall be no more.

The

The *Psalmist's* Prayer for the CHURCH.

Common Measure.

LORD, bless thy People, who to Thee
do all their Safety owe;
Feed Thou thy Flock, and raise them up,
when they are fallen low.

Another.

Delight to bless thy People, Lord,
defend and succour them;
Do good to *Sion*, build the Walls
of thy *Jerusalem*.

As the 100th Psalm.

THY People whom Thou lov'st, delight
To bless, defend and succour them;
Do good to *Sion*, Lord, and build
The Walls of thy *Jerusalem*.

Another.

OH! may thy Church, thy Turtle-Dove,
Mournful, yet chaste, thy Pity move:
To Birds of Prey expose her not,
Tho' Poor, too dear to be forgot.

As Psalm 25.

LET *Sion* Favour find,
of thy good Will assur'd;
And thy own City flourish long,
by lofty Walls secur'd.



APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A Number of

H Y M N S,

Taken chiefly from

Dr. *W A T T S*'s

SCRIPTURAL COLLECTION.



And they sung a new Song, &c. Rev. V. 9.



B O S T O N:

Printed for WHARTON & BOWES. 1762.





HYMN I.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
 amidst his Father's Throne;
 Prepare new Honours for his Name,
 and Songs before unknown.

2. Let Elders worship at his Feet,
 the Church adore around,

With Vials full of Odours sweet,
 with Harps of sweetest Sound.

3. Those are the offer'd Prayers of Saints,
 and these the Hymns they raise:

Jesus is kind to our Complaints,
 He loves to hear our Praise.

4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 be endless Blessings paid;

Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
 for ever on thy Head.

5. Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
 hast set the Pris'ners free,

Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
 and we shall reign with Thee.

6. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
 are put beneath thy Pow'r;

Then shorten these delaying Days,
 and bring the promis'd Hour.

HYMN II.

Isa LV 1, 2, &c

1. **L**ET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
and ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
with an inviting Voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry starving Souls,
that feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
to fill an empty Mind:
3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
a Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
the rich Provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,
and pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
with Springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here
in a rich Ocean join;
Salvation in Abundance flows,
like Floods of Milk and Wine.
6. Ye perishing and naked Poor,
who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own,
that will not hide your Sin;
7. Come naked and adorn your Souls,
in Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son,
and dy'd in his own Blood.
8. Dear Lord! the Treasures of thy Love
are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Miseries are,
and boundless as our Sins.
9. The

9. The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
stand open Night and Day ;
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
and drive our Wants away.

H Y M N III.

Isa. XXVI, 1—5.

1 **H**OW honourable is the Place
where we adoring stand,
Sion, the Glory of the Earth,
and Beauty of the Land !

2. Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
the City where we dwell ;
The Walls of strong Salvation made,
defy th' Assaults of Hell.

3. Lift up the everlasting Gates,
the Doors wide open fling ;
Enter ye Nations that obey
the Statutes of our King.

4. Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
and live in perfect Peace ;
You that have known *Jehovah's* Name,
and ventur'd on his Grace.

5. Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your Fears ;
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
eternal as his Years.

H Y M N IV.

Isa. LV. 1, 2. Zech. XIII 1 Mic. VII. 19 &c.

1 **I**N vain we lavish out our Lives
to gather empty Wind.

The choicest Blessings Earth can yield
shall starve a hungry Mind.

2. Come, and the Lord shall feed our Souls
with more substantial Meat :

With such as Saints in Glory love,
with such as Angels eat.

3. Our God will every Want supply,
and fill our Hearts with Peace ;
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
the Riches of his Grace

4. Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted Souls,
and wash away our Stains
In the dear Fountain that his Son
pou'r'd from his dying Veins.

5. Our Guilt shall vanish all away,
tho' black as Hell before ;
Our Sins shall sink beneath the Sea,
and shall be found no more.

6. And lest Pollution should o'er-spread
our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit shall bedew our Souls
like purifying Rain.

7. Our Heart, that stinty stubborn Thing,
that Terrors cannot move,
That fears no Threatnings of his Wrath,
shall be dissolv'd by Love.

8. Or He can take the Flint away,
that would not be refin'd,
And from the Treasures of his Grace
bellow a softer Mind.

9. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
and deep engrave his Law,
And ev'ry Motion of our Souls
to swift Obedience draw.

10. Thus

10 Thus will He pour Salvation down,
and we shall render Praise ;
We the dear People of his Love,
and He our God of Grace.

HYMN V.

Ma. LII. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. XIII. 16, 17.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their Feet
who stand on *Sion's* Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
and Words of Peace reveal !
2. How charming is their Voice !
how sweet the Tidings are !
“ *Sion* behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.

3. How happy are our Ears,
that hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
and sought but never found !
4. How blessed are our Eyes,
that see this heav'nly Light ;
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
but dy'd without the Sight !

5. The Watchmen join their Voice,
and tuneful Notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth with Songs,
and *Desarts* learn the Joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his Arm
thro' all the Earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VI.

1 Pet. I. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**EST be the everlasting God,
 the Father of our Lord;
 Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
 his Majesty ador'd.
2. When from the Dead He rais'd his Son,
 and call'd Him to the Sky,
 He gave our Souls a lively Hope
 that they should never die.
3. What tho' our inbred Sins require
 our Flesh to see the Dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 so all his Followers must.
4. There's an Inheritance divine
 reserv'd against that Day,
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 and cannot waste away.
5. Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept,
 till the Salvation come;
 We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
 till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN VII.

Isa. XXVI. 8,—20.

- 1 **I**N thine own Ways, O God of Love,
 We wait the Visits of thy Grace;
 Our Soul's Desire is to thy Name,
 And the Remembrance of thy Face.
2. My Thoughts are searching, Lord, for Thee,
 Amongst the Shades of lonesome Night:
 My earnest Pray'rs ascend the Skies
 before the Dawn restores the Light.

3. Look

H Y M N vii, viii.

3. Look how rebellious Men deride
The tender Patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before Him goes,
A Voice of Musick to his Friends,
But threatening Thunder to his Foes.

5. Come, Children, to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
Till the fierce Storms be overblown,
And my revenging Fury cease.

H Y M N VIII.

Isa. XL. 27, 28. 29. 30.

1 **W**Hence do our mournful Tho'ts arise?
and where's our Courage fled?
Has restless Sin and raging Hell
struck all our Comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' almighty Name
that form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
grow weary or decay?

3. Treasures of everlasting Might
in our *Jehovah* dwell;

He gives the Conquest to the weak,
and treads their Foes to Hell.

4. Mere mortal Power shall fade and die,
and youthful Vigour cease.

But we that wait upon the Lord
shall feel our Strength increase.

5. The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,
and taste the promis'd Bliss,
'Till their unwearied Feet arrive
where perfect Pleasure is.

HYMN IX.

Isa. XLIX. 13, 14, &c.

1. **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise,
and burst into a Song;
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
and Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
2. God on his thirsty *Sion*-Hill
some Mercy Drops has thrown
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
to show'r Salvation down.
3. Why do we then indulge our Fears,
' Suspensions and Complaints?
Is He a God, and shall his Grace
grow weary of his Saints?
4. Can a kind Woman e'er forget
the Infant of her Womb,
Among a thousand tender Thoughts
her Suckling have no room?
5. " Yet, saith the Lord, should Nature change,
" and Mothers Monsters prove,
" *Sion* still dwells upon the Heart,
" of everlasting Love.
6. " Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
" I have engrav'd her Name;
" My Hands shall raise her ruin'd Walls
" and build her broken Frame

HYMN

H Y M N X.

Rev. VII, 13, &c.

1 **T**Hese glorious Minds how bright they shine,
 whence all their white Array ?
 How come they to the happy Seats
 of everlasting Day ?

2. From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
 on fiery Wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their Raiment white
 in *Jesus'* dying Blood.

3. Now they approach a spotless God,
 and bow before his Throne,
 Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
 adore the holy One.

4. The unvail'd Glories of his Face
 amongst his Saints reside,
 While the rich Treasure of his Grace,
 fees all their Wants supply'd.

5. Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls
 and Hunger flee as fast ;

The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
 shall be their sweet Repast,

6. The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock
 where living Fountains rise,

And Love divine shall wipe away
 the Sorrows of their Eyes.

H Y M N XI.

Rev. XV. 3, &c.

1 **W**E sing the Glories of thy Love,
 we sound thy dreadful Name ;
 The Christian Church unites the Songs
 Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

2. Great

2. Great God, how wond'rous are thy Works,
of Vengeance and of Grace?

Thou King of Saints, almighty Lord,
how just and true thy Ways?

3. Who dares refuse to fear thy Name,
or worship at thy Throne?

Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness
thro' all the Nations known.

HYMN XII.

John XVI. 16. Luke XXII. 19. John XIV. 3.

1 **J**E-SUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senses reach Him not,
And carnal Objects coud our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thought.

2. He knows what wandering Hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely Face;
And to refresh our Minds He gave
These kind Memorials of his Grace.

3. The Lord of Life this Table spread
With his own Flesh and dying Blood;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And taste the Wine, and bless our God,

4. Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Esteem;
Christ and his Love fill ev'ry Thought,
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on Him.

5. While He is absent from our Sight,
Tis to prepare our souls a Place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

6. Our

6. Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait thy Chariots awful Wheels
 To fetch our longing Spirits Home.

HYMN XIII.

Luke XIV. 17, 22, 23.

1. **H**OW sweet and awful is the Place
 with *Christ* within the Doors,
 While everlasting Love displays
 the choicest of her Stores!

2. Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
 with soft Compassion rolls,
 Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood
 is Food for dying Souls.

3. While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
 join to admire the Feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a Guest?"

4. "Why was I made to hear th' Voice,
 "and enter while there's Room;
 "When thousands make a wretched Choice
 "and rather starve than come?"

5. 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 that sweetly forc'd us in,
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 and perish'd in our Sin.

6. Pity the Nations, O our God,
 constrain the Earth to come;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 and bring the Strangers Home.

7. We

7. We long to see thy Churches full,
that all the chosen Race,
May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
sing thy redeeming Grace.

H Y M N XIV.

Solomon's Song I. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joy, and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd let me know
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow?
2. Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock;
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3. Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?
My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.
4 The Footsteps of thy Flock I see;
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be;
A wondrous Feast thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans & Tears.
5. His dearest Flesh He makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richest Blood:
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

H Y M N XV.

Solomon's Song II. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **T**HE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the Rocks and rising Grounds;
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, He flies to my Relief.

2. Now

2. Now thro' the Veil of Flesh I see
With Eyes of Love He looks at me;
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

3. Gently He draws my Heart along.
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue:
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

4. "The *Jewish* wintry State is gone,
"The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
"The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5. "Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root,
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the Wine:
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6. And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
"Rise up my Love, make haste away?"
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

HYMN XVI.

Solomon's Song III 2. 11.

1. **D**AUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
The Crown of Honor and of Gold,
Which the glad Church with Joys unknown
Plac'd on the Head of *Solomon*.

2. *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring:
Accept the well-deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.

3. Let every Act of Worship be
Like our Espousals, Lord, to Thee;

Like

- Like the dear Hour when from above
 We first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.
 4 The Gladness of that happy Day,
 Our Hearts would wish it long to stay;
 Nor let our Faith forsake its Hold,
 Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold.
5. Still may each Minute as it flies,
 Increase thy Praise improve our Joys,
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name
 At the great Supper of the Lamb.
6. O that the Months would roll away,
 And bring that Coronation-Day!
 The King of Grace shall fill the Throne
 With all his Father's Glories on.

HYMN XVII.

Isa. LVII. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
 " I sit upon my holy Throne :
 " My Name is God, I dwell on high ;
 " Dwell in my own Eternity.
- 2 " But I descend to Worlds below,
 " On Earth I have a Mansion too ;
 " The humble Spirit and contrite
 " Is an Abode of my Delight.
- 3 " The humble Soul my Words revive,
 " I bid the mourning Sinner live ;
 " Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
 " And ease the Sorrows of the Mind
- 4 When I contend against their Sin,
 " I make them know how vile they've been ;
 " But should my Wrath for ever smoke,
 " Their Souls would sink beneath my Smoke,

5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint despair and die!
Thus shall our better Thoughts approve
The Methods of thy chaf't'ning Love.

H Y M N XVIII.

Matt. V. 3. — 12.

1 **B**LEST are the humble Souls that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.
2. Blest are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
The Blood of *Christ* divinely flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.

3. Blest are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War;
God will secure their happy State
And plead their Cause against the Great.
4. Blest are the Souls that thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living Streams and living Bread.

5. Blest are the Men whose Bowels move
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From *Christ* the Lord they shall obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again;
6. Blest are the Pure, whose Hearts are clean
From the defiling Powers of Sin;
With endless Pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless Purity.

7. Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They

They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

8. Blest are the Suff'ers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for *Jesus*' sake ;
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

H Y M N XIX.

2 Tim. I. 12.

1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
the Glory of his Cross.

2. *Jesus*, my God ! I know his Name,
his Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will He put my Soul to Shame,
nor let my Hope be lost.

3. Firm as his Throne his Promise stands
and He can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
'till the decisive Hour.

4. Then will He own my worthless Name,
before his Father's Face,
And in the new *Jerusalem*
appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N XX.

2 Cor. 1, 5,—8.

1 **T**Here is a House not made with Hands,
eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands
till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this Prison of my Clay
must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3. 'Ti

3. 'Tis He by his almighty Grace
that forms thee fit for Heav'n,
And as an Earnest of the Place
has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come,
Faith lives upon his Word ;
But while the Body is our Home
we're absent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace
but we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the Flesh
and present, Lord, with Thee.

HYMN XXI.

Matt. XXII 37.—40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great Command,
“ Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
“ To love thy Maker and thy God,
“ With utmost Vigour and Delight.
2. “ Then shall thy Neighbour next in Place
“ Share thine Affections and Esteem,
“ And let thy Kindness to thy self
“ Measure and rule thy Love to him.”

3. This is the Sense that *Moses* spoke,
This did the Prophets preach and prove ;
For Want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.
4. But O ! how base our Passions are !
How cold our Charity and Zeal !
Lord fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will

HYMN

HYMN XXII.

Matt. XI. 28 — 30.

1. "COME hither all ye weary Souls,
 " Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
 " I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
 " And raise you to my heav'nly Home.
2. " They shall find Rest that learn of me;
 " I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
 " But Passion rages like the Sea,
 " And Pride is restless as the Wind.
3. " Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take
 " My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
 " My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
 " My Grace shall make the Burden light."
4. *Jesus*, we come at thy Command,
 With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal,
 Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy Will.

HYMN XXIII.

Luke I. 68, &c.

1. NOW blest be *Isr'el's* Lord and God,
 whose Mercy at our Need
 Has visited his People's Grief,
 and them from Bondage freed:
2. And rais'd in faithful *David's* House
 Salvation, which of old,
 E'er since the World itself began,
 his Prophets had foretold.
3. To save us from our spiteful Foes,
 and keep his Oath in mind,
 Which He to *Abr'am* heretofore,
 and to our Fathers sign'd.

4. That

4. That we, from Fear and Danger freed,
his Temple may frequent ;
And all our Days, as in his Sight,
in holy Life be spent.
5. And thou, O Child, shalt then be call'd
God's Prophet, to declare
His Message, and before his Face
his Passage to prepare
6. To give them Light who now in Shades
of Night and Death abide ;
And in the Way that leads to Peace
our Footsteps safely guide.

H Y M N XXIV.

Luke I. 46, &c.

- 1 **M**Y Soul and Spirit fill'd with Joy,
my God and Saviour praise ;
Whose Goodness did from poor Estate
his humble Hand-maid raise.
2. Me blest of God, the God of Pow'r,
all Ages shall confess,
Whose Name his holy, and whose Love
his Saints shall ever bless.
3. The proud, and all their vain Designs,
He quickly did confound :
He cast the mighty from their Seat,
the meek and humble crown'd.
4. The hungry with good Things are fill'd,
the rich with Hunger pin'd :
He sent his Servant *I/r'el* help,
and call'd his Love to mind ;
5. Which to our Fathers heretofore,
by Oath He did ensure ;
To *Abr'am* and his chosen Seed,
for ever to endure.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

Luke II. 29.

- 1 **L**ORD let thy Servant now depart
 Into thy promis'd Rest,
 Since my expecting Eyes have been
 with thy Salvation blest :
2. Which, till this Time, thy favour'd Saints,
 and Prophets, only knew,
 Long since prepar'd but now set forth
 in all the People's View.
3. A Light to shew the heathen World
 the Way to saving Grace :
 But O ! the Light and Glory both
 of *Ifr'el's* chosen Race.

H Y M N XXVI.

Luke II. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by
 all seated on the Ground, [Night,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 and Glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not, said he, (for mighty Dread
 had seiz'd their troubled Mind,)
 " Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
 " to you and all Mankind.
3. " To you, in *David's* Town, this Day
 " is born of *David's* Line
 " The Saviour, who is *Christ* the Lord ;
 " and this shall be the Sign.

4. " The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
 " to human View display'd,
 " All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
 " and in a Manger laid.
5. Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
 appear'd a shining Throng
 Of Angels, praising God, and thus
 address their joyful Song ;
6. " All Glory be to God on High ;
 " and to the Earth be Peace ;
 " Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
 " begin and never cease.

H Y M N XXVII.

1 Cor. 5. 7. Rom. 6. 9, &c.

1. **S**INCE *Christ* our Passover is slain
 a Sacrifice for all ;
 Let all with thankful Hearts agree
 to keep the Festival :
2. Not with the Leaven, as of old,
 of Sin and Malice fed ;
 But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
 and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.
3. *Christ* being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
 and rescu'd from the Grave,
 Shall die no more, Death shall on Him
 no more Dominion have ;
4. For that He dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
 He once vouchsaf'd to die,
 But that He lives, He lives to God,
 for all Eternity.

5. So count yourse'ves as dead to Sin,
 but graciously restor'd,
 And made henceforth alive to God,
 through *Jesus Christ* our Lord.

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **O** GOD we praise Thee, and confess,
 that Thou the only Lord,
 And everlasting Father art
 by all the Earth ador'd.
2. To Thee all Angels cry aloud,
 to Thee the Pow'rs on high,
 Both Cherubim and Seraphim.
 continually do cry ;
3. O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 whom heav'nly Host, obey ;
 The World is with the Glory fill'd
 of thy majestick Sway.
4. Th' Apostles glorious Company,
 and Prophets crown'd with Light,
 With all the Martyrs noble Host,
 thy constant Praise recite.
5. The holy Church throughout the World,
 O Lord, confesses Thee,
 That Thou eternal Father art
 of boundless Majesty :
6. Thy honour'd true and only Son,
 and holy Ghost the Spring
 Of never-ceasing Joy ; O *Christ*
 of Glory thou art King.
7. The Father's everlasting Son,
 Thou from on high didst come

To save Mankind, and didst not then
disdain the Virgin's Womb.

8. And having overcome the Sting
of Death, Thou open'it wide

The Gates of Heav'n to all, who firm
in thy Belief abide.

P A R T II.

9. Crown'd with the Father's Glory Thou
at God's Right-hand do'st sit ;

Whence Thou shalt come to be our Judge,
to sentence or acquit.

10. O therefore save thy Servants, Lord,
whose Souls so dearly cost ;

Nor let the Purchase of thy Blood,
thy precious Blood, be lost.

11. We magnify Thee Day by Day ;
and ever worship Thee.

Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this Day
from Sin and Danger free.

12. Have Mercy, Mercy, on us, Lord !
to us thy Grace extend,

According as for Mercy we
on Thee alone depend.

13. In Thee I have repos'd my Trust,
and ever shall do so ;

Preserve me then from Ruin here,
and from eternal Woe.

H Y M N XXIX.

Rev. IV. 11. & V. 9, &c.

1 **T**HOU God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r
art worthy to receive :

B

Since

Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
and by thy Bounty live.

2. And worthy is the Lamb all Pow'r
Honour and Wealth to gain,

Glory and Strength, who for our Sins
a Sacrifice was slain.

3. All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd,
and ransom'd us to God,

From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast
by thy most precious Blood.

4. Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r
by all in Earth and Heav'n,

To Him that sits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN XXX.

Rev. XIX 5, &c.

1. **A**LL ye who faithful Servants are
of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
his Praise devoutly sing.

2. Let us rejoice, and render Thanks
to his most holy Name;

Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the Marriage of the Lamb.

3. His Bride herself has ready made
how pure and white her Dress!

Which is the Saints Integrity
and spotless Holiness.

4. O therefore blest is ev'ry one
who to the Marriage Feast,

And holy Supper of the Lamb
is call'd a welcome Guest.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXI.

Matt. VI. 9, &c.

- 1 **O**UR Father, who in Heaven art,
 all hallow'd be thy Name;
 Thy Kingdom come; thy Will be done,
 throughout this earthly Frame.
2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those
 who dwell with Thee on high;
 Lord, let thy Bounty Day by Day,
 our daily Food supply;
3. As we forgive our Enemies,
 thy Pardon, Lord, we crave;
 Into Temptation lead us not,
 but us from Evil save.
4. For Kingdom, Pow'r and Glory, all
 belong, O Lord, to Thee;
 Thine from Eternity they were,
 and thine shall ever be.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 Cor. XV. 20, 21. Colof. III. 1.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the Dead is rais'd, and made
 the first Fruits of the Tomb;
 For, as by Man came Death, by Man
 did Resurrection come.
2. For, as in *Adam*, all Mankind
 did Guilt and Death derive;
 So, by thy Righteousness of Christ,
 shall all be made alive.
3. If then ye risen are with Christ,
 seek only how to get
 The Things that are above, where Christ
 at God's right Hand is set.

HYMN XXXIII.

Another Version of *Luke II. 8, &c.*

1. "Shepherds, rejoyce, lift up your Eyes,
" and send your Fears away ;
" News from the Region of the Skies,
" Salvation's born to Day.
2. " Jesus, the God whom Angels fear,
" comes down to dwell with you :
" To-day he makes his Entrance here,
" but not as Monarchs do.
3. " No Gold, nor purple swadling Bands,
" nor royal shining Things ;
" A Manger for his Cradle stands,
" and holds the King of Kings.
4. " Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" and see his humble Throne ;
" With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
" go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."
5. Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
the heavenly Armies throng,
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
and thus conclude the Song :
6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" let Peace surround the Earth ;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,
" at their Redeemer's Birth."
7. Lord ! and shall Angels have their Songs,
and Men no Tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless Tongues
when they forget to praise !
8. Glory to God that reigns above,
that pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's Love,
for there's a Saviour born.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Ecclef. XII. 1, &c.

1. **C**hildren, to your Creator, God,
your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
would tempt your Thoughts astray.
2. The Memory of his mighty Name,
demands your first Regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'till you have lov'd the Lord.
3. Be wise, and make his Favour sure
before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
and Life and Strength decays.
4. No more the Blessings of a Feast
shall relish on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taste
and Pleasure of a Song.
5. Old Age, with all her dismal Train,
invades your golden Years
With Sighs, and Groans, and raging Pain,
and Death, that never spares.
6. What will you do when Light departs,
and leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to cheer your Hearts,
from the superior Skies?
7. How will you meet God's frowning Brow
or stand before his Seat,
While Nature's old Supporters bow,
nor bear their tott'ring Weight.
8. Can you expect your feeble Arms
shall make a strong Defence,
When Death, with terrible Alarms,
summons the Pris'ner hence? B 3
9. The

9. The silver Bands of Nature burst,
and let the Building fall;
The Flesh goes down to mix with Dust,
its vile Original.
10. Laden with Guilt (a heavy Load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns t' an angry God,
to be shut out from Heav'n.

H Y M N XXXV.

Job I 21.

- 1 **N**Aked as from the Earth we came,
and crept to Life at first,
We to the Earth return again,
and mingle with our Dust.
2. The dear Delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours borrow'd now,
to be repay'd anon.
3. 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
or sinks them in the Grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.
4. Peace, all our angry Passions then,
let each rebellious Sigh
Be silent at his sovereign Will,
and every Murmur die.
5. If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
it's Praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the Justice too
that strikes our Comforts dead.

H Y M N

HYMN XXXVI.

Rom. VIII. 33, &c.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their Souls,
 And Mercy like a mighty Stream
 O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.
2. Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
 'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their Stead,
 And the Salvation to fulfil
 Behold Him rising from the Dead.

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above
 For ever interceeding there;

Who shall divide us from his Love,
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4. Shall Persecution, or Distress,
 Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
 And makes us more than Conquerors too.

5. Faith hath an over-coming Power,
 It triumphs in the dying Hour;
Christ is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a Prop.

6. Not all that Men on Earth can do,
 Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
 Shall cause his Mercy to remove,
 Or wean our Hearts from *Christ* our Love.

HYMN XXXVII.

Psal. XLIX. 6, 9. Eccl. VIII. 8. Job III 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy Mortals toil,
 And heap their shining Dust in vain,
 Look down and scorn the humble Poor,
 And boast their lofty Hills of Gain.

2. Their golden Cordials cannot ease
 Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,
 Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death
 From glittering Roofs and downy Beds.

3. The lingring, the unwilling Soul
 The dismal Summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad Farewell
 To the pale Lump of lifeless Clay.

4. Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
 Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones,
 Their Bones without Distinction lie
 Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1. **A**LL mortal Vanities be gone,
 Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears,
 Behold amidst th' eternal Throne
 A Vision of the Lamb appears.

2. Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
 Mark'd with the bloody Death He bore;
 Sev'n are his Eyes, and sev'n his Horns,
 To speak his Wisdom and his Pow'r.

3. Lo, He receives a sealed Book
 From Him that sits upon the Throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
 On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

4. All the assembling Saints around
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
 And in new Songs of Gospel-Sound
 Address their Honours to his Name.

5. The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
 Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,

“Worthy

“Worthy art Thou alone” (they cry)
 “To read the Book, to loose the Seals.”

6. Our Voices join the heav’nly Strain,
 And with transporting Pleasure sing,
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 To be our Teacher, and our King.

7. His Words of Prophecy reveal
 Eternal Counsels, deep Designs;
 His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.

8. Thou hast redeem’d our Souls from Hell
 With thine invaluable Blood;
 And Wretches that did once Rebel
 Are now made Fav’rites of their God.

9. Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That dy’d for Treasons not his own,
 By ev’ry Tongue to be ador’d,
 And dwell upon his Father’s Throne.

H Y M N XXXIX.

2 Tim. IV 6, 7, 8, 13.

1 **D**EATH may dissolve my Body now,
 and bear my Spirit home;
 Why do my Minutes move so slow,
 nor my Salvation come?

2. With heav’nly Weapons I have fought
 the Battles of the Lord,
 Finish’d my Course, and kept the Faith,
 and wait the sure Reward.

3. God has laid up in Heav’n for me
 a Crown which cannot fade;
 The righteous Judge at that great Day
 shall place it on my Head.

4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
this Prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
th' Appearance of his Son.
5. *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
from ev'ry ill Design ;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom keep
this feeble Soul of mine.
6. God is my everlasting Aid,
and Hell shall rage in vain ;
To Him be highest Glory paid,
and endless Praise. *Amen.*

HYMN XL.

Isa. LXIII. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. **W**HAT mighty Man, or mighty God,
comes travelling in State,
Along the *Idumean* Road
away from *Bozrah's* Gate !
2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'tis some victorious King :
" 'Tis I, the just, th' almighty One
" that your Salvation bring.
3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints enquire,
why thine Apparel red ?
And all thy Vesture stain'd like those
who in the Wine-press tread ?
4. " I by my self have trod the Press,
" and crush'd my Foes alone,
" My Wrath has struck the Rebels dead,
" my Fury stamp'd 'em down.
5. " 'Tis *Edom's* Blood that dies my Robes
" with joyful scarlet Stains,
" The

- “ The Triumph that my Raiment wears
 “ sprung from their bleeding Veins.
 6. “ Thus shall the Nations be destroy’d
 “ that dare insult my Saints,
 “ I have an Arm t’ avenge their Wrongs,
 “ an Ear for their Complaints.

HYMN XLI.

Naham I. 1. 2, 3, &c.

1. **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
 is a consuming Fire,
 His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
 and raise his Vengeance higher.
 2. Almighty Vengeance, how it burns !
 how bright his Fury glows !
 Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms
 lie treasur’d for his Foes.
 3. Those Heaps of Wrath by slow Degrees
 are forc’d into a Flame,
 But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !
 and rend all Nature’s Frame.
 4. At his Approach the Mountains flee
 and seek a watry Grave ;
 The frightened Sea makes Haste away,
 and shrinks up ev’ry Wave.
 5. Through the wide Air the weighty Rocks,
 are swift as Hail-stones hurl’d :
 Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
 that shakes the solid World ?
 6. Yet, mighty God, thy sov’reign Grace,
 sits Regent on the Throne,
 The Refuge of thy chosen Race
 when Wrath comes rushing down.
 7. Thy

7. Thy Hand shall on rebellious Kings
a fiery Tempest pour,
While we beneath thy shelt'ring Wings.
thy just Revenge adore.

H Y M N XLII.

Isa. XL. 28, 29. 30, 31.

1. **A**WAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

4. From Thee the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5. Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode.
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

H Y M N XLIII.

Jude XXIV. 25.

1. **T**O God the only Wise,
our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
their humble Praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty Love,
his Counfel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
and ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3. He will present our Souls
unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
with Joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen Seed
shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
and make his Wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
and everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XLIV.

Rev. XII. 7.

1 **L**ET mortal Tongues attempt to sing
The Wars of Heav'n, when *Michael* stood
Chief General of th' eternal King,
And fought the Battles of our God.

2. Against the Dragon and his Host
The Armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their Courage sinks, their Weapons fail.

3. Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

4. Now is the Hour of Darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning Pow'r;

Behold

Behold the great Accuser cast
Down from the Skies, to rise no more.

5. 'Twas by the Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine Armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'ful Name
They gain'd the Battle and Renown.

6. Rejoice ye Heav'ns; let every Star
Shine with new Glories round the Sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly War,
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high.

H Y M N XLV.

Rev. I. 5, 6, 7.

1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And strains of nobler Praise above.

2. 'Twas He that cleans'd our foulest Sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood;
'Tis He that makes us Priests and Kings,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

3. To *Jesus* our atoning Priest,
To *Jesus* our superior King,
Be everlasting Power confest,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying Clouds He comes,
And ev'ry Eye shall see Him move;
Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd Him once,
Then He displays his pardoning Love.

5. The unbelieving World shall wail
While we rejoice to see the Day:
Come Lord: nor let thy Promise fail,
No let thy Chariots long delay.

H Y M N

HYMN XLVI.

Rev. V. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful Songs,
 with Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 but all their Joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
 "to be exalted thus;"
 Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
 for He was slain for us.
3. *Jesus* is worthy to receive
 Honour and Power divine;
 And Blessings more than we can give,
 be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the Sky,
 and Air, and Earth, and Seas,
 Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
 and speak thine endless Praise.
5. The whole Creation join in one,
 to bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
 and to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLVII.

1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous Grace
 the Father has bestow'd
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,
 to call them Sons of God!
2. 'Tis no surprizing Thing,
 that we should be unknown;
 The *Jewish* World knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son:
3. Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;

But

But when we see our Saviour here,
we shall be like our Head.

4. A Hope so much divine
may Trials well endure,
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin;
as Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's Love
I share a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
to rest upon my Heart.

6. We would no longer lie
like Slaves beneath the Throne :
My Faith shall Abba Father cry,
and thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Sol. Song VIII 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 **W**HO is this fair One in Distress,
That travels from the Wilderness ?
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2. This is the Spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood :
And her Request, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.

3 " O let my Name engraven stand,
" both on thy Heart and on thy Hand :
" Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
" That Pledge of Love for ever there.

4. " Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
" Which Floods of Wrath could never drown ;
" and Hell and Earth in vain combine
" To quench a Fire so much divine.

5. But I am jealous of my Heart,
" Lest it should once from Thee depart ; " Thee

- " Then let thy Name be well impress'd,
 " As a fair Signet on my Breast.
 6. " 'Till Thou hast brought me to thy Home,
 " Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
 " Thy Count'nance let me often see,
 " And often Thou shalt hear from me.
 7. " Come, my Beloved, haste away
 " Cut short the Hours of thy Delay.
 " Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
 " Over the Hills where Spices grow.

H Y M N XLIX.

Job IV. 17, ——— 21.

1. **S**HALL the vile Race of Flesh and Blood
 Contend with their Creator, God?
 Shall mortal Worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just, than He?
 2. Behold, He puts his Trust in none
 Of all the Spirits round his Throne;
 Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
 Are neither holy, just nor wise.
 3. But how much meaner Things are they
 Who spring from Dust, and dwell in Clay!
 Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath,
 We faint and vanish like the Moth.
 4. From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
 We die by thousands in thy Sight;
 Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie
 Like a forgotten Vanity.
 5. Almighty Power, to Thee we bow;
 How frail are we! how glorious Thou!
 No more the Sons of Earth shall dare
 With an Eternal God compare.

H Y M N

HYMN L.

Ecclef. IX. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 **L**IFE is the Time to serve the Lord,
The Time t' insure the great Reward,
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest Sinner may return.

5. Life is the Hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from Hell, and fly to Heav'n;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Blessings of the Day.

3. The Living know that they must die,
But all the Dead forgotten lie;
Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Their Hatred and their Love is lost,
Their Envy buried in the Dust;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.

5. Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands, with all your Might pursue,
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground,

6. There are no Acts of Pardon pass'd
In the cold Grave, to which we haste;
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

HYMN LI.

Rom. III. 19, — 22.

1 **V**AIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
on their own Works have built;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
and all their Actions Guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
without a murm'ring Word, And

And the whole Race of *Adam* stand
guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we ask God's righteous Law
to justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
is all the Law can do.
4. *Jesus*, how glorious is thy Grace,
when in thy Name we trust!
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
that makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N LII.

John III. 16, 17, 18.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the Sons of Men
Did *Christ*, the Son of God appear:
No Weapons in his Hands are seen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.
2. Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our Load
Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word,
'Trust in his mighty Name, and live;
A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.
4. But Vengeance and Damnation lyes
On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

H Y M N LIII.

1 Cor. II. 9, 10. Rev. XXI. 27.

- 1 **N**OR Eye hath seen, nor Ear has heard,
nor Sense, nor Reason known,
What

What Joys the Father has prepar'd
for those that love his Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
reveals a Heav'n to come ;

The Beams of Glory in his Word
allure and guide us Home.

3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
and all the Region Peace ;

No wanton Lips nor envious Eye
can see or taste the Bliss.

4. Those holy Gates for ever bar,
Pollution, Sin, and Shame ;

None shall obtain Admittance there
but Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
there all their Names are found ;

The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
to tread the heav'nly Ground.

H Y M N LIV.

Rom. VI. 1, 2, 6.

1. **S**HALL we go on to sin,
because thy Grace abounds,

Or crucify the Lord again
and open all his Wounds ?

2. Forbid it, mighty God,
nor let it e'er be said,

'That we whose Sins are crucify'd,
should raise them from the Dead.

3. We will be Slaves no more,
since *Christ* has made us free,

Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Cross,
and bought our Liberty.

H Y M N

HYMN LV.

Phil. III. 7, 8, 9.

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the Duties I have done ;
I quit the Hopes I held before
To trust the Merits of thy Son.
2. Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loss ;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All Things but Loss for *Jesus*' sake :
O may my Soul be found in Him,
And of his Righteousness partake !

4. The best Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne ;
But Faith can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN LVI. Rom. VII. 8. &c.

1 **L**ORD, how secure my Conscience was,
and felt no inward Dread !

I was alive without the Law,
and thought my Sins were dead.

2. My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright ;
but since the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

3. My Guilt appear'd but small before,
'till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure
was thine eternal Law.

4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
my Sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
and all my Hopes were slain.

5. I'm

5. I'm like a helpless Captive sold,
 under the Power of Sin ;
 I cannot do the Good I would
 nor keep my Conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath
 for some kind Pow'r to save,
 To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
 and thus redeem the Slave.

H Y M N LVII.

Joh. I. 17. Heb. III. 3, &c. X. 28.

- 1 **T**HE Law by *Moses* came,
 but Peace, and Truth, and Love,
 Were brought by *Christ* (a nobler Name)
 descending from above.
2. Amidst the House of God
 their diff'rent Works were done ;
Moses a faithful Servant stood,
 but *Christ* a faithful Son.
3. Then to his new Commands
 be strict Obedience paid ;
 O'er all his Father's House he stands
 the Sovereign and the Head.
4. The Man that durst despise
 the Law that *Moses* brought ;
 Behold ! how terribly he dies
 for his presumptuous Fault.

5. But forer Vengeance falls
 on that rebellious Race,
 Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,
 and dare resist his Grace.

H Y M N LVIII.

Heb. IV. 15, 16. & V. 7. Matt. XII. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 of our High-Priest above ;

His

His Heart is made of Tendernefs,
his Bowels melt with Love.
2. Touch'd with a Sympathy within
he knows our feeble Frame,
He knows what fore Temptations mean
for he has felt the same.

3. But spotless, innocent and pure
the great Redeemer stood,
While *Satan's* fiery Darts he bore,
and did resist to Blood.

4. He in the Days of feeble Flesh
pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
what every Member bears.

5. He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
but raise it to a Flame;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
nor scorns the meanest Name.

6. Then let our humble Faith address
his Mercy and his Pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
in the distressing Hour.

H Y M N LIX. Titus II. 10,—13.

1 **S**O let our Lips and Lives express
The holy Gospel we profess,
So let our Works and Virtues shine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The Honours of our Saviour God;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.

3. Our

3. Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
 While Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love
 Our inward Piety approve.

4. Religion bears our Spirits up
 While we expect that blessed Hope,
 The bright Appearance of the Lord
 And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

H Y M N LX.

1 Cor. XIII. 1. 2, 3.

1. **H**AD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler Speech that Angels use,
 If Love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.
 2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in Heav'n and Hell,
 Or could my Faith the World remove,
 Still I am nothing without Love.

3. Should I distribute all my Store
 To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
 Or give my Body to the Flame,
 To gain a Martyr's glorious Name.

4. If Love to God and Love to Men
 Be absent, all my Hopes are vain:
 Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
 The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

H Y M N LXI.

2 Tim. 1. 9, 10.

1. **N**OW to the Pow'r of God supreme
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n,
 He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
 He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.
 2. Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,

He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

3. 'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son
Before He spread the starry Sky.

4. *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known ;
Declares the great Transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

5. He dies ; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy ;
Rising He brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Possession of the Joy.

H Y M N LXII.

Isa. LIII. 1—5 10—12.

1 **W**HO has believ'd thy Word,
or thy Salvation known ?

Reveal thine Arm, almighty Lord,
and glorify thy Son.

2. The *Jews* esteem'd Him here
too mean for their Belief ;

Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
and his Companion, Grief,

3. They turn'd their Eyes away,
and treated Him with Scorn ;

But 'twas their Grief upon Him lay,
their Sorrows He has born.

4. 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*
and *Gentiles* then unknown,

The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise
his best-beloved Son.

C

5. " But

5. " But I'll prolong his Days,
 " and make his Kingdom stand.
 " My Pleasure (saith the God of Grace)
 " shall prosper in his Hand.
6. " His joyful Soul shall see
 " the Purchase of his Pain,
 " And by his Knowledge justify
 " the guilty Sons of Men.
7. " Ten thousand captive Slaves
 " releas'd from Death and Sin,
 " Shall quit their Prisons and their Graves,
 " and own his Pow'r divine.
8. " Heav'n shall advance my Son
 " to Joys that Earth deny'd;
 " Who saw the Follies Men had done,
 " and bore their Sins, and dy'd."

HYMN LXIII.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our Life!
 how vast our Souls Affairs!
 Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
 to lavish out their Years.
- 2 Our Days run thoughtlessly along,
 without a Moment's Stay,
 Just like a Story or a Song,
 we pass our Lives away.
3. God from on high invites us Home,
 but we march heedless on,
 And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
 stoop downwards as we run.
4. How we deserve the deepest Hell
 that slight the Joys above!
 What Chains of Vengeance shou'd we feel
 that break such Cords of Love!
5. Draw

5. Draw us, O God, with sovereign Grace,
and lift our Thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal Race,
and see Salvation nigh.

H Y M N LXIV.

1. **N**OW to the Lord a nobler Song!
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim.
2. See where it shines in *Jesus*' Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace;
God in the Person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest Works out-done.

3. The spacious Earth, and spreading Flood
Proclaim the wise, the pow'ful God,
And thy rich Glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling Star.

4. But in his Looks a Glory stands,
The noblest Labour of thine Hands;
The pleasing Lustre of his Eyes
Out-shines the Wonders of the Skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme;
My Thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' Name:
Ye Angels dwell upon the Sound,
Ye Heav'ns Reflect it to the Ground.

6. O may I live to reach the Place
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold!

H Y M N LXV.

Phil. II. 6. &c.

1. **B**Right King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat,

To Thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worship at thine awful Feet

2. Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wisdom sways
All Nature with a sov'reign Word;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their superior Lord.

3. Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy Right-Hand;
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Command.

4. A thousand Seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the Glorious Deity;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with Thee?

5. Yet there is one of human Frame,
Jesus, array'd in Flesh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.

6. Their Glory shines with equal Beams;
Their Essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different Names,
The Father-God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the Name of Christ our King
With equal Honours be ador'd;
His Praise let ev'ry Angel sing,
And all the Nations own the Lord.

HYMN LXVI.

HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound;
My Ears attend the Cry,
"Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
"where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this Clay must be your Bed
"in spite of all your Tow'rs;

"The

“ The tall, the wise, the rev’rend Head
 “ must lie as low as ours.

3. Great God ! is this our certain Doom ?
 and are we still secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
 and yet prepare no more ?
4. Grant us the Pow’rs of quick’ning Grace,
 to fit our Souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying Flesh,
 we’ll rise above the Sky.

H Y M N LXVII.

Zech. XII. 7.

1. **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the Skies,
 “ awake my dreadful Sword ;
 “ Awake my Wrath, and smite the Man
 “ my Fellow”, saith the Lord.
2. Vengeance receiv’d the dread Command,
 and armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t’ his Father’s Hand,
 and bows his Head, and dies.
3. But oh ! the Wisdom and the Grace
 that join with Vengeance now !
 He dies to save our guilty Race,
 and yet He rises too.
4. A Person so divine was He
 who yielded to be slain,
 That He could give his Soul away,
 and take his Life again.
5. Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
 let ev’ry Nation sing,
 And Angels sound with endless Joy
 the Saviour and the King.

HYMN LXVIII.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
 behold my bleeding Lord!
 Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his Death,
 and us'd the *Roman* Sword.
2. Oh! the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain
 my dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
 his sacred Body tore!
3. But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
 in vain do I accuse,
 In vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
 and the more spiteful *Jews*.
4. 'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
 his chief Tormentors were!
 Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
 and Unbelief the Spear.
5. 'Twere you, that pull'd the Vengeance down
 upon his guiltless Head:
 Break, break my Heart, oh! burst mine Eyes,
 and let my Sorrows bleed.
6. Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
 till melting Waters flow,
 And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes,
 in undissembled Woe.

HYMN LXIX.

Heb. XII. 18. &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the Terrors of the Lord,
 the Tempest, Fire, and Smoke,
 Not to the Thunder of that Word
 which God on *Sinai* spoke;
- 2 But we are come to *Sion's* Hill,
 the City of our God,

Where

Where milder Words declare his Will,
and spread his Love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable Host
of Angels cloath'd in Light ;
Behold the Spirits of the Just
whose Faith is turn'd to Sight.
4. Behold the blest Assembly there,
whose Names are writ in Heav'n ;
And God the Judge of all declares
their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

5. The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead
but one Communion make ;
All join in *Christ* their living Head,
and of his Grace partake.
6. In such Society as this
my weary Soul would rest ;
The Man that dwells where *Jesus* is
must be forever blest.

H Y M N LXX.

Isa. L. 10, 11. Chap. XXVIII. 20.

- “ **W** Here are the Mourners (saith the Lord)
“ That wait and tremble at my Word,
“ That walk in Darkness all the Day ?
“ Come, make my Name your Trust and Stay.
2. “ No Works nor Duties of your own
“ Can for the smallest Sin atone ;
“ The Robes that Nature may provide
“ Will not your least Pollutions hide.
 3. “ The softest Couch that Nature knows
“ Can give the Conscience no Repose :
“ Look to my Righteousness, and live ;
“ Comfort and Peace are mine to give.

4. “ Ye

4. " Ye Sons of Pride that kindle Coals,
 " With your own Hands to warm your Souls,
 " Walk in the Light of your own Fire,
 " Enjoy the Sparks that ye desire.

5. " This is your Portion at my Hands ;
 " Hell waits you with her Iron Bands,
 " Ye shall lye down in Sorrow there,
 " In Death, in Darkneſs, and Deſpair.

H Y M N LXXI.

Job XI. 7, &c XXV. 5. XXVI. 11.

1 CAN Creatures to Perfection find

Th' eternal uncreated Mind ;
 Or can the largeſt Stretch of Thought
 Measure and ſearch his Nature out !

2. 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell,
 And what can Mortals know or tell ?
 His Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
 And all the ſhining Worlds on high.

3.. But Man, vain Man, would fain be wiſe,
 Born like a wild young Colt he flies
 Thro' all the Follies of his Mind,
 And ſmells and ſnuſſs the empty Wind.

4. God is a King of Power unknown,
 Firm are the Orders of his Throne ;
 If He reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
 Or aſk Him why, or what He does ?

5. He wounds the Heart, and He makes whole ;
 He calms the Tempeſt of the Soul :
 When He ſhuts up in long Deſpair,
 Who can remove the heavy Bar ?

6. He frowns, and Darkneſs veils the Moon,
 The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon :
 The Pillars of Heav'n's ſtarry Roof
 Tremble and ſtart at his Reproof.

7. He

7. He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent, and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And smites the Sons of Pride to Death.

8. These are a Portion of his Ways;
But who shall dare describe his Face?
Who can endure his Light? or stand
To hear the 'Thunders of his Hand?

H Y M N LXXII.

1 Cor. XI. 23, &c.

1. **T** WAS on that dark, that doleful Night
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose,
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:

2. Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and break:
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!

3. "This is my Body, broke for Sin,
"Receive and eat the living Food;"
Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine;
"'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

4. "Do this," (he cry'd) 'till Time shall end,
"In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my Table and record
"The Love of your departed Lord."

5: *Jesus*, thy Feast we celebrate,
We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXIII.

Gal. VI. 14.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Death of *Christ* my God :
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

3. See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet ?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?

4. His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree ;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Luke XIV. ver. 16, &c.

1 **H**OW rich are thy Provisions, Lord !
Thy Table furnish'd from above !
The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.

2 Thine antient Family the *Jews*,
Were first invited to the Feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy Salvation taste.

3. We

3. We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh !
But, at the Gospel Call, we came,
And ev'ry Want receiv'd Supply.

4. From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkness and Despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

5. What shall we pay th' Eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'ers back to God !

6. It cost him Death, to save our Lives ;
To buy our Souls, it cost his own ;
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

7. Our everlasting Love is due
To him that ransom'd Sinners lost ;
And pity'd Rebels when he knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

H Y M N LXXV.

1. **G** LORY to God the Father's Name,
Who, from our sinful Race,
Chose out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.

2. Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And, to redeem us from the Dead,
Gave his own Life away.

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty Pow'r
Our Souls their heavn'ly Birth derive,
And bless the happy Hour.

4. Glory

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
 th' eternal Three and One,
 Who by the Wonders of his Love,
 has made his Nature known.

HYMN LXXVI.

- 1 **T**O Him that chose us first,
 Before the World began ;
 To Him that bore the Curse,
 To save rebellious Man ;
 To Him that form'd
 Our Hearts anew,
 Is endless Praise
 And Glory due.

2. The Father's Love shall run
 Thro' our immortal Songs ;
 We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our Tongues :
 Our Lips address
 The Spirit's Name
 With equal Praise,
 And Zeal the same.

3. Let ev'ry Saint above
 And Angel round the Throne,
 Forever blest and love
 The fac'd Three in One :
 Thus Heav'n shall raise
 His Honours high,
 When Earth and Time
 Grow old and die.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXVII.

Hoj. 3. 5. Luk. 24. 44. Psal. 35. 12--14.)

1 **B**EHOLD the Love, the gen'rous Love
That holy *David* shows :Hark, how, his founding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes !2 When they are sick, his Soul complains,
And seems to feel the Smart ;The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.5 How did his flowing Tears condole,
As for a Brother dead !

And Fasting mortify'd his Soul.

While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed :

Yet still he pleads and mourns ;

And double Blessings on his Head

The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace !

Thus *Christ* the Lord appears ;

While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,

And pities them with Tears.

5 He the true *David*, *Isr ael's* King.

Blest and belov'd of God,

To save us Rebels dead in Sin

Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Luk. 1. 32. Ch. 10. 21. Psal. 21. 1--9.)

1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace,
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
Fulfil's the Triumph and the Praise.

D

2 How

- 2 How great is the *Messiah's* Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.
- 3 Thy Goodness grants what-e'er he will,
Nor doth the least Request with-hold ;
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.
- 4 Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temples shine ;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlasting Days.
- 5 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes ;
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

H Y M N LXXIX.

(*Isa.* 42. 1. *Heb.* 1. 5. &c. *Psal.* 89. 1, &c)

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and Truth for ever stand
Like Heav'n establish'd by his Hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
“ With thee my Cov'nant first is made ;
“ In thee shall dying Sinners live ;
“ Glory and Grace are thine to give.
- 3 “ Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest
“ Thy Children shall be ever blest ;
“ Thou art my chosen King : thy Thron
“ Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 “ There's none of all my Sons above
“ So much my Image, or my Love ;
“ Celest

“ Celestial Pow’rs thy Subjects are ;
 “ Then what can Earth to thee compare ?

5. “ *David*, my Servant, whom I chose
 “ To guard my Flock to crush my Foes,
 “ And rais’d him to the *Jewish* Throne,
 “ Was but a Shadow of my Son.
- 6 Now let the Church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King :
 Angels his heavenly Wonders show,
 And Saints declare his Works below.

HYMN LXXX.

(*Matt.* 21. 15 16. *Psal.* 8. 1. 2.)

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY Ruler of the Skies,
 Thro’ the wide Earth thy Name is spread,
 And thine eternal Glories rise
 O’er all the Heav’ns thy Hands have made.
- 2 To thee the Voices of the Young,
 A Monument of Honour raise ;
 And Babes with uninstructed Tongue
 Declare the Wonders of thy Praise.
- 3 Thy Pow’r assists their tender Age
 To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
 To still the bold Blasphemer’s Rage,
 And all their Policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy Temple throng
 To see their great Redeemer’s Face ;
 The *Son of David* is their Song,
 And Young *Hosanna*’s fill the Place.
- 5 The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
 In vain their impious Cavils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
 While *Jewish* Babes proclaim their King.

H Y M N LXXXI.

(Heb. 2. 5. &c. Psal. 8, 3, &c.)

- 1 **L**ORD, what was Man, when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
 That thou should'st set him and his Race
 But just below an Angel's Place?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
 And make him Lord of all below,
 Make every Beast and Bird submit,
 And lay the Fishes at his Feet?
- 3 But, O what brighter Glories wait
 To crown the second *Adam's* State!
 What Honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born?
- 4 See him below his Angels made;
 See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
 To save a ruin'd World from Sin:
 But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.
- 5 The World to come redeem'd from all
 The Mis'ries that attend the Fall,
 New-made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

H Y M N LXXXII.

(Acts 4. 24. Ch. 13. 33. Heb. 1. 5. Ps. 2. 1, &c.)

- 1 **M**AKER and Sov'reign Lord
 Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,
 Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
 And answers thy Decrees.
- 2 The Things so long foretold
 By *Davia* are fulfill'd,
 When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy Child.

- 3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jesus* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the Lord their Pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they joyn.
- 5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth,
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The Nations that rebel
Must feel his Iron-Rod;
He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.

● H Y M N LXXXIII.

(Heb. 1. 10, &c. Psalm 102, 23, &c.)

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon:
Thy Years are one eternal Day;
And must thy Children die so soon!
- 3 Yet in the midst of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"Christ is the same thro' ev'ry Age.
- 4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade;
And all be chang'd at his Command.
- 5 The starry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for-ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy Face thy Church shall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World sha'l they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

(Heb. 1. 6. Psal. 97. 6,---9)

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eastern Sages to their God.

2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Those Gods on high and Gods below,

3. Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worshipers confound :
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And Earth confess her sov'reign King.

H Y M N LXXXV.

(*Rom.* 15. 3. *Job.* 15. 25. *Ch.* 2 17.
2. *Cor.* 6. 2. *Psal.* 69 1,---14.)

1 " **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling Floods
" Break in upon my Soul :
" I sink ; and Sorrows o'er my Head
" Like mighty Waters roll.

2 " I cry till all my Voice be gone,
" In Tears I waste the Day ;
" My God, behold my longing Eyes,
" And shorten thy Delay.

3. " They hate my Soul without a Cause,
" And still their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.

4 " 'Twas then I pay'd that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay ;
" And gave those Honours to thy Law,
" Which Sinners took away.

5. Thus in the great *Messiah's* Name,
The royal Prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns

- 6 " Now shall the Saints rejoice, and find
 " Salvation in thy Name :
 " For I have borne their heavy Load
 " Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.
- 7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
 " And Sackcloth was my Dress,
 " While I procur'd for naked Souls
 " A Robe of Righteousness.
- 8 " Amongst my Brethren and the *Jews*
 " I like a Stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
 " The *Gentiles* near to God.
- 9 " I came in sinful Mortals Stead
 " To do my Father's Will :
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's House,
 " They scandaliz'd my Zeal.
- 10 " My Fasting and my holy Groans
 " Were made the Drunkard's Song ;
 " But God from his celestial Throne
 " Heard my complaining Tongue.
- 11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
 " Nor let my Soul be drown'd ;
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking Feet
 " On well-establiht Ground.
- 12 " 'Twas in a most accepted Hour
 " My Pray'r arose on high,
 " And for my sake my God shall hear
 " The dying Sinner's Cry. "

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Mark 15. 23, 24. Psal. 69. 14, &c.

NOW let our lips with holy Fear
 And mournful Pleasure sing

The

- The Suff'rings of our great High-Priest,
 The Sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
 How high the Waters rise!
 While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
 He sends perpetual Cries.
- 3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 " Nor hide thy shining Face;
 " Why should thy Favourite look like one
 " Forsaken of thy Grace?
- 4 " With Rage they persecute the Man
 " That groans beneath thy Wound,
 " While for a Sacrifice I pour
 " My Life upon the Ground.
- 5 " They tread my Honour to the Dust,
 " And laugh when I complain;
 " Their sharp insulting Slanders add
 " Fresh Anguish to my Pain.
- 6 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
 " The Scandal and the Shame;
 " Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
 " And Lies defil'd my Name.
- 7 " I lookt for Pity, but in vain;
 " My Kindred are my Grief;
 " I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
 " But meet with no Relief.
- 8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirst,
 " They give me Gall for Food;
 " And sporting with my dying Groans,
 " They triumph in my Blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed Soul,
 " Let thy Compassions save;

- “ And tho’ my Flesh sink down to Death,
 “ Redeem it from the Grave.
 10. “ I shall arise to praise thy Name,
 “ Shall reign in Worlds unknown;
 “ And thy Salvation, O my God,
 “ Shall seat me on thy Throne.

HYMN LXXXVII.

(*Rom* 11. 11, 26. *Heb.* 12. 2, & 13. 13.
Psal. 69. 29. &c)

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
 I bless my Saviour’s Name;
 He bought Salvation for the Poor,
 And bore the Sinner’s Shame.
 2 His deep Distress has rais’d us high,
 His Duty and his Zeal
 Fulfill’d the Law which Mortals broke,
 And finish’d all thy Will.
 3 His dying Groans, his living Songs
 Shall better please my God,
 Than Harp or Trumpet’s solemn Sound,
 Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.
 4 This shall his humble Followers see,
 And set their Hearts at rest;
 They by his Death draw near to Thee,
 And live for ever blest.
 5 Let Heav’n and all that dwell on high
 To God their Voices raise,
 While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
 And join to advance the Praise.
 6 Zion is thine, Most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
 And Glory purchas’d by his Blood
 For thy own *Is’l* waits.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Heb. 10. 4. &c. Psal. 40. 6---9.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
 " Give your burnt Off'rings o'er,
 " In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
 " My Soul delights no more.
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
 " My God, to do thy Will ;
 " What-e'er thy sacred Books declare
 " Thy Servant shall fulfil.
- 3 " Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
 " I keep it near my Heart :
 " Mine Eyes are open'd with Delight
 " To what thy Lips impart,
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th' eternal Son appears,
 And at th' appointed Time assumes
 The Body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
 And much his Truth he shew'd ;
 And preach't the Way of Righteousness,
 Where great Assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's Honour toucht his Heart,
 He pity'd Sinners Cries.
 And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
 Was made a Sacrifice.
- 7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
 Could wash the Conscience clean ;
 But the rich Sacrifice he paid
 Atones for all our Sin.
8. Then was the great Salvation spread,
 And Satan's Kingdom shook :
 Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
 The Serpent's Head was broke.

*H Y M N lxxxix**(Aet. 2. 25, &c. Ch. 13, 35, 36. Psal. 16. 8, &c)*

- 1 " **I** Set the Lord before my Face,
 " He bears my Courage up :
 " My Heart and Tongue their Joys express,
 " My Flesh shall rest in Hope.
- 2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where Souls departed, are ;
 " Nor quit my Body to the Grave
 " To see Corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
 " And raise me to thy Throne :
 " Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,
 " Thy Presence Joys unknown.
- 4 Thus in the Name of *Christ*, the Lord,
 The holy *David* sung,
 And Providence fulfils the Word
 Of his Prophetic Tongue.
- 5 *Jesus*, whom ev'ry Saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain ;
 Behold, the Tomb its Prey restores,
 Behold, he lives again.
- 6 When shall my Feet arise and stand
 On Heav'n's eternal Hills ?
 There sits the Son at God's Right-hand,
 And there the Father smiles.

*H Y M N xc.**(Luke 24. 51. 52. Aet. 1. 9. Psal. 47.)*

- 1 **O** For a Shout of sacred Joy
 To God the Sov'reign King !
 Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
 And Hymns of Triumph sing.

- 2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high ;
 His heav'nly Guards around
 Attend him rising through the Sky,
 With Trumpets joyful Sound.
- 3 While Angels shout and praise their King,
 Let Mortals learn their Strains ;
 Let all the Earth his Honours sing ;
 O'er all the Earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
 Let Knowledge lead the Song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
 Upon a thoughtless Tongue.
- 5 In *Yr'el* stood his antient Throne,
 He lov'd that chosen Race ;
 But now he calls the World his own,
 And Heathens taste his Grace.
- 6 The *British* Kingdoms are the Lord's,
 There *Abr'am's* God is known ;
 While Powr's and Princes, Shields and Swords
 Submit before his Throne.

H Y M N XCI.

(*Eph.* 4. 8. *Heb.* 12. 18, &c. *Act.* 2. 33.
Psal. 68. 17, 18.)

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten Thousand Ange's fill'd the Sky ;
 Those Heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
 Like Chariots that attend thy State.
- 2 Not *Sinai's* Mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there ;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
 And struck the chosen Tribes with Awe.

3 How

3. How bright the Triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
 That Thousand Souls had Captive made
 Were all in Chains like Captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
 He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
 With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
 That God might dwell on Earth again.

HYMN XCH.

(*Luk. 4. 22. Heb. 1. 8, 9. Chap 4. 12. 1. Pet.*
2. 9. Job. 3. 34. Psal. 45.)

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
 Thy Beauties are Divine ;
 Thy Lpis with Blessings overflow,
 And ev'ry Grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy Glory known,
 Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
 And ride in Majesty to spread
 The Conquests of thy Word.
- 3 Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
 Or melt their Hearts t'obey,
 While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth
 Attend thy glorious Way.
- 4 Thy Laws, O God, are right;
 Thy Throne shall ever stand ;
 And thy victor'ous Gospel proves
 A Sceptre in thy Hand.
- 5 Thy Father and thy God,
 Hath without Measure shed
 His Spirit like a joyful Oil
 T' anoint thy sacred Head.
- 6 Behold, at thy Right-hand
 The *Gentile* Church is seen,

Like

Like a fair Bride in rich Attire ;
And Princes guard the Queen.

- 7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's House ;
For sake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest Thoughts employ ;
Thy Children shall his Honour sing
In Palaces of Joy.

HYMN XCIII.

(*Math. 22. 9, 42 1 Pet. 2. 4, &c Job. 12, 13.
Psal. 118.*)

- 1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse ;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon
In spite of envious *Jews*.
- 2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.
- 3 The Work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our Eyes :
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did *Jesus* rise.
- 4 This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.
- 5 *Hosanna* to the King
Of *David's* royal Blood ;

Bless

Bless him, ye Saints ; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

- 6 We bless thine holy Word,
Which all this Grace displays ;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

HYMN XCIV.

(*I/a.* 45. 21. &c. *Rom.* 3. 21, 7. *Psal.*
71. 15. &c.)

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.
- 3 My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength
To see my Father-God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my King !
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation sing.
- 6 My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs;
 With this delightful Song
 I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
 Nor think the Season long.

H Y M N XCV.

(Luk. 3. 4, 5. Heb. 3. 7, &c. Psal. 95.)

- 1 COME, let our Voices join to raise
 A sacred Song of solemn Praise :
 God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse
 His Honours in exalted Verse.
- 2 Come, let our Souls address the Lord,
 Who fram'd our Natures with his Word :
 He is our Shepherd ; we the Sheep
 His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
 The Counsels of his Love obey,
 Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
 The Sins and Plagues that *I/r'el* knew.
- 4 *I/r'el*, that saw his Works of Grace
 Yet tempt their Maker to his Face ;
 A faithless unbelieving Brood,
 That tir'd the Patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " *How false they prove !*
" Forget my Pow'r ; abuse my Love ;
" Since they despise my Rest, I swear,
" Their Feet shall never enter there."
- 6 Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
 And view those antient Rebels dead ;
 Attend the offer'd Grace to Day,
 Nor lose the Blessings by Delay.
- 7 Seize the kind Promise while ne waits,
 And march to Zion's heav'nly Gates ;
 Believe,

Believe, and take the promis'd Rest ;
Obey, and be forever blest.

H Y M N XCVI.

(*Luk.* 1. 32, 33 *Joh.* 1. 49, 51. *Psal.* 72. 8, &c)

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run ;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the Islands with their Kings,
And *Europe* her best Tribute brings ;
From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.
- 3 There *Persia* glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold ;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Praises throng to crown his Head ;
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
With every Morning-Sacrifice.
- 5 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song ;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.
- 6 Blessings abound where e'er he reigns,
The Pris'ner leaps to lose his Chains ;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing Power,
Death and the Curse are known no more ;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.

- 8 Let every Creature rise and bring,
 Peculiar Honours to our King :
 Angels descend with Songs again,
 And Earth repeat the long *Amen*.

H Y M N XCVII.

(*Matth.* 18. 20. 1 *Tim.* 3. 15. *Psal.* 132. 5, &c.)

- 1 **N**O Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
 Good *David* would afford,
 Till he had found below the Skies
 A Dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
 His Ark was settled there :
 To *Zion* the whole Nation came,
 To worship thrice a Year.
- 3 But we have no such Lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad ;
 Where-e'er thy Saints assemble now
 There is a House for God.
- 4 Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
 And enter to thy Rest,
 Lo ! thy Church waits with longing Eyes
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
 Thy Spirit and thy Word ;
 All that the Ark did once contain
 Could no such Grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
 Here let thy Praise be spread ;
 Bless the Provisions of thy House,
 And fill thy Poor with Bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine ;

Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

8. Here let him hold a lasting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

H Y M N XCVIII.

[*Eph.* 5. 19, 20. 2. *Thes.* 7. *Psal.* 97. 5]

- 1 **H**ere reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.
- 2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

- 3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, & cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.
- 4 His Enemies with sore Dismay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

H Y M N XCIX.

[*Psal.* 9, 10.]

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving Names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure Experience known!
- 2 The great JEHOVAH be ador'd,
Th' Eternal, All-sufficient LORD,

He

He thro' the World most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

- 3 Awake, our noblest Pow'rs, to bless
The God of *Abr'am*, God of Peace;
Now by a dearer Title known,
Father and God of *Christ* his Son.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear
Is open to his Servants Prayer;
Nor can one humble Soul complain,
That he hath sought his God in-vain.
- 5 What unbelieving Heart shall dare
In Whispers to suggest a Fear,
While still He owns his antient Name?
The same his Pow'r, his Love the same!
- 6 To Thee our Souls in Faith arise,
To Thee we lift expecting Eyes;
And boldly thro' the Desert tread:
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

HYMN C.

(*Psal.* 35. 3.)

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious Sound
To wretched dying Men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!
- 2 Rescu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,
From Fiends and Fires and Chains;
Rais'd to a Paradise of Bliss,
Where Love, with Glory, reigns!
- 3 But O! may a degen'rate Soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling Eye
To Blessings so divine?

4 The Lustre of so bright a Scene
 My feeble Heart o'erbears;
 And Unbelief almost perverts
 The Promise into Tears.

5 My Saviour-GOD, no Voice but Thine
 These dying Hopes can raise;
 Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,
 And turn its Tears to Praise:

6 *My Saviour-GOD* this broken Voice
 Transported shall proclaim,
 And call on all th' Angelic Harps
 To sound so sweet a Name.

H Y M N CI.

(*Psal.* 45. 3, 4)

1 **L** OUD to the Prince of Heav'n
 Your chearful Voices raise;
 To him your Vows be giv'n,
 And fill his Courts with Praise,
 With conscious Worth
 All clad in Arms,
 All bright in Charms,
 He sallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring Sword,
 Ascend thy shining Car,
 And march, Almighty Lord,
 To wage thy holy War,
 Before his Wheels
 In glad Surprise,
 Ye Valleys, rise,
 And sink, ye Hills.

3 Fair Truth, and smiling Love,
 And injur'd Righteousness
 In thy Retinue move,
 And seek from thee Redress:

Tho

Thou in their Cause
Shalt prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy Laws.

- 4 Before thine awful Face
Millions of Foes shall fall,
The Captives of thy Grace,
That Grace, which conquers all.
The World shall know,
Great King of Kings,
What wond'rous Things
Thine Arm can do.

- 5 Here to my willing Soul
Bend thy triumphant Way ;
Here ev'ry Foe controul,
And all thy Pow'r display.
My Heart, thy Throne,
Blest *Jesus*, see,
Bows low to Thee,
To Thee alone.

H Y M N CII.

(*Psal.* 107. 31)

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men. with Joy record
The various Wonders of the LORD;
And let his Pow'r and Goodness sound
Thro' all your Tribes the World around.
- 2 Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light ;
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.
- 3 Sing, Earth in verdant Robes array'd,
Its Herbs and Flow'rs, its Fruit and Shade ;
Peopled

Peopled with Life of various Forms,
Fishes and Fowls, and Beasts and Worms.

- 4 View the broad Sea's majestick Plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That Band remotest Nations joins,
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.

- 5 But, O that brighter World above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son in Flesh array'd,
For Man a bleeding Victim made.

- 6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture soar;
There in the Land of Praise adore:
This Theme demands an Angel's Tongue,
Demands a never-ending Song.

HYMN CIII.

Psal. 119. 9.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying Eyes
The Sons of Men survey,
And see how youthful Sinners sport
In a destructive Way.

- 2 Ten thousand Dangers lurk around
To bear them to the Tomb;
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,
Where Hope can never come.

- 3 Reduce, O LORD, their wand'ring Minds,
Amus'd with airy Dreams,
That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel,
Their visionary Schemes.

- 4 With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
Till each, the Desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's Hill abide.

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PART II.

FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCH IN BRATTLE STREET.



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GREENOUGH AND STEBBINS, PRINTERS.

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H Y M N S.

§ 1. FOR THE INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I. L. M.

The eternal sabbath.

- 1 GOD of the sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increas'ing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind.
Was crucified and slain !
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
Behold he lives again !
- 6 And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

HYMN 3. L. M.

The sacrifice of the heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,

- What rights, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his sov'reign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's lord,
Thy golden off'rings well may spare :
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

HYMN 4. C. M.

The sabbath of the soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purg'd from sin, may we behold
A God of purity !

HYMN 5. L. M.

The house of God.

- 1 LO, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face :

Let all within us feel his pow'r,
 Let all within us seek his grace.

- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing :
 To him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

HYMN 6. L. M.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His pow'rful word, which all things made,
 Gave life to clay, and form'd us men :
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours can we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;

Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Veni Creator.

- 1 OH ! source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night ;
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts :
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts, with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

HYMN 8. 6L L. M.

Before or after sermon.

- 1 WHILE here as wand'ring sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way !

Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,
To love thy word, and keep thy law ;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

- 2 Great source of light, to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know :
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight ;
'That, purg'd from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.
- 3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all,
O hear us, when on thee we call !
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence !
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise !

HYMN 9. 7s. M.

The acceptable worshipper.

- 1 WHO shall tow'rds thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet ?
Who shall at thine altar bend ?
Who shall Sion's hill ascend ?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest ?
- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warm'd ;
He, whose will to thine conform'd
Bids his life unfullied run ;
He, whose word and thought are one ;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

- 3 He, who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd,—
He shall tow'rd's thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet ;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

HYMN 10. 7s. M.

After sermon.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

HYMN 11. 8 & 7s. M.

For the close of public worship.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !

HYMN 12. L. M.

Doxology.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue !
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 13. 7s. M.

Before or after sermon.

- 1 LORD of nature ! source of light !
In pity view thy world below :
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy spirit !—By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven :
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness ;
Then—conduct us safe to heaven !

HYMN 14. 8 & 7s. M.

Universal praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue ;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound JEHOVAH's praise, on high.

HYMN 15. 7s. M.

Hallelujah.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high !—Hallelujah !
God whose glory fills the sky :
Lift your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.
- 2 God, whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade thro' boundless æther roll :
- 3 God, who o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing that lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 4 Sons of earth, the triumph join :
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs ;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 5 Happy, who his laws obey !
Them he rules with milder sway ;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.
- 6 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore :
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high !

§ 2. HYMNS OF GENERAL PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HYMN 16. L. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n;
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker thro' his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat JEHOVAH's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

HYMN 17. L. M.

The same subject.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy pow'r, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies :
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n ;
And men whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n :
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come :—
- 5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And thro' each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppresses the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast !
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest :
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

HYMN 18. P. M.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord I prepare a new song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king :
The God whom we worship, our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn :
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 19. 6l. L. M.

Hymn of universal praise.

- 1 TO GOD, the Lord, wake we the lay !
Let ev'ry creature homage pay,
And bow to his Almighty name !
Let heaven, and earth, and seas and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell the high inspiring theme !
- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
And, as ye wait his throne around,
Your Maker's boundless goodness sing !

Let the full choir of faints above
Join the glad strain of grateful love,
And loudly strike th' according string !

3 Ye plumed warblers of the sky,
Who, heav'nward singing, soar on high,
Your sweet melodious anthems raise !
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
Pour the full chorus of your praise !

4 Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale
Amid the flow'r-besprinkled vale,
By instinct taught, your homage join !
Rifle the rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, in sweet perfume,
As incense to the throne divine !

5 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids your waters roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the raptur'd soul.

6 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, God !
Ye thunders, speak his matchless pow'r !
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal king ;
With awe th' astonished worlds adore.

7 Let man, with nobler reason fraught,
The feeling heart, the glowing thought,
In God's high praise his pow'rs employ !
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch the strain resound,
In echoes of triumphant joy !

- 3 To God, the Lord, wake ALL the lay !
Let ev'ry creature homage pay,
And bow to his Almighty name !
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell the high inspiring theme !

HYMN 20. 7s. M.

A hymn of praise.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise, the name divine !
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine :
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme ;
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise.
- 3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ ;
And in one great chorus join :
Praise, O praise the name divine !

HYMN 21. s. M.

Sincere praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in ev'ry drefs
Her humble homage pays :

And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, oh ! let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And oft to God, my soul ! ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

HYMN 22. S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal blessings.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, our souls !
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord our souls !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives our sins,
'Tis he relieves our pain ;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,
And gives us strength again.
- 4 He crowns our lives with love,
When rescued from the grave ;
He that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'rer rest ;

The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

HYMN 23. P. M.

Thanksgiving and praise.

- 1 " MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name !"
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim :
To God their creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works
Their Author is known :
The world shines a mirror
Its Maker to show,
And heav'n views its image
Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of pow'r,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the most high :
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form ;

- Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm.
- 4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design :
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.
- 5 And man, his last work,
With reason endu'd,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renew'd ;—
To God, his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !

HYMN 24. P. M.

Praise to God from all nature.

- 1 O AZURE vaults ! O crystal sky !
The world's transparent canopy !
Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.
- 2 O light ! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy all beauty springs ;
O praise th' almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.
- 3 Great eye of all ! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day ;

O praise his name, without whose purer light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

4 Ye moon and planets ! who difpenfe
By God's command your influence ;
Refign to him, as to your Maker due,
That homage which man's folly pays to you.

5 Ye mists and vapours, hail and fnow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
Whirlwinds and tempefts ! praise th' almighty
Lord.

6 Praise him, ye monfters of the deep,
That in the fea's vaft bofom fleep ;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

7 Praise him, old monuments of time !
O praise him, ye in youthful prime !
All ye who fhine in beauty's excellence !
And praise him, thou fweet age of innocence !

8 Let the wide world his praises fmg,
From whom its various bleffings fpring :
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footftool, as in heav'n his throne !

HYMN 25. H. M.

Grateful praise.

1 TO your creator God,
Your great preferver, raife,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your higheft notes of praise :

Let every voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

- 2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

- 3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

- 4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From every tongue
A general song
Of grateful praise.

- 5 But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow :

Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest ;
Declare his praise.

HYMN 26. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of nature.

- 1 O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,
Great pow'r supreme, almighty Lord !
Author of life, whose sov'reign sway
Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey !
- 2 To thee, most high, to thee belong,
The suppliant pray'r, the joyful song ;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, those wand'ring worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move ;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heav'n's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful show'r,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow,
- 5 Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked light'nings dart around,
And rive the oak and blast the ground.
- 6 Yet, pleas'd to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

- 7 Of nature's laws, and nature's king,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing ;
The debt of humble praise we pay ;
Father, accept the grateful lay.

HYMN 27. L. M.

All nature invoked to praise the Creator.

- 1 YE blest'd inhabitants of heav'n !
To God be all your praises given :
O praise him in the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.
- 2 Praise him, thou sun, that round the pole
With restless course art seen to roll ;
Ye moon and stars, his praise repeat ;
Praise him, ye heav'ns, his awful seat !
- 3 Nor let the heav'ns his praise confine,
Let all of earth the chorus join ;
Ye beasts that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.
- 4 Praise him, each bird, that wings the air,
Each reptile nurtur'd by his care ;
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry storm,
That dutious his commands perform.
- 5 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary fire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs ;
To him alone all praise belongs.
- 6 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflow's,
Nor highest heav'n its limit knows ;
O come, your thankful voices raise,
And consecrate to him your praise.

HYMN 28. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around :
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And blest the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows :
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art :
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er !
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

HYMN 29. L. M.

The voice of God in his works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine—
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

HYMN 30. 7s. M.

The perfections and providence of God;

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Th' heavens high, and all their state :
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main :
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tress'd sun,
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye :
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMN 31. C. M.

The perfections of God displayed in his works.

- 1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food ;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes ;
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is with us still.
- 7 'Tis on his earth we stand or move,
And 'tis his air we breathe ;
All heav'n he fills with beams of love,
With terrors hell beneath.
- 8 On him each moment we depend ;
If he withdraw, we die :
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Habitual devotion.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting pow'r !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :—
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :—
That heart shall rest on thee !

HYMN 33. L. M.

Give thanks to God in all things.

- 1 GREAT God ! our joyful thanks to thee,
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be :
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our num'rous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

- 3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And ills which cause our hearts to mourn,
'Thou canst to real blessings turn.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon our thankful breast
Let all thy favours be imprest ;
That we may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 May we, with grateful hearts each day
For all thy gifts our praises pay ;
And still delighted may we be
In all things to give thanks to thee !

HYMN 34. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
'That glows in my enraptur'd heart !—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay
Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 13 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise—
 For oh ! eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN 35. 7s. M.

Praise to God for his greatness and mercy

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favour'd mortals, raise the song ;
 Endless thanks to God belong ;
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise :
 Glory be, &c.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
 From creation's utmost bound ;
 Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
 There be solemn praise address'd :
 Glory be, &c.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand !
 Pow'r, no empire can withstand ;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
 Goodness, one eternal stream :
 Glory be, &c.
- 5 Awful Being ! from thy throne
 Send thy 'promis'd blessings down ;
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
 Bid our raging passions cease :

HYMN 36. L. M.

Divine majesty and goodness in the terrible appearances
of nature.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings !
- 3 Around him rang'd in awful state,
Dark silent storms attentive wait ;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sov'reign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands the imprison'd winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrow'd lands ;
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride.
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destin'd course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

HYMN 37. 10s. M.

Thanks to God for creation and preservation.

1 THOU pow'r supreme, by whose command
we live !

The grateful tribute of our praise receive :
To thy indulgence we our being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.

2 Not many suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this
sphere,

Since thy creative eye our form survey'd,
'Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.

3 Thy skill our elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on the soul ;

4 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor force, nor time, shall e'er
destroy ;
Which shall survive, tho' nature claim our
breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death ;

5 To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more :
Author of life ! in vain our voice essays
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.

6 How shall our hearts their grateful sense reveal,
Where all the energy of words must fail ?
O may its influence in our lives appear,
And ev'ry action prove our thanks sincere !

HYMN 38. 7s. M.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.
- 5 These, to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
'Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain,
The early and the latter rain ;

Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

- 9 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Thro' life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God !

HYMN 40. C. M.

The universal prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord !
- 2 Thou great first cause ! least understood ;
Who all my sense confin'd,

To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

4 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives ;
T' enjoy is to obey.

5 Yet, not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

6 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw ;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

7 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

8 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

9 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

- 10 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O ! lead me, wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.
- 11 This day be bread and peace my lot ;—
But all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.
- 12 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !

HYMN 41. C. M.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! eternal mind !
Immensely good and great !
Thy children form'd and blest'd by thee,
Approach thine awful seat.
- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung ;
We join the solemn praise :
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy mild, thy wise, and righteous reign
Let ev'ry being own ;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds
Thy blest commands fulfil ;
So may the creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.

- 5 On thee we day by day depend ;
Our daily wants supply ;
With truth and virtue feed our souls,
That they may never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault ;
Oh ! let thy love forgive ;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread ;
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we would adore,
With cheerful, humble mind :
And praise thy goodness, pow'r and truth,
Eternal, unconfi'd !

HYMN 42. L. M.

Paraphrase of the Lord's prayer.

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love,
And earth like heav'n obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake :
O let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour !
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r ;
Be thine the glory evermore !

§ 3. HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

HYMN 43. L. M.

To the unknown God.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has fought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

HYMN 44. L. M.

God's omniscience and omnipresence.

- 1 FATHER of all ! omniscient mind !
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend ?

- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
- 3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise ;
In splendour there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore ;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry vital part ;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know !
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

HYMN 45. L. M.

The majesty of God.

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day !
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 Let Lebanon her cedars bring
To blaze before the sovereign king,
And all the beasts, that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

- 3 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 4 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 5 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God ! to thee.

HYMN 46. L. M.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen us
through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
Our waking and our sleeping hours,
Our heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known :
He knows the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power we stand ;
On every side we find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
Our souls, with all the pow'rs they boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

- 5 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest !
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.
-
- 6 Could we so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could we thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 7 If mounted on a morning-ray
We fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.
- 8 Or should we try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 9 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.
- 10 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they 're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what thou wilt spy,
And hell lies naked to thine eye.
- 11 O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest !
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

HYMN 47. L. M.

God the intellectual light.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the world above ;
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay bury'd in eternal gloom.
- 3 *Let there be light !* JEHOVAH said,
And light o'er all its face was spread :
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Our souls reviv'd by heav'n-born light,
Shall be in all thy image bright,
While all our faculties shall join
To praise the Lord of light divine.

HYMN 48. L. M.

God the leader of his people.

- 1 O GOD of our forefathers ! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near,
And place our trust on thee alone.
- 2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame)

- Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 From Egypt when thy chosen race
Triumphant urg'd their wondrous way,
Divinely led, behold they pass
Th' unwatry deep, the empty'd sea:
- 4 At distance heap'd on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 5 That arm, which is not shorten'd now,
Which wants not now the pow'r to save,
Shall, present with thy people still,
Bear them o'er life's tumultuous wave.
- 6 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,
Shouting, their heav'nly Canaan gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home,

HYMN 49. C. M.

God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And own your maker God!
Our trembling souls with awe profound,
Would spread his name abroad.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,

Whate'er through endless years should rise
Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bade ancient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And lo ! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

5 There's not a sparrow nor a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees :
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

6 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.

7 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !
We would not wish to know
What in the book of thy decrees
Awaits us here below.

8 Be this alone our fervent pray'r,
Whate'er our lot shall be :
Or joys or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heav'n, and thee !

HYMN 50. C. M.

The eternal dominion of God.

5 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made :

- Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 51. L. M.

God eternal and unchangeable,

- 1 ALL-pow'rful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being, source of good !
Immutable dost thou remain ;

Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd :
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his wand'ring track :
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will :
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

HYMN 52. P. M.

The unrivalled power and dominion of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopl'd earth his praise proclaim ;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
founding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs
founding.
- 2 He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land ;
JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne.
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

- 3 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass
away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings :
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 4 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amid the common ruins of the sky ;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.
- 5 But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne :
JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone :
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same :
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 6 But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise :
Cease, cease, your songs, the daring flight control ;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN 53. L. M.

Providence and Grace.

- 1 THY providence supplies our food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;

Our souls are nourish'd by thy word—
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

- 2 Our streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er we want his mercies give,
By whom our souls for ever live.
- 3 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if we feel it, heals again ;
From outward evils shields our breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
- 4 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude we owe :
It meant thy praise, however poor—
An angel's song can do no more.

HYMN 54. C. M.

God every where the refuge of his servants.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt, thro' burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the bois'trous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,

- They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of pray'r
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee !

HYMN 55. G. L. M.

God our shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,

- Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

HYMN 56. c. m.

The blessings of Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
Kind guardian of our days !
Thy mercies let our hearts record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, our tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere we could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe our infant pray'r.
- 3 When reason with our stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray !
How little of our God we knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 Around our path what dangers rose !
What snares o'erspread our road !

- No power could guard us from our foes,
But our preserver, God.
- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd us from impending death,
And bade our tears remove.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.
- 7 Then shall our joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays ;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Eternity of God.

- 1 O THOU the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !
- 2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand ;
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;
- 3 That pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,

Appear no more before thy fight,
Than yesterday that's past.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The creation of the world.

- 1 LET heav'n arise, let earth appear !
Said the Almighty Lord :
The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep :
God said, *Let there be light !*
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd those orbs of light ;
He caus'd the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' almighty king,
Did vital beings frame ;

Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

- 8 To all the various brutal tribes,
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made.
His Maker's image blest'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' almighty Maker's eye,
The whole creation stood;
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd;
His word pronounc'd it good.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Creation of man.

- 1 A GOD, a God, the wide earth shouts!
A God! the heav'ns reply:
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.
- 2 "Let us make man"—with beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein,
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.
- 3 Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.
- 4 Ye hills, and vales! ye meads and woods!
Sun! with o'erpow'ring glare,

- Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what we are ?
- 5 What parent pow'r, all great and good,
Do these around me own ?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown !

HYMN 60. c. m.

The first and second coming of Christ.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue !
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came,
A guilty world to save ;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea !
Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys ! rise ;
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 Again he comes, with pow'rful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,

And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted head.

- 7 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

HYMN 61. L. M.

Christ the image of the invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thy offspring here, unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thy image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son thy pow'r divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though Jews who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turn'd away their face ;
Yet those, who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou ! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 6 While we, thine image there display'd,
With love and admiration view,

Form us in likeness to our head,
That we may bear thy image too.

HYMN 62. S. M.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of peace !
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely drefs.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way :
The path which Christ unwearied trod,
Will lead to endless day.

HYMN 63. L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey :

- Extend the kingdom of thy son,
Till ev'ry land his laws shall own.
- 2 They form to righteousness the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind ;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions sooth to rest.
- 4 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round ;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

HYMN 64. H. M.

Fruitful showers, emblems of the effects of the gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Thro' every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,

And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious feed
Of future years.

- 3 So, faith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend :
Millions of souls
Shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down
To millions more.

HYMN 65. 6l. L. M.

Jesus Christ.

- 1 SAGES of ancient letter'd times !
In ev'ry age, and diff'rent climes,
For wisdom fam'd among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly-scatter'd rays,
Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze
Of the supreme eternal mind.
- 2 Mercy's great year, in heav'n enroll'd,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd ;
Light of the world, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.
- 3 Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught ;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame leap like the bounding roe :

The rayless eyeballs drink the light,
Death yields his spoils to Jesus' might,
And demons shrink to shades below.

- 4 O works of pow'r, O works of love,
Ethereal embaſſage to prove,
That ev'ry riſing doubt controul;
Pledge of the pow'r and love more ſtrong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miſeries of the ſoul.

- 5 Prince of celeftial peace, to thee
Shall bow in reverence every knee,
From ev'ry mouth thy praises flow;
All thy commands are mild and juſt,
Thy promiſe faithful to our truſt,
Will pardon, peace, and heav'n beſtow.

HYMN 66. C. M.

The miſſion of Jeſus Chriſt.

- 1 HARK the glad ſound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promiſ'd long!
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.
- 2 On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wiſdom, and pow'r, and zeal, and love
His ſacred breſt inſpire.
- 3 He comes, the priſ'ners to releaſe,
In wretched bondage held:
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our songs of joy and gratitude
His welcome shall proclaim :
Hail to the prince of peace, who comes
In God our father's name !

HYMN 67. H. M.

Christ seen of angels.

- 1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne !
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His radiant face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heav'n-born child
In simplest form array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud,

- 3 Ye in the wilderuess
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every drefs,
In every combat foil'd :
 And joy'd to crown
 The victor's head,
 When Satan fled
 Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye prefs'd with strong desire,
That wondrous fight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
 And could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Had dropp'd it there
 In sad surprife.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep :
 Then roll'd the stone,
 And all ador'd
 Your rising Lord
 With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light
The shining conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest found.

- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise ;
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

HYMN 68. C. M.

The light and glory of God's word.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 His hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Faith in the invisible God.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God ! to thee !
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
Witness to its supreme desire :
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight,
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

HYMN 70. L. M.

Imitation of God.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own :
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories, which are thine alone.

- 2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe :
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.
- 3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in thy godlike nature share ;
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may we be, averse from sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

HYMN 71. L. M.

The example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
So let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight :
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love :
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

HYMN 72. C. M.

The example of Jesus.

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
'The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, fought his life ;
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd ;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done !"

- 7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

HYMN 73. 7s. M.

Christ risen, and death vanquished.

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away !
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom !
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song,
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.
- 3 Powers of heav'n, celestial choirs,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !
- 4 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?—Hallelujah

HYMN 74. S. M.

The right and duty of private judgment.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye :
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

- 2 O may we still maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

HYMN 75. L. M.

Devotion vain without virtue.

- 1 'TH' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
'Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

HYMN 76. L. M.

Candour.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own ;
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right,
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

HYMN 77. S. M.

Christian unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,
And only kindness known,

Where all one common father have,
One common master own.

- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 78. L. M.

Christian zeal tempered by charity.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees ev'ry passion in my soul !
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And O, let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.
- 3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will ;
While hope and heav'n-ey'd faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal :
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above :
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

HYMN 79. L. M.

The properties of christian charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim :

- If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a founding name.
- 2 Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire ;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
And slowly her resentments rise :
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage retires and malice dies.
- 4 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn ;
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day !
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;

Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN 81. L. M.

Christian friendship.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and mortal woe ;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sick'ning fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Christian charity.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands !

- His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN 83. 7s. M.

Love to God and man.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wife, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what off'rings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unfullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with lib'ral store :
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN '84. C. M.

Mutual love.

- 1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows
Within each brother's breast ;

- And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blest :
- 2 Sweet as the od'rous balsam pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest
A breathing fragrance shed.
- 3 Like morning dew on Sion's mount
That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp,
Which Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend :
On earth a life of joy and peace,
And life that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 85. L. M.

The christian warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's filken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;

Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

- 5 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell ;
The Man of Calv'ry triumph'd here :
Why should his faithful foll'wers fear ?

HYMN 86. c. m.

The pilgrimage of life.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promis'd soil :
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise ;
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 The flow'rs that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our master trod :
We bear the cross he bore ;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away,
In ecstasies of love ;

And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The power of faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all our cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

HYMN 88. C. M.

Zeal and vigour in the christian race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye :—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way.

How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life, Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN 90. L. M.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 OUR God, as merciful as just,
Kindly remembers man is dust ;
His ear is open to his cries,
His grace will meet our lifted eyes,
- 2 He reads the language of a tear,
Listens to sighs from hearts sincere ;
He marks the dawn of virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax to flame.
- 3 Set us from earthly bondage free,
Still ev'ry wish that strays from thee ;
Bid, LORD, our vain disquiets cease,
And point our path to endless peace.
- 4 If in the vale of tears we stray,
Where wounding thorns perplex our way,
Still let our souls thy goodness see,
And with strong faith lay hold on thee.
-

- 5 With joy, my soul, thy lot receive,
Resign'd alike to die or live ;
Kissing the sceptre or the rod,
See God in all, and all in God.
- 6 With thee in solitudes I walk,
With thee in crowded cities talk,
In ev'ry creature own thy power,
In each event thy will adore.
- 7 Thy hopes shall animate my soul,
Thy precepts guide, thy fear control ;
Within the temple of thy arms,
I'll rest secure from all alarms.
- 8 Thus, when the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before mine eye,
From cares and gloomy terrors free,
I feel omnipotent in thee.
- 4 Teach me to quit this transient scene,
With decent triumph look serene ;
Help me to fix my hopes on high :
To thee I've liv'd, in thee I'll die.

HYMN 91. c. m.

Aspiration after the christian temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumber'd worlds !
Supreme, eternal king !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide,

- 3 What'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit ;
I'll blest the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known :
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food :
I ask not wealth nor fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to blest thy name.
- 7 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

HYMN 92. L. M.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost :—

- 3 Assist us Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-pois'd and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 5 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !
- 6 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 7 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

HYMN 93. C. M.

In a thunder storm.

- 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
Which thunders through the sky :
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day,

- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice.
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul :
- 7 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 94. L. M.

A good conscience the best support.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That Friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though heav'n afflict, I'll not repine :
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts, which over death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smoothe my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN 95. L. M.

A happy life.

- 1 HOW happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Unty'd to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who envies none that chance doth raise ;
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

- 4 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
Whose heart as open as the day
Fears not to call his God his friend.
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He, having nothing, yet hath all.

HYMN 96. 8 & 6 M.

True happiness.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has little to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow ;
Our bliss begins at home.
- 2 We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
And if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts improve it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
- 3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n :
This, gracious God, is wisdom's part :
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

- 4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead :
- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Peace and happiness the portion of the righteous.

- 1 Let none be envious when they see
The wicked in a prosp'rous state ;
Or, tempted by their short success,
Grow bold their crimes to imitate.
- 2 Think not mere wealth makes happy men ;
The portion of the virtuous poor
Is better far than wicked men's
Ill-got, or ill-employed store.
- 3 Let others foolishly expect
How kind the flatt'ring world will prove :
We'll seek our God alone to please,
And be ambitious of his love.
- 4 God, who is always good and just,
Those who are like himself will own ;
And they shall flourish and abide,
When wicked men are overthrown.

- 5 Mark, then, the good and perfect man !
Mark him that's upright in his ways !
Mercy attends him all his life,
And peace and comfort close his days.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Religious retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Thou source of light divine ;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee ! and what love,
A vast and boundless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more !

HYMN 99. C. M.

Instructions to the young, from a review of past dispensations of Providence.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

HYMN 100. C. M.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy creator, God ;
For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea :
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

HYMN 101. C. M.

The aged christian's prayer.

- 1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days !
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
I've seen thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age :
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death.
Attends my next remove :
Oh ! may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love !

HYMN 102. C. M.

The aged christian's reflections and hope.

- 1 ETERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high !
Whom heav'nly hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh !
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool :
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on ;
What's human must decay :
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour ;
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

HYMN 103. C. M.

Acquiescence in the will of God,

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee :
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh ! let thy pow'r within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill :

- 4 Not what we wish but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN 104. S. M.

Virtuous desires.

- 1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shews to all,
Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Give us the tender heart
That mingles fear with love ;
And lead us through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 Oh ! ever keep our souls
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Divine mercy in affliction.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy pow'r divine :

- We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will ;
And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

HYMN 106. S. M.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 MY Father !—cheering name !
O may I call thee mine ?
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;

Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring fight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father ! blifsful name !
Above expreffion dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

HYMN 107. C. M.

Prosperity and adverfity.

1 THE LORD ! how tender is his love !
His juftice how auguft !
Hence all her fears my foul derives,
There anchors all her truft.

2 He fhew'rs the manna from above,
To feed the barren wafte ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blaft.

3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,
Are duft beneath his tread :
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
And shakes the learned head.

4 He bids diftrefs forget to groan,
The fick from anguifh ceafe ;
In dungeons fpreads his healing wing,
And foftly whifpers peace.

5 Thy pow'r directs the rufhing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame :

Thy goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.

- 6 For us, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring ;
Do all our with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ;
- 7 Oh ! grant that still with grateful heart
Our years resign'd may run ;
'Tis thine to give or to resume ;
And may thy will be done !

HYMN 108. L. M.

Man's dependence on God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
The hand of God conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 He giveth with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On his eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God ! on thee.

HYMN 109. C. M.

The mystery and benignity of Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful faints ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 110. C. M.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign

- Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 111. C. M.

The same subject.

- 2 WHEN present suff'rings pain our hearts,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes :
- 2 Thy pow'rful word supports our hopes,
Rich cordial of the mind !
And bears our fainting spirits up,
And bids us wait resign'd.
- 3 And oh ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,

- Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;
- 4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free :
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 5 Let the blest hope that we are thine,
Our path of life attend ;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.

HYMN 112. S. M.

Light and deliverance.

- 1 THE trav'ler, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to gospel light
My dawn of hope I owe ;

Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

- 6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, LORD, to thee !

HYMN 113. C. M.

The vicissitudes of providence.

- 1 THE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd ;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear:
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then, christian ! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care ;
Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

HYMN 114. 7s. M.

Complete happiness not designed for man on earth.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wherefoe'er you turn your eyes,

- Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind—
Make not these alone your choice,
Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect blifs.
- 4 Perfect blifs resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Blifs that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.
- 5 What, like this, has earth to give ?
O ye righteous ! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to blifs sincere.

HYMN 115. C. M.

God the only source of consolation.

- 1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control ;

- The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care ;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.
- 5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.
- 6 'Tis thou, great God ! alone canst check
The progress of disease ;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.
- 7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

HYMN 116. P. M.

God the only refuge of the afflicted.

- 1 HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days !
- 2 Thou alone, the great author of all !
The faithful, unchangeable friend !

- Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone, from all evils defend.
- 3 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;
And to him who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.
- 4 When my heart throbb'd with pain and alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread—
When sickness pervaded my frame ;
Then my soul on my maker was staid.
- 5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of calamity's night ;
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.
- 7 Great source of my comforts restor'd !
Thou healer and balm of my woes !
Thou hope and desire of my soul !
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days !

HYMN 117. C. M.

Comfort in sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;

- Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death
Its hated sceptre shows ;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul !
On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heav'n his soul relies ;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

HYMN 118. C. M.

The supreme good.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make us blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring specious wile :

There's nought can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

HYMN 119. S. M.

Absence from God.

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !

2 See ! low before thy throne
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?

3 Absent from thee, my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

4 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;

Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

HYMN 120. C. M.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

- 1 TO thee, my God ! my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy will approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die !
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh !

HYMN 121. C. M.

Imploring divine direction.

- 1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide ;

Supported by thy pow'rful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts :
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring guide !
I would myself resign ;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.

4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me ;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

HYMN 122. P. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of hearts.

1 O HEAR me, Lord ! to thee I call
And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
O Lord, my pray'r propitious hear,
And bow to my requests thine ear !

2 Searcher of hearts ! my thoughts review ;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

3 To thee my inmost heart is known :
Regard me from thy lofty throne ;
Nor e'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heav'nly Lord, deny !

HYMN 123. L. M.

God is love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

HYMN 124. 7s. M.

Freedom from error, guilt, and folly.

- 1 BLEST instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth the mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise ;

- Let us thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude :
- 3 So our lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 4 Let our tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee :
To thy all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 5 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, our strength! propitious hear..

HYMN 125. C. M.

Hope of divine mercy.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be fought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee ;
Thy nature is benign ;

- 'Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.
- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul !
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend;
And time shall be no more.

HYMN 126. 7s. M.

Invitations of mercy.

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain :
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound !

Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN 127. C. M.

The mercy of God.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears ;
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive :
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 128. L. M.

Penitence.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free !
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And tho' my pray'r thou should'st not hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn, remain ;
Give me to bear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness,

HYMN 129. 6l. L. M.

Imploring divine mercy.

- 1 OUT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,

- To heav'n we raise our warm addrefs ;
Deign, O our God ! to hear our pray'r :
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God ! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could fuch a scrutiny abide :
But mercy fhines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of univerfal praise !
- 3 With longing eyes we feek the Lord,
Before his throne our fouls attend :
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fix'd, our hopes depend :
On wings of love our fouls fhall rife
In contemplation to the fkies.
- 4 Ye pious minds ! on God rely ;
With full affurance in him truft ;
He fends redemption from on high,
And raifes finners from the duft :
He will at length abfolve his heirs
From all their guilt and all their fears.

HYMN 130. L. M.

Hope in the mercy of God.

- 1 OPPREST with guilt, or grief, or care,
Great God ! thy humble fuppliants hear :
Though funk, we ne'er can fink fo low,
But thou canft hear the voice of woe.
- 2 Shouldft thou againft each evil deed
In ftrict feverity proceed ;
By merit, without mercy, try'd,
None could be clear'd, and juftify'd.

- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn and fear thy name ;
To thy rich grace, O LORD ! we fly,
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Ye contrite hearts who guilt deplore !
Come seek his face and sin no more ;
Then shall we know that God is kind,
And full redemption with him find.

HYMN 131. 7s. M.

A penitential hymn.

- 1 GOD of mercy, GOD of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things 'as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs !

HYMN 132. L. M.

The prayer of the penitent.

- 1 O TURN, great ruler of the skies !
Turn from my sins thy searching eyes !
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 2 Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade,
The weak and contrite soul to aid :
Then let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine.
- 3 O let the fulness of thy grace
Each error in my life efface—
But thy decrees, almighty fire !
Integrity of heart require.
- 4 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 5 The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its prayers, its groans, its sighs,
To thee in full acceptance rise.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Things below and things above.

- 1 OF mortal life how short the date !
Like flow'rs, which in their brightest state
With gaudy hues the fields adorn,
But soon by passing storms are torn !

- 2 Their boasted beauty rest away,
How quick the vernal blooms decay !
Each in an hour its pride resigns,
And with'ring in the dust reclines.
- 3 Behold it droop, behold it waste !
Nor can the bed, which late it grac'd,
Point to the fond inquirer's view,
Where once the short-liv'd wonder grew.
- 4 So transient is the life of man,
At most a brief contracted span ;
It blooms, it fades,—and serves to show
How vain, how frail are “ things below.”
- 5 To “ things above,” with fix'd desire
Then let our better hopes aspire ;
To realms, where, in eternal day,
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay.

HYMN 134. C. M.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 TIME—what an empty vapour 'tis !
Our days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh :
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting bounties share,
And all the riches of thy grace
Still crown the rolling year.

- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
Be his blest name ador'd !
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when in dust we lie,
Let age to age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature die.

HYMN 135. S. M.

A timely improvement of life.

- 1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Spreads o'er the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace ;
Improve the hours of light ;
And know your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from sanguine vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
-

- 6 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 7 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away :
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 8 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.
- 9 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursu'd !
Left, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

HYMN 136. C. M.

The instability of worldly enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent, or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die :
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high !

HYMN 137. C. M.

Human frailty.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known :
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

HYMN 138. L. M.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

- 1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time its being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thy unvary'd law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Loft in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulph from which it rose.
- 3 With it, the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show ;
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HYMN 139. L. M.

The prospect of sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN all the pow'rs of nature fail ;
When sickness shall our hearts assail,
And ev'ry nobler part pervade ;
When ev'ry earthly wish shall fade :
- 2 When pain, of ev'ry nerve possess'd,
Shall vibrate in the throbbing breast ;

- And languor o'er our senses steal,
And medicine lose its pow'r to heal :
- 3 When death shall chill the vital heat ;
When these fond hearts shall cease to beat,
These falt'ring tongues forget to speak,
" A mortal paleness on my cheek : "
- 4 When our dim eyes are sunk in death,
And God, who gave, shall take our breath ;
Do thou sustain our fainting heart,
And comfort to our souls impart.
- 5 May thy bright presence bring relief
From fear, despondency and grief :
Thy cheering voice direct our way
To regions of eternal day.

HYMN 140. L. M.

The final judgment.

- 1 THE heart dejected sighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns below ;
Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age,
The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away ;
Fast hastens the important day,
When to th' astonish'd world's surprise,
God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound ;
The rising dead assemble round ;
In long procession see they come,
Each to receive his final doom.
- 4 Lo there a vile, degen'rate race ;
Pale terror sits on ev'ry face :

- Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suffering virtue stand.
- 5 The sentence pass'd, lo ! these arise
To bliss and glory in the skies :
While those who once stood high in fame,
Sink to contempt and endless shame.
- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade, divinely fair ;
And blushing doubt with joy confess
The Lord's a God of righteousness.

HYMN 141. C. M.

The peace of the grave.

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;

Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

HYMN 143. C. M.

The christian happy in death.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blest'd ;
How calm their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;

The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So, to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
We'll wait heav'n's high decree ;
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set us free.

HYMN 145 C. M.

God the everlasting light of good men.

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n ! farewell,
With all your feeble light :
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale impress of the night !

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames array'd !
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;

Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his faints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

HYMN 146. 8 8 & 6s. M.

The dying saint.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse from sin !
Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smoothe his brow !
See bending angels downward bow,
To lift his soul on high !
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

3 The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those horrors which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display ;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day.

- 4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast ;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.
- 5 O grant, my Saviour, and my friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm my evening close ;
While loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To him from whom I rose.

HYMN 147. C. M.

A prospect of heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 148. S. M.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There sickness never comes,
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there,

- 6 There's no alternate night,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 Oh ! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

HYMN 148. 6l. L. M.

Life, death, and resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL God, how frail is man !
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave :
Who can prolong his vital breath ?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?
- 2 But let no murm'ring heart complain,
That therefore man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust :
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus has made thy purpose known,
A new and better life has shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear :
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

§ 4. HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

HYMN 149. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request.
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song :
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron-sleep ?
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

HYMN 150. L. M.

Fidelity to our Saviour.

- 1 SHALL I forsake that heav'nly Friend,
On whom my noblest hopes depend ?
Forbid it, that my wand'ring heart
From thee, my Saviour, should depart !
- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget thy gracious will ;
Ere I submit to guilty shame,
And bring dishonour on his name.
- 3 Faithful to thee and to thy laws,
With zeal I would maintain thy cause,
The cause of truth and righteousness,
'Midst trial, suff'ring, and distress.
- 4 If e'er I'm call'd t'encounter death
For thee, may I resign my breath ;
And reap, at last, the bright reward
Which waits the servants of the Lord.

HYMN 151. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 "EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend !" —
Such was our master's last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields, .
And happy they who sit with thee.

HYMN 152. c. m.

Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of Christ.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught
Inspir'd by love, he dy'd.
- 3 And do you love him ? do you feel
Your warm affections move ?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be ev'ry mind ;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

HYMN 153. P. M.

Angels proclaiming the birth of Christ.

- 1 NO war nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat, while all around
The gentle fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet musick, offspring of no mortal hand ;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning band.
- 4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight.
Harping in solemn quire, in robes array'd,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings display'd.
- 5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God dispos'd in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

- 6 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
The Saviour Christ is born :
(Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime)
Glory to God in heav'n !
To man sweet peace be giv'n,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !

HYMN 154. C. M.

For Christmas day.

- 1 ON Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.
- 2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear ;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.
- 3 " Shepherds of Judah ! cease your fears,
And calm your troubled mind ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 4 This day almighty Love fulfils
Its great eternal word ;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 5 There shall ye find the heav'nly babe
In humblest weeds array'd ;
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."

- 6 He ceas'd ; and sudden all around
Appear'd a radiant throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Warbling their choral song.
- 7 " Glory to God, from whom on high
All-gracious mercies flow !
Who sends his heaven-descended peace
To dwell with man below ! "

HYMN 155. 7s. M.

For the last day of a year.

- 1 WHILE, by calm reflection led,
We review each passing year,
Think how many souls are fled,
Never more to meet us here !
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have now no cares below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 3 Life how frail ! how fleeting breath !
Fate stands threat'ning still in view ;
And the next dread bolt of death
May be sent to me or you.
- 4 While we speak, and while we hear,
Teach us, Lord, with awe to think,—
Vast eternity is near,
We are standing on the brink.
- 5 As the winged arrow flies
Quick, the destin'd mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :

- 6 So our brief and tranſient days
To their end ſpeed ſwiftly on ;
Soon we paſs life's little ſpace,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 7 Lord our ſuppliant vows receive ;
Pardon of our ſins renew ;
Teach us by thy grace to live,
With eternity in view.
- 8 Bleſs thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's ſhort tale is told,
Take us to thy bliſs above !

HYMN 156. L. M.

The year crowned with goodneſs.

For a New Year, or Annual Thankſgiving.

- 1 ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear ;
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole :
By thee the ſun is taught to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.
- 3 The flow'ry ſpring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The ſummer-rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coaſts redundant ſtores ;
And winters, ſofter'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning shade !
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN 157. L. M.

The vanity and frailty of human life.

For a new year.

- 1 OUR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many ev'n in youth's gay flower,
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb !
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
When thou dost man to death decree !
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers ! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day,
A transient guest—thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

- 6 O Lord of life and seasons ! we
Our sole reliance place on thee :
In thee we trust with holy fear—
And blest thee for the new-born year !

HYMN 158. C. M.

For a Fast Day.

- 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Good God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
See their united pray'rs ascend ;
And shall these prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes ?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode :
Long has thy presence blest our land :
Forfake us not, O God !

- 7 O may our people, rulers, priests,
Thy choicest blessings share ;
And know thee by that glorious name,
“ The God who heareth pray’r ! ”

HYMN 159. L. M.

Hymn in time of war.

- 1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground ;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp’d on human kind
The image of a heav’n-born mind,
And in a father’s wide embrace
Hast cherish’d all the kindred race ;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers’ blood !
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd’ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev’rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son’s blest errand from above,
“ My creatures, live in mutual love ! ”

HYMN 160. L. M.

Hymn for a Fast.

- 1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r :
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor,
Or avarice stain the sordid hand ;
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land :
- 5 The God, who hears the orphan's cry,
The martyr's pray'r, and prisoner's groan,
Still list'ning to the poor oppress'd,
Would spurn th' oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet though enormous crimes abound,
Should but a generous sorrow rise ;
And as new troubles threaten round
'Midst wasting wars, and angry skies ;
- 7 Should in her sober hour, our land
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,
Who lov'd to own thee as her God.

HYMN 161. S. M.

The designs of Providence in the changes and revolutions
of the world.

For a National Fast.

- 1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;
But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare ;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost ;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and woe prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Myfterious is the course
Of his tremendous way :
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd ;
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd !
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man ;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

HYMN 162. 6l. L. M.

Thanksgiving for national prosperity.

- 1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King !
From thee our publick blessings spring :
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from ev'ry foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

HYMN 163. L. M.

Praise for national peace.

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :

- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails.
The fields are green and plenty sings,
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

HYMN 164. L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 **THEY** that have made their refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.
- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Still they are safe: the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 165. H. M.

Thanks to God our preserver in times of epidemical
sickness.

- 1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tow'r
To which we fly ;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
- 1 Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Thy servants keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there :

Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade,
To guard our head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death ?
And we can trust thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath :
We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

HYMN 166. c. m.

Hymn for those who have returned from abroad.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God, ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er many a desert wide ;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With thee his guard, and guide :—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending low'r,
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty pow'r ;—

- 5 The wretch, who, press'd by countless woes
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord, on thee :—
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heav'nly aid they prove ;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy goodness, pow'r, and love !

HYMN 167. L. M.

At the settlement of a minister.

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels ! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below ;
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band ;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employment ! glorious hope !
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share ?
- 5 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

HYMN 169. L. M.

On the dangerous sickness of a minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay:
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thy angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN 169. C. M.

For a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.

- 1 THOUGH earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

- 2 Th' eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly ;
And on th' eternal shepherd's care
With cheerful hope rely.
- 4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord, are thine ;
And thine the aids of grace :
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 5 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants blest :
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

HYMN 171. L. M.

A funeral hymn.

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends belov'd, and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living friend.
- 3 Parent, protector, guardian, guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

- 4 Our father God ! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 172. L. M.

A hymn for morning or evening.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like morning dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;
To thee we consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 173. 7s. M.

Meditations in the night season.

- 1 WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way :

- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above these spangl'd skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise ;
- 5 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear :
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart ;
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee !

HYMN 174. L. M.

Morning hymn.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Family duties and blessings.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word ;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.
To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.
- 3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows ;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joys that parents only know.
- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise ;
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

HYMN 176. P. M.

Concluding hymn of General Praise.

- 1 ALL nature, hear the sacred song !
Attend, O earth, the solemn strain !
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along ;
Ye darkening storms of beating rain ;
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear ;
And solitary deserts, hear !

Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creatures of his power aspire their voice to
raise.

- 2 O may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where he, whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwells alone.
'Tis he we sing, whose powerful hand
Balanc'd the skies, outspread the land ;
Who spoke—from ocean's shores sweet waters
came,
And burst resplendent forth the heav'n-aspiring
flame.

- 3 One general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
And life, and breath, on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, thine ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise then, our active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to our will.

- 4 Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O let thy strong reflected beam,
Our understanding, speak his praise :

Our souls, in steadfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure :
To him, sole just, our sense of right incline,
Join every prostrate limb, our ardent spirits join.

5 Let all of good these bosoms fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due :
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.
To him our every thought ascend,
To him our hopes, our wishes, bend.
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns
arise,

And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

6 In ardent adoration join'd,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combin'd,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.
From thee deriv'd, eternal king,
To thee our noblest powers we bring :
O may thy hand direct our wandering way,
O bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away.

7 Eternal Spirit ! whose command
Light, life, and being, gave to all ;
O hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call :
By fire, by water, air, and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth,
By these, he supplicates thy blest repose,
Absent from thee no rest his wandering spirit
knows.

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How are thy servants blest, O Lord !	<i>Addison</i>	49
How blest the sacred tie that binds	<i>Barbauld</i>	72
How happy is he born and taught	<i>Sir H. Wotton</i>	84
How still and peaceful is the grave	<i>Edinburgh Coll.</i>	120
How vast is the tribute I owe	<i>Jervis</i>	100
How rich thy gifts almighty King !	<i>Kippis altered</i>	139
If solid happiness we prize	<i>Cotton</i>	85
Imposture shrinks from light	<i>Scott</i>	67
In the soft season of thy youth	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	88
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	<i>Hawkesworth</i>	147
Jehovah reigns ! let every nation hear	<i>Barbauld</i>	47
Keep silence, all created things	<i>Watts</i>	44
Let children hear the mighty deeds	<i>Watts</i>	88
Let coward guilt with pallid fear	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	82
Let heav'n arise ! let earth appear !	<i>Watts</i>	53
Let party names no more	<i>Birmingham Coll.</i>	69
Let us with a joyful mind	<i>Milton</i>	25
Let men of high conceit and zeal	<i>Browne</i>	70
Let none be envious when they see	<i>Patrick</i>	86
Let songs of praise from all below	<i>New Selection</i>	142
Lo, God is here ! let us adore	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	5
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing	<i>Anon.</i>	9
Lord of nature ! source of light !	<i>Calamy</i>	10
Lord thou hast search'd and seen us thro'	<i>Watts</i>	41
Lord thro' the dubious path of life	<i>Exeter Coll.</i>	104
Mark the soft falling snow !	<i>Doddridge</i>	58
My father ! cheering name	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	92
My soul, praise the Lord	<i>Park</i>	18
My God how endless is thy love !	<i>Watts</i>	146
No war nor battle's sound,	<i>Milton, altered by Rev.</i>	
	<i>J. S. J. Gardiner</i>	130

Of mortal life how short the date	<i>Merrick</i>	113
Oh! source of uncreated light!	<i>Dryden</i>	7
O hear me Lord to thee I call	<i>Merrick</i>	105
Oh turn great ruler of the skies!	<i>Merrick</i>	113
On Judah's plains as shepherds sat	<i>Tate altered</i>	131
O azure vaults! O crystal sky!	<i>Roscommon</i>	19
O bless the Lord our souls!	<i>Watts</i>	17
O God of our forefathers hear	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	43
O praise ye the Lord! prepare a new song	<i>Doddridge</i>	14
O Lord my best desires fulfil	<i>Cowper</i>	95
O thou whose mercy hears	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	103
O thou the first, the greatest friend	<i>Burns</i>	52
O thou through all thy works ador'd	<i>Enfield</i>	22
O thou the wretched's sure retreat	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	109
Our country is Immanuel's ground	<i>Barbauld</i>	76
Our God as merciful as just,	<i>Barbauld altered</i>	79
O ye immortal throng	<i>Doddridge</i>	61
Out of the depth of sad distress	<i>Denham</i>	110
Oppress'd with guilt, or grief, or care	<i>Patrick</i>	111
Our life advancing to its close	<i>Merrick</i>	134
O thou before whose gracious throne	<i>Rippon's Coll.</i>	144
Praise to God immortal praise	<i>Barbauld</i>	34
Praise to thee thou great Creator	<i>Fawcett</i>	10
Praise to the Lord of boundless might	<i>Doddridge</i>	43
Praise, O praise the name divine!	<i>Merrick</i>	16
Providence, profusely kind	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	98
Sages of ancient letter'd times!	<i>Scott</i>	59
Shall I forsake that heav'nly friend	<i>Fervis</i>	128
Show pity Lord! O Lord forgive!	<i>Watts</i>	110
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands!	<i>Watts</i>	55
Sleep, sleep to day tormenting cares	<i>Barbauld</i>	5
Supreme and universal light!	<i>Rev. H. Moore</i>	81
Sweet is the love that mutual glows	<i>Dr. Gregory</i>	74

The evils that beset our path	<i>Cowper</i>	116
The heart dejected, sighs to know	<i>Needham</i>	119
The gifts indulgent heav'n bestows	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	98
The swift declining day	<i>Doddridge</i>	115
The Lord! how tender is his love!	<i>Darwin</i>	93
Thanks for mercies past receive	<i>Anon.</i>	9
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	<i>Addison</i>	50
The spacious firmament on high	<i>Addison</i>	25
The trav'ller lost in night	<i>Mrs. Steele altered</i>	87
There is a God all nature speaks	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	24
Thou, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen	<i>Mason</i>	56
Thou pow'r supreme by whose command	<i>Mrs. Carter</i>	33
Thy providence supplies our food	<i>Cowper</i>	48
Th' uplifted eye and bended knee	<i>Scott</i>	68
To God the Lord, wake we the lay!	<i>Ogilvie</i>	14
Thro' all the various shifting scene	<i>Liverpool Coll.</i>	94
Time! what an empty vapour 'tis	<i>Watts</i>	114
To calm the sorrows of the mind	<i>Jervis</i>	99
To thee my God! my days are known	<i>Doddridge</i>	104
To your Creator God!	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	20
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They that have made their refuge God	<i>Watts</i>	140
Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust	<i>Doddridge</i>	144
The God of love will sure indulge	<i>Salisbury Coll.</i>	145
Upward we lift our eyes	<i>Watts</i>	141
Weak and irresolute is man	<i>Cowper</i>	117
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What tho' downy slumbers flee	<i>Doddridge</i>	146
What glory gilds the sacred page	<i>Cowper</i>	63
When fancy spreads her boldest wings	<i>Mrs. Steele</i>	102
When all thy mercies, O my God!	<i>Addison</i>	29
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While here as wand'ring sheep we stray	<i>Merrick</i>	7
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While some in folly's pleasures roll	<i>Cotton</i>	83
When darkness long has veil'd my mind	<i>Cowper</i>	106
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Ye bless'd inhabitants of heav'n !	<i>Merrick</i>	23
Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell	<i>Doddridge</i>	122
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